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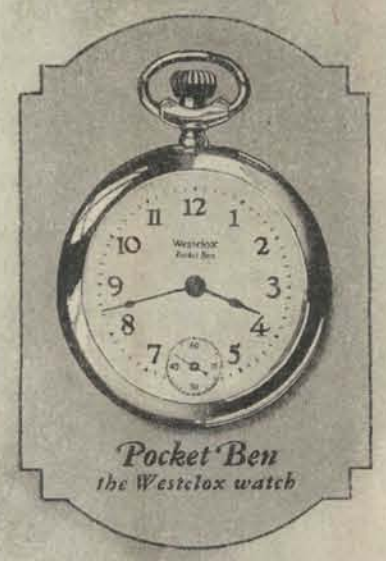

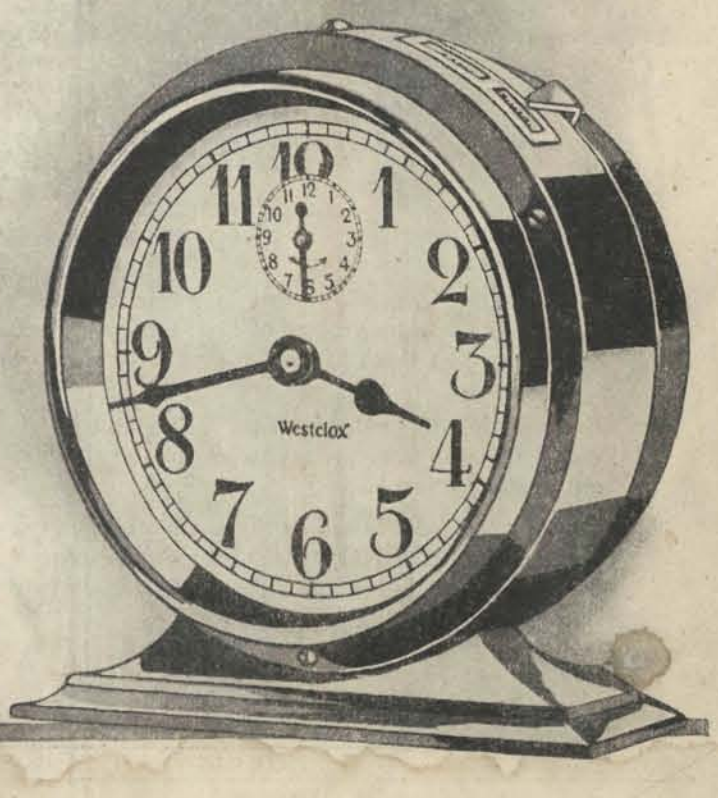

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Mr. Thruppy Assaults the Mole

By Laurie York Erskine

You'll like Mr. Thruppy and be just as surprised as Mr. Robinson was. A salty person, he is

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

"Look 'ere, me lad," said Dunc. "I'm not takin' any lip out of a narsty little slacker"

MR. HERBERT THRUPPY stepped down to the solid planking of the Liverpool dock and strode off toward the waiting-room as briskly as a slight limp would allow him. He emerged from behind his boat, the Buttercup, and the muffled commerce of the Mersey unfolded before him. He stopped and lit a pipe.

It was Wednesday evening, Mr. Thruppy's evening off, and, clad in his shore-going best, Mr. Thruppy was walking forth to visit Clara May Robinson, who had promised him. Moreover, in Mr. Thruppy's locker in the waiting-room reposed a bright scarf and a bag of sweets which he was to have the pleasure of bearing to that lady as a tribute and an offering. The evening, it might appear, was, for Mr. Thruppy, an evening full of promise.

Yet Mr. Thruppy was not happy. This was due to a combination of sinister but ineluctable circumstances. There was, to begin with, the war. To go on with, there was Mr. Thruppy, who, because of a deficient foot, was not "in it." To go even farther, there was Duncan Mathew Pentecost, who undeniably was "in it"; and to wind up with, there was Mr. Pentecost's shore leave, which augured the presence of that hero in the intimacy of Clara May Robinson's home that evening. In the face of all this, reflected Mr. Thruppy, would the bright scarf and the bag of sweets avail him? Mr. Thruppy could only hope. Hoping, he limped on his way toward the waiting-room.

In the little parlor of her home in Merton Street, Clara May received Mr. Thruppy's tribute with a reassuring exclamation of pleasure.

"Why, 'Erb," she cried. "'Ow like you! Foolish boy!"

Mr. Thruppy looked upon the bright sparkle of her eyes, the pink flush of her firm, full throat, and visibly glowed. With rough hands he gripped her, but she wriggled from his clutches, laughing.

"Naughty boy!" she cried. And then, as the eager Mr. Thruppy bore down upon her once again, "No nonsense now, 'Erb. There's company!"

"Wot?" The disillusioned 'Erb paused in his pursuit as a horrid doubt oppressed him. "Not that stoker chap?"

She reproved him brightly.

"Stoker chap? Stoker chap? Why, 'Erb, 'ow you do go on! There's Mr. Pentecost out in the kitchen with Father and Charlie. 'E's got shore leave, you know, and 'e's come 'ere first thing 'e does."

A large voice boomed forth from the kitchen.

"The Indestructible," it declared, "is this salt cellar, 'ere, an' she wasn't 'arf coppin' it!"

GLOOMILY Mr. Thruppy followed Clara to the kitchen. Here a rubicund sailor of dray-horse proportions was bent over the kitchen table, upon the oilcloth cover of which he was maneuvering certain spoons, forks and salt cellars with scientific exactitude. Clara's father and the boy, Charlie, hardly looked up at the entrance of Mr. Thruppy. The booming voice of the sailor held them in thrall.

"And 'ere," boomed the sailor, moving a fork with great deliberation across the bows of the salt cellar, Indestructible, "'ere's Warspite." With which announcement, he glanced up fondly at the returning Clara May, and moved over to make an unmistakable place for her between his large bulk and Mr. Robinson. To Mr. Thruppy's despair, she took it. Incensed, he essayed to displace Mr. Robinson, but Mr. Robinson was avidly intent on the science of naval warfare as expounded by the sailor, and he resented Mr. Thruppy's intrusion.

"Now then, 'Erb," he remonstrated, "my feet ain't no door mat, yer know. There's other sides to the table, ain't there?"

Mr. Thruppy had to admit there were. He limped around to the unoccupied side of the oilcloth and looked upon the proceedings with a cold disapproval that suffered for lack of recognition.

"They'd steamed in," explained Mr. Pentecost, "to put them German cruisers out of action. But Indestructible copped it in 'er engine-room, an' there she was. The battle of Jutland,"—he looked up from the table and seemed to address a large audience—"if I do say so 'oo shouldn't, wasn't no picnic."

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"You told us that the last time," complained Mr. Thruppy morosely.

"Now, 'Erb," pointed out Mr. Robinson, "I'm surprised at you."

"She copped it," pursued the sailor, rather lamely. "And that,"—he waxed triumphant—"that is w'ere we cyme in."

He stood erect now, for this lecture had become enlarged and elaborated by repetition in many a waterside pub, and Mr. Pentecost had acquired a platform manner.

"The Warspite," he proclaimed, "steamed into the Indestructible's insistence, an' the results was as I shall proceed to tell yer. The punishment we took was somethink 'orrible. Of all the ships that partook of that ingigement, none was 'it more 'orribly than we was. 'Elpliss under the guns of a relentliss foe, we saw our turrits blowed awye an' our crew derssimerlated. The slaughter," he declared impressively, "was somethink 'orrible to see."

"It's a wonder you wasn't sunk," murmured Mr. Thruppy, shaking his head.

"It was," agreed Mr. Pentecost suspiciously.

"With glarss bottoms, an' all," pursued Mr. Thruppy.

"Glarss bottoms?" roared the sailor. "Glarss bottoms?"

"YUS," said Mr. Thruppy firmly. "Glarss bottoms. Or else 'ow could you of seen all this outa the stoke 'ole?"

There was a marked silence.

"'Erb," said Mr. Robinson at last, "I'm surprised at you."

"Surprised or not surprised," cried Mr. Thruppy desperately, "wot I says I repeats. If Dunc, bein' a stoker, wasn't in the stoke 'ole w'ere was 'e then? On the bridge?"

"Look 'ere, me lad," rumbled Dunc ponderously. "I'm not takin' any lip out of a narsty little slacker wot pertends 'e's got a ningrowin' toenile w'en 'is country calls." With a movement as ponderous as his voice, he swung around the table and faced his traducer. "W'en the battle called me," he declared, "I was there, stoke 'ole or no stoke 'ole. 'Oo are you, may I arsk, to carst inspershuns on my acks?"

"Don't be silly," warned Mr. Thruppy. "You talk like you was the only blighter that was down below shovelin' coal w'en the guns went orf. An' shovelin' coal precious little ever since. You toffs orf the Grand Fleet might come down to the riverside some fine day, and know wot it looks like to see a man work."

"Yah," snarled Mr. Pentecost rudely. "Ridin' in a bloomin' ferryboat! Fine work for a man w'en there's a war on! Slackin', that's wot we call it in the fleet."

"Say, 'in the pubs,'" said Mr. Thruppy, "an' I'll believe yer."

"Gooor—" grumbled Dunc. "Fer two pins, an' excep' fer the presence of a lydy, I'd knock yer bleedin' teeth aht."

Mr. Thruppy smiled fondly upon his own clenched fist, which resembled a seven-pound ham. Then he looked up at his friend the stoker.

"Try it on," he said brightly. "There's lots of room outside. An' there you'll 'ave the advantage—you can run faster than wot I can."

"Dunc!" cried Clara May.

"'Erbert!" roared Mr. Robinson.

"Tike 'im on, Dunc!" shrilled Charlie.

"'Erbert," repeated Mr. Robinson firmly. "I'm surprised!" With great dignity he stepped between the two deep-breathing antagonists, and had what he immediately recognized as his moment. "That you should insult an' aggravate a guest of mine in my own 'ouse," he complained more in sorrow than in anger, "is more than I expected! And a man 'oo 'as defended 'is country, too! I'm glad, 'Erbert, that you've shown yer narsty spirit. I'm glad to see you as you rarely are. To think that my li'l girl should of been so near to marryin' such a narsty, ill-tempered deck 'and is almost more than I can bear to think of. I must arsk you to go, 'Erbert. I must arsk you to please refrain from yer attentions to Clara May until you can come 'ere in a more 'umble spirit."

"'Umble spirit!" cried 'Erbert in the heat of his despair. "'Umble spirit be blowed! I'm as good as any coal-'eavin' swob of a stoker, any day you like to nime! Is it my fault I 'ad me foot crushed in the lines of dooty? Is it my fault the perishin' admiralty only wants sailors that can 'oof it like a bloomin' gazelle? 'Umble spirit, indeed!"

At Mr. Thruppy's reference to his crushed foot and his vain efforts to enlist, the eyes of Clara May softened, and her brows were contracted in a little, painful frown. Seeing this, her father, whose sympathies were obviously anti-Thruppy, became instantly a man who would stand no nonsense.

"Come on," he urged sternly. "Pop orf, 'Erbert, an' pop orf wile I still feel friendly."

Hand to hand! Close quarters! Black figures were pressing backward, screaming in a strange

Mr. Thruppy turned in mute appeal to Clara, in whose eyes the pained sympathy still lingered. Then, glowering upon the complacent visage of Mr. Pentecost, he turned slowly away from them, limped through the doorway and was gone. But a light step followed him, and Clara May was at his elbow as he reached the street door.

"TAKE this," she whispered hurriedly, and into his hands she thrust the bright scarf which he had brought her. "Keep it for me," she murmured. "An' do something, 'Erb. Do something! Or Father—'e'll make me . . . An' I don't want nobody but you!"

Upstairs a door was slammed roughly open.

"Clara!" cried the harsh voice of Mr. Robinson. "Clara May!"

And then—Mr. Thruppy was alone. And yet he was not alone, for with him was a presence, a light, ethereal presence, which had emitted an almost imperceptible sound of sobbing in his ear; which had pressed his lips with a warm and soft and ineradicable kiss. . . . For a long time Mr. Thruppy waited in the street below for the emergence of Stoker Pentecost; and while he waited, his spirit, alas, was not an 'umble one. . . .

When he returned to his work on the ferryboat Buttercup the following morning, Mr. Thruppy bore the marks of conflict. There was an eye that withdrew coyly into the seclusion of a puffed and colorful protuberance; there was an ear which flamed in startling scarlet, and there was a fist. . . . Mr. Thruppy gazed fondly upon that slightly lacerated fist as he walked down the dock that morning, for it had stood him in good stead. Somehow, he had always been able to depend upon that fist. It was a hard, disproportionately big fist, and because of its genius for making infallible and effective contacts with chins at which he aimed it, it had always done much to compensate Mr. Thruppy for the handicap of his crushed foot. . . .

He was surprised to find, on his arrival at the dock, that besides the Buttercup and the Primrose, whose daily runs required their presence at this time on the Liverpool side, there stood 'longside the dock the Daffodil and the Iris, which should have been, by rights, across the river. To Mr. Thruppy, a

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language. And Mr. Thruppy's fist went here and there. Like a machine he wielded that deadly fist

whole-souled advocate of the right of things, this was mildly offensive. By what *right*, argued Mr. Thruppy, had these interlopers got to his side of the river? Why didn't they stay over t'other side, where they belonged? And wot, inquired the aggrieved Mr. Thruppy of himself, was all these nobs standing about for?

The question referred to a group of gentlemen who in the murky light of morning were gathered in consultation about the dock master; but in lieu of a satisfactory answer to it Mr. Thruppy was only vouchsafed an order.

"Hi, you!" hailed the dock master. "Come 'ere!"

MR. THRUPPY turned from his pilgrimage to Buttercup's deserted deck and limped toward the power which ruled destinies.

"What boat you with?" demanded the power.

"Buttercup," admitted Mr. Thruppy. "Deck 'and."

"Well, lay orf for the morning," ordered the power, making a note. "And lend a hand aboard the Daffodil. She's got to be put in trim. Special."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the obedient Mr. Thruppy, his grievance expanding within him, and the dock master turned back to his companions, several of whom, Mr. Thruppy remarked resentfully, wore naval uniforms.

Daffodil and Iris, Mr. Thruppy found, were swarming with men who were busily occupied in cleaning the two boats from stem to stern and from top to bottom, and inasmuch as he was given the job of polishing brasswork, Mr. Thruppy soon forgot his grievance against this violation of the rights of things in the ardor of his task. For Mr. Thruppy was no mean polisher of brasswork. He craftily stole the time to procure from his locker the only brass polish worthy of the name—for, like all connoisseurs, Mr. Thruppy cherished his own brand—and likewise the rags of varied weave which he had discovered by experimentation were most effective. And a square of chamois skin he procured, and three brushes of various stiffness and ingenious design. Thus equipped he again boarded the Daffodil and proceeded to burnish the dull brasses of that vessel so that they became bright gold beneath his chamois, and brilliant jewels under his flying brush. All else forgotten, Mr. Thruppy became absorbed in an occupation which held him with a strange enchantment; and among those things which he forgot was the luncheon hour.

BY LUNCH time he was down in the engine-room, still vigorously polishing. Thus, he didn't see the cleaning crew desert their tasks and abandon ship for the amenities of the noonday meal, and he failed to notice that the engine-room had become deserted. He was so preoccupied in his art, indeed, that he failed also to notice the descent into the engine-room of an officer of the ferry line, accompanied by a trim young officer who wore the uniform of the Royal Navy. He first knew their presence when the ferryman bespoke him.

"Come on," cried that retired seaman. "Look alive, my man! Up you go and off you get!"

Mr. Thruppy stood at attention and regarded him, bewildered.

"Beg pardon, sir?" inquired Mr. Thruppy.

"Get off!" repeated the elderly officer, as though amazed that Mr. Thruppy had not immediately vanished. "Leg it! This boat's been taken over by His Majesty's navy, and they don't want any deck-hand swobs about here."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Thruppy. He still stood, while the information seeped into his conscious mind. "Ah!" Then it was in. He had it. The bright thought and the burning fact were, in the mind of Mr. Thruppy, leaping, quivering actualities.

"Well then," he declared suddenly. "'Ere I stay!"

"W'at the 'ell!" roared the elderly seaman. "'Ave you taken leave of your senses?"

But a preposterous stubbornness had entered the soul of Mr. Thruppy.

"I've said wot I've said!" he declared simply. "'Ere I stay! The perishin' nyvy 'as turned me dahn time an' time again because I couldn't win no steeplechase with this 'ere foot. But now they've took over this boat, an' now 'ere I am on board. An' 'ere I stay! If they want to tyke me orf o' 'ere," his voice arose in desperate self-assurance to a bellow, "they've got to call out a bleedin' sight better lot o' men than the kind of a sailor I mashed up an' sent to the 'orspital larst night!"

DUMFOUNDED, the elderly seaman stared at the blasphemer, and while he stared the trig young naval officer took a position immediately in front of Mr. Thruppy and coolly stared Mr. Thruppy up and down.

"Do you mind—" he said at last. "Do you mind repeating what you said?"

"I said," declared Mr. Thruppy with great deliberation and a firmness which belied the horror with which he heard his own voice, "I said that the whole blarsted nyvy 'asn't got enough good men to tyke me orf this 'ere boat in a state of consciousness!" And he stopped breathing.

Still the young officer looked him up and down.

"Did you do all this brasswork?" he asked.

"I did!" gasped Mr. Thruppy, letting his breath go.

The smile of the young officer became grim. Mr. Thruppy, his eyes glued to those of the young officer, felt that this was a bloke a man could work for.

"Are you tired of living?" the youth inquired gently. "Are you so beastly anxious to die?"

"Any bleedin' 'Un that can kill me," said Mr. Thruppy with perfect understanding, "is welcome to. That's fair enough."

Still the young officer reflected, his gray eyes coolly regarding Mr. Thruppy.

"Can you wield a paint brush?" he asked abruptly.

"Like a breezin' disy," declared Mr. Thruppy lucidly.

"Come with me," said the young officer. "We can use you."

With a fast-beating heart Mr. Thruppy went.

Somewhat to Mr. Thruppy's chagrin, he was not permitted to proclaim in person at the home of Clara May Robinson the fact of his enlistment in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. He wasn't even permitted to write about it. The Daffodil and Iris, it appeared, were required to sail at once for a port whose name could only be breathed in the most sacred privacy, and privacy was a privilege of which Mr. Thruppy found himself almost immediately deprived. He had only time to gather his few belongings from his room on the waterfront before he was flung into improvised quarters on the ferryboat and assigned his duties as deck hand on its voyage to that mysterious port.

There followed months of drilling toward incomprehensible ends for unmentionable reasons. Mr. Thruppy's work had to do with (*Continued on page 43*)

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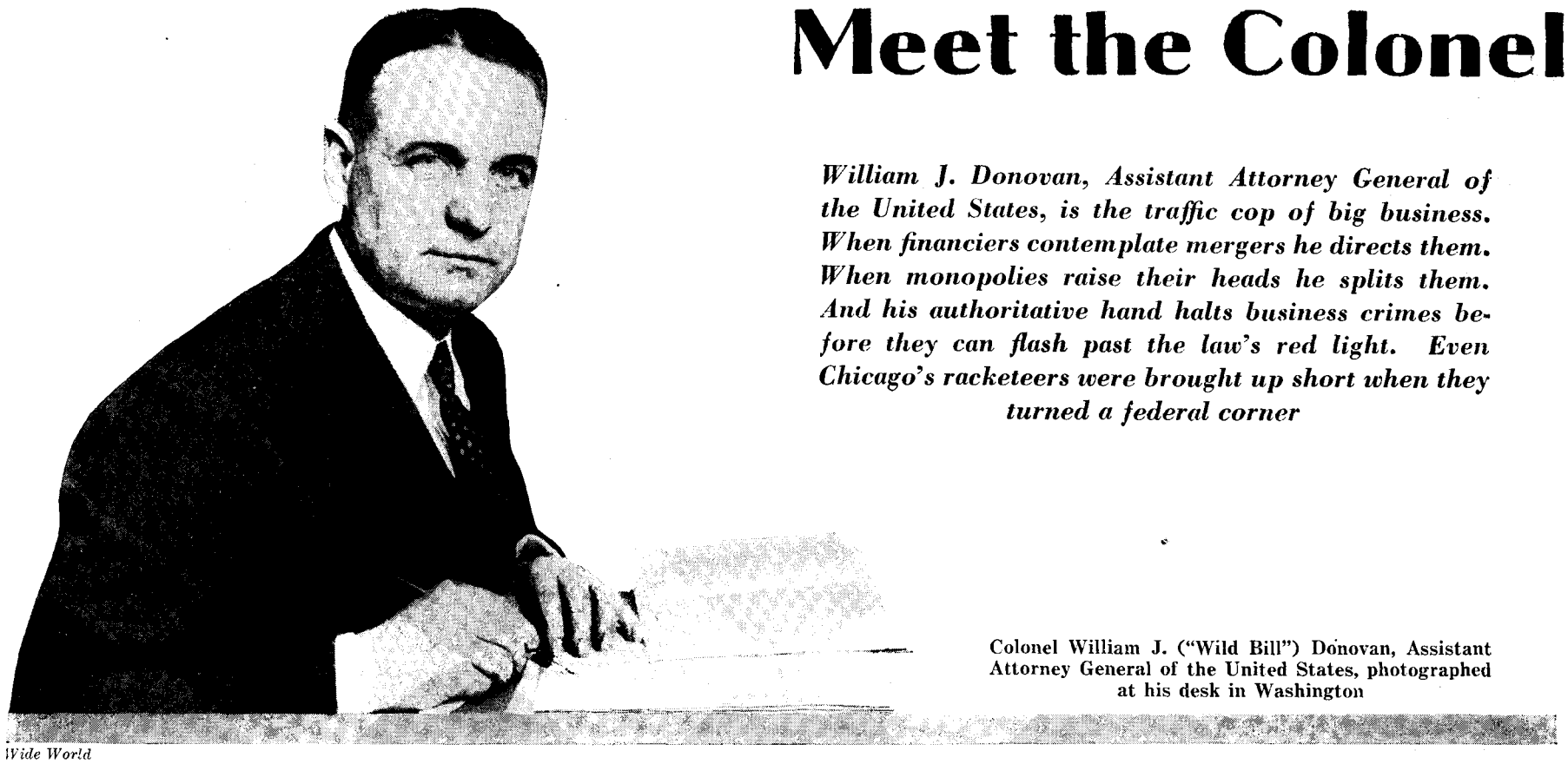
Meet the Colonel

William J. Donovan, Assistant Attorney General of the United States, is the traffic cop of big business. When financiers contemplate mergers he directs them. When monopolies raise their heads he splits them. And his authoritative hand halts business crimes before they can flash past the law's red light. Even Chicago's racketeers were brought up short when they turned a federal corner



Colonel William J. ("Wild Bill") Donovan, Assistant Attorney General of the United States, photographed at his desk in Washington

Wide World

WILLIAM J. DONOVAN is positively not a rough man. Smilingly and most tranquilly he, at this writing, holds the office of "The assistant to the Attorney General of the United States."

But he *can* be rough if need be. Ask the "N. V. Amsterdamsche Chininefabrik, et al." That's the quinine trust of Europe and elsewhere, with the exception, thanks to Mr. Donovan, of the United States. As sellers of quinine to America this trust sought to fix prices, maintain resale prices, engage in boycotts and make discriminations.

"In Europe," says Colonel Donovan, "they have a different idea from ours concerning monopolies. Over there governments frequently pass laws to create and perpetuate monopolies. In the United States we pass laws against them."

After the well-schemed hold of the European quinine monopoly on the United States came to light it lasted about as long as a mosquito bite. Donovan waited for the next shipment to reach the port of New York. By luck it was a large one: 383,340 ounces. That may not mean so much to you until you learn that it really amounts to about 40,000,000 "flu" doses; enough to help ease the misery of perhaps three million individuals through a week of fever, aches and sneezes.

Colonel Donovan's men "arrested" this quinine; locked it up in the government's warehouse in New York. From there it could have been issued, if necessary, at decent prices, to America's drug concerns.

That the cargo was worth over $200,000 to the "N. V. Amsterdamsche Chininefabrik, et al." mattered not in the least to Colonel Donovan.

Forceful Gentleness Succeeds

Into court the amazed and somewhat stunned "Dutch defendants," as the official records described them, were hauled. They were informed that monopolies were not permitted to Americans and that they could not be permitted to foreigners; and they were enjoined from further tricks of the sort. Then they got their quinine back.

Usually Mr. Donovan proceeds with a forceful gentleness to reach his ends. He was brought to Washington from Buffalo by an old law-school master, Attorney General Harlan F. Stone, to clean up the office after Daugherty's muddy régime. He did that quietly and effectively.

Recently Donovan's office has been afoot in the racketeering underworld of Chicago.

A white-haired business man of seventy years, creator and president of a great kitchen-cabinet manufacturing firm, had visited Chicago. A call came to his room in one of the city's finest hotels.

"We've been sent to take you over to the So-and-so apartment," said a young man.

"I'll be right down," said the business man.

Two bright-looking, well-dressed young men met him below and introduced themselves as secretaries of one of Chicago's contractors.

They led the visitor to a taxicab. They rode for a time.

"Ugh!" grunted the visitor, suddenly. He had been poked in the ribs on his right side; poked hard. And the next instant he was poked even harder in the ribs on the other side. Revolvers.

"Sit still, you old blankety blank!" ordered one of the young men. "You're out on a ride with *us*. By rights this should be a one-way ride. You haven't come across with the dough for those cabinets you put in apartment houses. We're going to give you a chance. You're going back to the hotel with a whole hide this time, but if you don't come across to the right boys, you'll get a ride the next time you come to town. And if we don't get you, we'll take the chief guy in your Chicago office. How'd you like to get him croaked, just because you're stingy?"

That American business man went back to his hotel room, as soon as he was freed, and, as quickly as he could arrange the financial transaction, he "came across." No lugger passenger ever surrendered more readily to pirates; no citizen ever yielded more unhesitatingly to a highwayman's revolver.

"I can't risk the lives of my Chicago representatives," he told federal officials, later.

Chicago police, under that strange civic blunder, Mayor Thompson, and the Cook County officials, under that incredible state's attorney, the defeated Crowe, seemed helpless. It was useless for any American business man to go to them for justice or protection.

But Chicago's racketeering, like a spreading cancer, had finally begun to extend into the field of interstate business. That made it a matter of federal concern. And there's where William J. Donovan, assistant to the Attorney General of the United States, stepped in.

Too Wild for the Sergeant

This man Donovan does things differently. For instance he used to take his troops in France on long, fence-hurdling, ditch-jumping, cross-country runs, to make 'em hard. Who ever read of such a thing in soldier books? And he made 'em hard, too; his men were the New York Sixty-ninth. Once he ran a bunch of them about three miles. Finally they all stopped and laid down.

"What's the matter with you boys?" shouted Donovan, standing over them. "Can't you run with me any more?"

"No, we can't, Colonel," said one Irish sergeant.

"Well, why not?"

"Well, Colonel," pleaded the sergeant, "you're different. We ain't as wild as you are."

You'd have thought Mr. Donovan would have sent a horde of secret service men and hard-boiled department lawyers to fight the Chicago racketeers. But he didn't look on the thing as a fight but as only a quiet, powerful process of law.

Wherefore, one summer day last year a red-haired, blue-eyed, modernly gowned young lady seated herself in an office in the squat grimy federal building in the city of Chicago, and sent out word, through Department of Justice detectives, that she wanted certain of Chicago's racketeers to come to see her. Mary is her name, Mary J. Connor. She had power, this young lady; all the power of the Department of Justice in Washington was behind her. That is why the racketeers, most of them as rough as she is gracious, visited her.

Arthur W. Wallace, Chicago painters' union official, indicted in the kitchen-cabinet racket

She afterward declared to friends that some of these Chicago racketeers were the most amazing human beings in all the world.

One of them, famed for his employment of gunmen, turned up in her office one morning not by any means a beetle-browed thug with square hands but a slender, smiling, clean-toothed, long-fingered, he-dainty. The first morning he called he wore a faultlessly tailored blue suit, a blue silk shirt of a texture almost as thick as flannel, a blue tie, blue collar, blue socks, and a wide-brimmed Panama hat of the $500, woven-to-order variety. The hat band was a wide, wrinkled and most carefully folded blue silk scarf. A lapis lazuli ring and tie pin completed the youth's ensemble.

His interrogation wasn't finished the first day. Wherefore, he turned up the next morning, all in tan silk, except for his suit, from socks to hat band. Could he keep up his record the third day? He did. He was in soft green, with amethyst jewelry.

Other racketeers who went into that office of Mary Connor's were rough and heavy-jowled, with little personal vanity except in their amazing power and their barking he-man strength—usually displayed with treacherous guns, rather than with arm muscles. But they discovered that Miss Connor had under her orders and direction a group of Washington secret service men who could be as rude and rough in their ways as any racketeers.

Miss Connor seemed to be able to move these detectives through the mazes of racketdom as if they were mere checkers on a board.

"Where were you last night?" she'd ask one of the rough boys. He'd lie to her, usually, and then she'd tell him the truth.

It was all very impressive to the

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By William G. Shepherd

HAENIGSEN

The full power of Donovan's office, in the Department of Justice activities against Chicago's racketeers, was vested in Miss Mary J. Connor

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Highly persuasive methods were used by a contractor's "secretaries" in collecting their cut in the profits

racketeers. They told Miss Connor many things; her detectives discovered others. Before her assignment was finished in Chicago she had three different sets of racketeers in the toils of the United States courts. Now cases are pending against dozens of them.

Here's one of the rackets that Chicago hooligans tried without success to explain away to the hard-headed young woman from Washington:

Ninety-five per cent of the country's kitchen cabinets are manufactured in Indiana. These cabinets have been so greatly improved within recent years, have received so many useful additions and have finally been so gayly and cheerily colored that few women feel their homes are properly equipped unless they have one.

Albert Green had things his own way in Chicago until he met Miss Connor in a federal court

Builders in Chicago discovered that apartments made gay and cheery by the kitchen cabinets caught the quick favor of all women renters. It was not long before nearly all apartment-house builders began to consider a cabinet as much a part of flat equipment as the bathtub.

Then the officials of a group of painters' unions, numbering some 27,000 painters, stepped to the front quietly (without the knowledge, it seems, of members of their unions) and demanded their "bit" for every kitchen cabinet that went into an apartment.

"You've got to put those kitchen cabinets in place with no paint on 'em, except priming," they ordered. "You're taking jobs away from Chicago painters."

Applying the "Squeeze"

However, they didn't really mean this. Chicago painters couldn't have painted the kitchen cabinets. The cabinets, usually, are of metal; their finishes are sprayed, then baked on. The racketeers merely expected a money tribute from every company in America manufacturing kitchen cabinets and selling them to Chicago.

When manufacturers refused to pay, the racketeers would call a painters' strike on the buildings involved. Such strikes could cause tremendous losses to contractors and apartment-house owners.

But that is all ended by the Donovan theory that all good laws can be made to work if someone only uses them. These armed grafters have been indicted through the calm efforts of Miss Connor.

It is not exact, after all, to say that it is completely ended. The power of Donovan's federal office can be exerted only when interstate commerce is menaced as it was when Indiana manufacturers shipped their products into Illinois. Manufacturers within the state must seek protection from their local officials. Whether they'll get it, now that William Donovan has shown their officials the way, is another question. At the "kitchen-cabinet trial" late in January the jury was instructed that they must determine whether conspiracy had been proved by the government. After 24 hours' deliberation the jury reported itself unable to reach an agreement.

There are bathroom cabinets, too, involved in Donovan's crusade; the kind with mirrors.

Chicago has a union of 516 glass setters. Miss Connor, after those long tête-à-têtes with the business leeches of Chicago, reported to Mr. Donovan that it would be easier for a Chinese laundryman to join the Union League Club in Chicago than for an outsider to be admitted to the glaziers' union. Memberships, Miss Connor learned, are transferred occasionally for $1,500.

George H. Meyers, official of this union, demanded tribute from every bathroom-cabinet maker in the United States who sold his products to Chicago builders. He insisted that the glaziers' union ought to set the glass in these cabinets. He threatened strikes of the glass setters unless the cabinet makers paid him and several of his associates at the rate of 25 cents each for all cabinets installed.

"Members of the Glaziers' Union No. 27, in Chicago, didn't know a thing about Meyers' collection," said Miss Connor. "But the amazing thing is that the 516 members were assessed $5 a week, each, for 13 weeks, to raise a defense fund for Meyers and three other officials. This yielded a 'fighting fund' of nearly $35,000."

However, when the big "fighting day" came in court, Meyers and his associates didn't fight. Instead they meekly arose and pleaded guilty. The court has not yet passed sentence. If it imposes fines upon the glazier racketeers instead of sending them to prison, the $35,000 fighting fund may be used for payment.

"That won't be a loss, however," Donovan has decided, "for the simple reason that we have succeeded in court in showing up glazier officials to members of the glaziers' union."

There was a period when men who from time to time held the position occupied now by Colonel Donovan were grim executioners of erring business men. It wasn't their job, as they looked at it, to prevent a business crime in advance; their duty was to wait until crime had been committed and then act as punishers.

Colonel Donovan has changed all that. Not long ago President Coolidge spoke of the Federal Trade Commission as an "industrial policeman," guiding business and helping it when it was within legal bounds. Donovan goes farther than that. He calls himself an "industrial traffic policeman."

Chicago's Sweetest Racket

The case of the five-cent candy bars shows his policemanship. This was the "candy-bar racket":

In order to keep their bars fresh on the hundreds of thousands of candy counters the manufacturers of these bars require the services of local distributors who speed about in trucks. The distributors buy from the manufacturer. A bright idea hit a group of distributors in the city of Chicago.

Two hundred and thirty-seven of them formed an organization. They demanded that the candy manufacturers, who work, of course, on a margin of penny-fractions for their profits, sell them candy at the rate of 80 cents for a one-dollar (retail) carton.

They used a triple boycott, as Colonel Donovan's petition against them shows:

(1) They would boycott any candy distributor who would not go in with them.

(2) They would refuse to sell candy to any retailer who bought from a boycotted distributor.

(3) They would refuse to distribute the candy of any manufacturer who did not meet their demand for lower prices.

They became tyrants over the small retailers; they tried to become tyrants over the candy manufacturers. Store fronts were blown in by bombs. Gunmen were hired to intimidate drivers who were delivering boycotted candy. Hired hooligans would break the front or rear windows of a boycotted retailer and throw into the store a chemical mixture that would, with its odor, practically destroy the little storekeeper's entire stock.

The End of the Candy Bandits

The distributors of Chicago were so pleased with their success that they passed their plan on to distributors in other sections of the country. With a nation-wide organization of "candy bandits" even the greatest of the manufacturers might have been rendered helpless. Big loot was in sight, for we Americans buy over $120,000,000 worth of counter sweets annually.

All these facts were ascertained by representatives of Colonel Donovan's office, sent to Chicago to dig out the truth. The candy graft was ended there. A mere petition to the court to restrain the conspiracy ended it.

In Richmond, Virginia; Columbus, Ohio, and in Pittsburgh a total of more than 200 candy jobbers who tried the Chicago candy racket were similarly stopped by "Officer" Donovan.

Tough jobs this Donovan gets; and he always does them quietly. For instance, at Atlanta penitentiary. George Remus, Cincinnati bootlegger; Willie Haar, Charleston bootlegger; Mannie Kessler, New York bootlegger, all affluent gentlemen convicts, were living in the warden's house, instead of in cells, and having nightly poker games in the rooms above the warden's garage, with a big Negro convict known as "Cincinnati" acting as guard at the foot of the stairs. Whisky and drugs were abundant within the prison.

Before Donovan, who works with several other assistants, was through at Atlanta, the warden of the prison himself, A. C. Sartain, a Daugherty appointee, was a (*Continued on page 32*)

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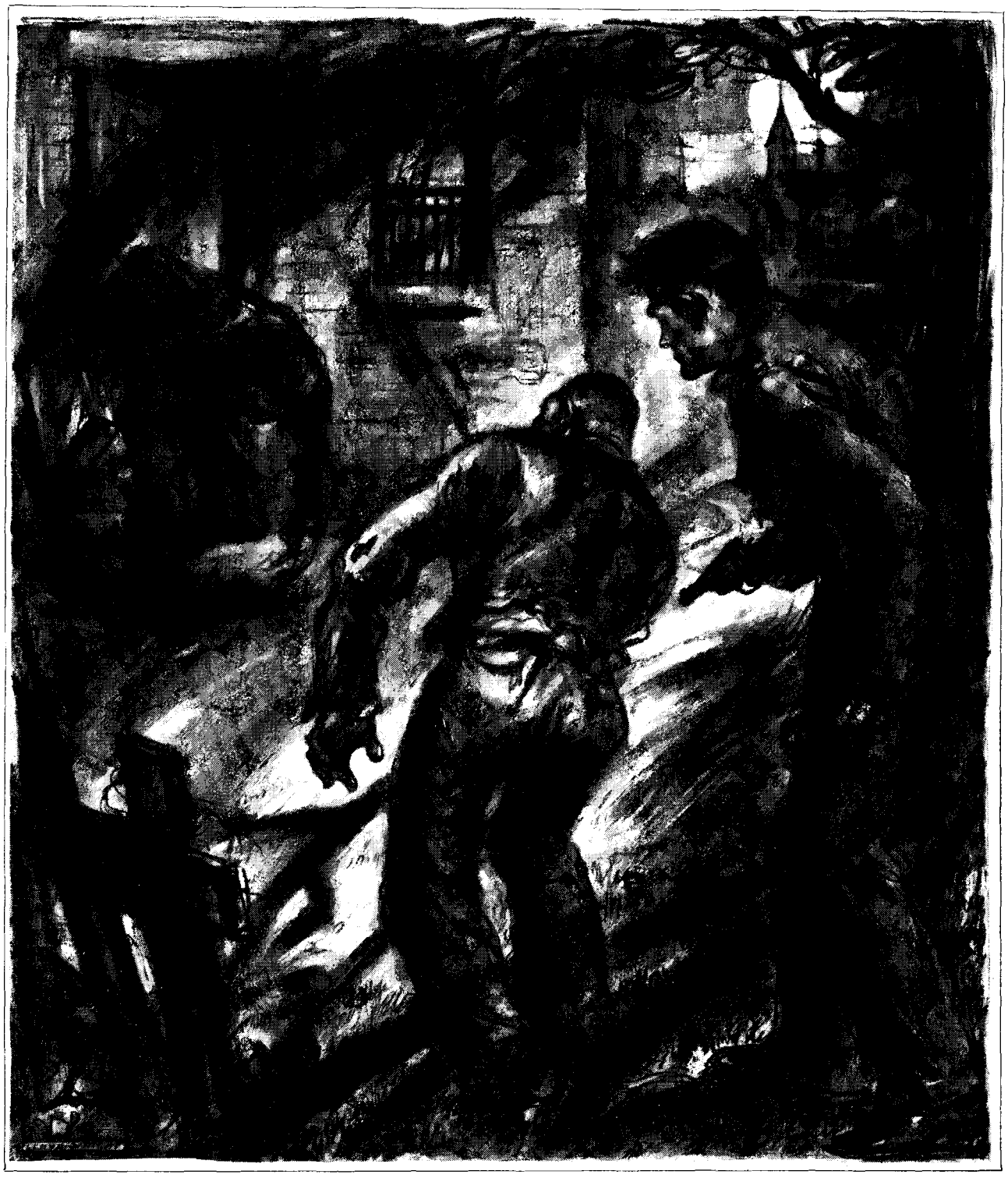
The Cashier's Secret

By Will Payne

It began when Bromley Pengrove went to work in the bank. It ended when the jury found a verdict



"Halt!" he cried, firing into the ground. Another shot roared in his ear and a man fell

PETER NEWTON, cashier of Pengrove's Bank, had been heard to say, more than once, "I never took a penny that didn't belong to me." No one doubted the statement. John Valentine, Mr. Pengrove's lawyer, added, "And he never gave anybody a penny that the law didn't require him to."

The cashier was not popular. If the blockheads couldn't pay, why did they borrow? But everyone trusted his integrity.

Once Peter had been a lank and timid schoolboy, with pale freckles, pale blue eyes and pale red hair; in patched clothes, moreover, and sometimes hungry. His widowed mother took in washing. The widow was bitter-minded. Peter grew up with a hostile, under-dog suspiciousness of mankind in general. When he was thirteen it seemed that even the washings would fail. Rheumatism, the doctor said.

Then Philander Pengrove, reaching down from the sky, as one might say, gave Peter a job as janitor and errand boy in the bank. Mr. Pengrove was the great man of Lurton, living in a square brick house, with a square tower in front, mansard roof and ornamental cast-iron pillars on the veranda. He owned the lumber yard, the bank, the canning plant; worth a million, if he was worth a cent, they said.

NO JANITOR and errand boy was ever more diligent. Mr. Pengrove made him cashier of the bank when he was thirty-one. More and more, as the proprietor grew in age and wealth, management was left in Peter's hands. Mr. Pengrove was a philanthropist; but not in business. The cashier's salary was only $3,500 a year. Peter Newton saved, however, and planned in the most secret chamber of his mind. When Mr. Pengrove died he would form a stock company, buy the bank from the estate, and be president. Many times he made out pencil memorandums of the future stockholders and directors, with himself at the head of the list. But he carefully destroyed the memorandums, lest by some inadvertence they might leak. Of course Mr. Pengrove would be touchy about so obvious an anticipation of his demise.

At fifty, being a childless widower, Mr. Pengrove had married a lady who was twenty years his junior—a stuck-up fool, in the cashier's very private opinion. A son, named Bromley, was born to this union; but the cashier saw rather little of him. Mr. and Mrs. Pengrove were spending much time in travel, or in California, or on the New England seacoast. Bromley was sent away to preparatory school, then to an Eastern college.

At the age of twenty-three this comparative stranger was plumped down in the bank without warning and the cashier was instructed to teach him the business. Peter Newton's heart was as hot in his breast as a clinker just drawn from the furnace. This wasn't fair. Mr. Pengrove might have put his callow son in the lumber yard, or in the canning plant, or anywhere except in the bank.

After a mere six months' apprenticeship, when the young blockhead knew hardly anything, Mr. Pengrove made him assistant cashier, with authority to sign for the bank just like Peter Newton himself. The promotion was featured in both of Lurton's weekly newspapers—very eulogistically, of course, like everything else that concerned the Pengroves.

The bank's customers, the whole town, grinned derisively at Peter Newton. Not perhaps that he actually saw them doing it except in one or two cases. But he knew they did. He would have grinned himself. It meant that Bromley was to have the bank. The cashier's heart was a hot cinder in his breast. Then Mr. Pengrove departed with his wife for a tour of the world to be gone nine months.

The fatal interloper in Peter's empire resembled his mother, being rather under medium height and slim, with dark wavy hair—like a barber's or fiddler's, the cashier said to himself—a ridiculous little mustache, full red lips and a little round chin like a girl's. This interloper had become such an obsession that the cashier had grown clairvoyant about him. Soft as putty.

Stepping into the bank one afternoon Newton noted a very handsome young woman at the counter, apparently getting a bill changed. She had big brown eyes; crinkly brown hair; smooth, round white neck—and grace. The assistant cashier, on the other side of the counter, was looking into her eyes; his own eyes beseeching, frightened, bewildered, the look of a lost dog. With a strange sort of noiseless shout, the cashier said to himself, "She's got him hooked!"

HE KNEW the young woman. Pretty nearly everybody in that part of the state knew about her and her mother and sister. Judd was the family name; the men a no-account lot; the women handsome and bad eggs. So Emma Judd was hanging around Lurton again! And she'd got the soft young fool hooked! But not for nothing, one could bet on that; and young Brom's only legitimate income was the $125-a-month salary that his father allowed him. Philander Pengrove was not the man to corrupt a son with overmuch money.

The cashier took to spending his Sundays alone in the bank, digging into the books. The fourth Sunday afternoon he held a slip of green engraved paper, contemplating it with a still and hot satisfaction. It was a certificate of deposit for $200, made out and signed by Bromley Pengrove, assistant cashier. But the entry on the bank's books said only $20. So that was the way he was doing it.

Thereafter, every Sunday, Newton checked up the certificates of deposits that had come in during the week, a task which really fell within the duties of the assistant cashier. By the middle of June he could, any moment he pleased, lay his hands on documentary evidence that Bromley had embezzled $3,285 of the bank's money, and Mr. and Mrs. Pengrove were on the Pacific, bound for San Francisco.

When Mr. and Mrs. Pengrove landed in San Francisco, a wire said they would remain there two days, stay over a day in Denver and be home for the Fourth of July.

"Want to see you, Brom," said the cashier to the assistant cashier—the

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bank having been closed to the public two hours and the day's work being done.

Seated at the office table in the parlor, the young man, with parted lips and fluttering nerves, saw his chief open a drawer and extract two pale-green slips of engraved paper, and his heart went dead.

"Something wrong about these certificates," said the cashier. "One's for a hundred and seventy-five, the other's for a hundred, but they're down on the books as seventeen-fifty and ten. Guess you pocketed the difference."

BROMLEY could only wet his lips and swallow.

"Of course, I'll have to put it up to your father soon as he gets back," said the cashier.

The strain of breaking nerves showed in Bromley's voice: "It's less than two hundred and fifty dollars, Mr. Newton—the difference is only that. I'll make it up to the bank. Mother'll give me the money. My father is an old man."

"You'll have to settle it with him," said the cashier. "My duty's plain enough."

Ever since he could remember Bromley had been afraid of the round-faced man with steady eyes. As a little child he had tried to propitiate his gods. Terror lent him eloquence to plead for mercy.

"You'll have to settle it with him," Newton repeated for the tenth time, and put the two slips of green paper back in the drawer, locking it under Bromley's eyes and slipping the key in his pocket.

Bromley went out into a void. He had feared this thing all the while, but so long as he only feared it at a distance he had been able to exorcise it. His mother would help him to keep it from his father. Perceiving now that it could not be exorcised, he felt adrift in space.

Newton trudged homeward well satisfied. He had shown Bromley only two of the incriminating certificates, and at that mere prick of the gaff Bromley had gone to pieces. Soft as putty. Newton was not an imaginative man, but in respect to this deadly enemy he had grown clairvoyant. Young Brom would never dare face old Mr. Pengrove after this.

Besides, the Judd baggage had him hooked. Those embezzlements testified to that.

Newton had no qualms, for this was so secret. So far as any eye could see he was just going about his business, dealing uprightly, doing only what was his plain duty. If he was thinking thoughts that boded destruction to a fellow human, why, thoughts were something way down deep inside a man. There was no shadow on his brow as he walked homeward; the matter was too secret.

Home meant a small white house with green blinds behind a neat lawn, on a maple-shaded street, only three squares from the bank. He had nothing for charity, but the neighbors bore testimony that he was a good husband and father. Just now his wife and daughters, aged eight and eleven, were away on a visit to her mother. Newton was all alone in the house, but he had no fear of being alone. What man could accuse him?

NEXT morning's newspaper contained an account of the robbery of a country bank by yeggmen, who had blown open the safe in the night. It was the third such bank robbery in two months. Young Bromley was reading that account. Peter Newton looked into his eyes. Thereafter, furtively, he watched like a cat at a mouse hole.

Old Wash Tunney, an undersized, bandy-legged darky, was now janitor of the bank—practically a sinecure, especially in summer when there was no furnace to tend. For forty years Wash had been employed by Philander Pengrove—as coachman—until age and automobiles relegated him to this pensioner's job of janitor. He regarded Philander Pengrove as a superior being and Bromley as the true heir of that superior being. Old Wash loved to tell stories; he would tell them as long as he found listeners. Philistines, with no respect for the faculty of imagination, said his stories were mostly big lies—but listened nevertheless, for old Wash was no mean artist.

"Keep your eyes on the bank tonight, Wash," the cashier instructed the janitor Saturday afternoon, everyone else having left and Wash having come in to dust and sweep. "Too much of this yegg business going on. They're likely to try us next. I saw a couple of suspicious-looking fellows sizing up the bank from across the street this afternoon. Just leave the curtain on the back door up half an inch so you can peek in every now and then after midnight. Don't make any noise and don't go into the bank yourself, whatever you do. Those yeggs would shoot you sure. If you see a light in here beat it to a telephone and ring up the sheriff. Keep on ringing till you raise him. But don't go around the bank yourself. Keep out of the way, or you'll get shot sure."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," old Wash quavered, pop-eyed.

It was a somewhat frail reed to lean upon, but the best that Newton had been able to think of. He didn't propose to be in the deadfall himself. The singular fascination of this affair consisted precisely in the circumstances that he, Peter Newton, was doing nothing whatever so far as any human eye could see. To all human sense he stood, immaculately apart, while the matter unfolded itself.

It was a hot night. Newton had not fallen asleep or even dozed when a tapping came on the window screen of his downstairs bedroom, and old Wash Tunney's voice in hushed urgency:

"Mr. Newton! Mr. Newton! Somebody's in the bank!"

Newton sat up in bed and demanded under his breath, "Did you telephone the sheriff?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," came the quavering voice outside.

"Be with you in a minute," said Newton and reached for the light switch.

He did not hurry in his dressing, nor exactly loiter—thinking the while, "Why did the old fool come to me? But he's telephoned; the sheriff will be there before I am. Nobody can say I sprung a trap." It would be well to carry a revolver, since he was supposed to have been surprised by Wash's message. There was one in the bureau drawer.

He and old Wash cut diagonally across Elm Street to the mouth of the alley and trotted into it, going past the rear of the four-story Pengrove Block. But Newton could hear nothing ahead. They turned the corner of the Pengrove Block. Before them lay the vacant lot-end and the rear wall of the little bank, soundless, lightless, signless. No sheriff, apparently. Two more steps and the back door of the bank dimly opened. The shape of a man hurried out with something bulky in his hand.

"Halt!" cried the cashier, and fired his revolver into the ground to enforce the command. Immediately another revolver roared in his ear and the shape of a man fell down. Old Wash had fired.

Newton ran forward, snapping on his flashlight. He hardly needed to turn the prone man over. It was young Bromley. The soft brown eyes focused Newton's. The red lips murmured, "Don't let Father know." Then there was the sullen powerful boom of a muffled explosion inside the bank.

This wasn't at all what the cashier had meant; and he experienced a great confusion. But an instinct functioned. Those shots would bring people to the scene. This brown suitcase on the ground where Bromley had dropped it undoubtedly contained the bank's money. Newton picked it up and ran into the bank. There was a wardrobe for overcoats in the parlor. He tossed the suitcase in there and ran out. It would be safe there—for a time. Two men, coming from Elm Street, were running up from the alley. Somebody out in the street shouted. Another shape was running in the alley from the opposite direction. There was another flashlight. Then Newton, still in a huge confusion, heard old Wash chattering like a frenzied monkey, making up a story.

THE story, after several inchoate attempts, took shape in this wise:

Old Wash had seen a light in the bank and run to arouse young Bromley. While young Bromley dressed he ran to arouse Mr. Newton—only three village squares away. When he and Mr. Newton were crossing Elm Street they heard an explosion in the bank. As they got in the alley that ran back of the bank they heard young Bromley cry "Halt!" and the crack of a revolver. Another revolver cracked, and they saw three men run down the alley. Here, back of the bank, they found young Bromley lying on the ground, shot through the chest.

That was the way old Wash finally told it to Bart Wells, the sheriff, when the latter arrived on the scene. By that time there was an excited crowd in the lot-end and the alley—even some women, with kimonos over their nightgowns. Dr. Brewster, in nightshirt, trousers and slippers, was saying gravely that young Brom was dead. And Newton, confusedly, was able to think somewhat. He saw no reason to contradict old Wash's story, and confirmed it to the sheriff. Young Brom was dead now.

It was half past one when old Wash tapped on the window screen. It was a quarter past five when Newton returned to his empty house. He had wanted young Brom out of the way. Who wouldn't? But he had never seen a man die before. The white face with the little mustache and round chin had looked very boyish. The dying eyes had seemed to look right (*Continued on page 36*)

Illustrated by Lloyd Wright

"She's got him hooked!" said the cashier to himself with a strange noiseless shout as he saw his assistant gazing beseechingly at the girl

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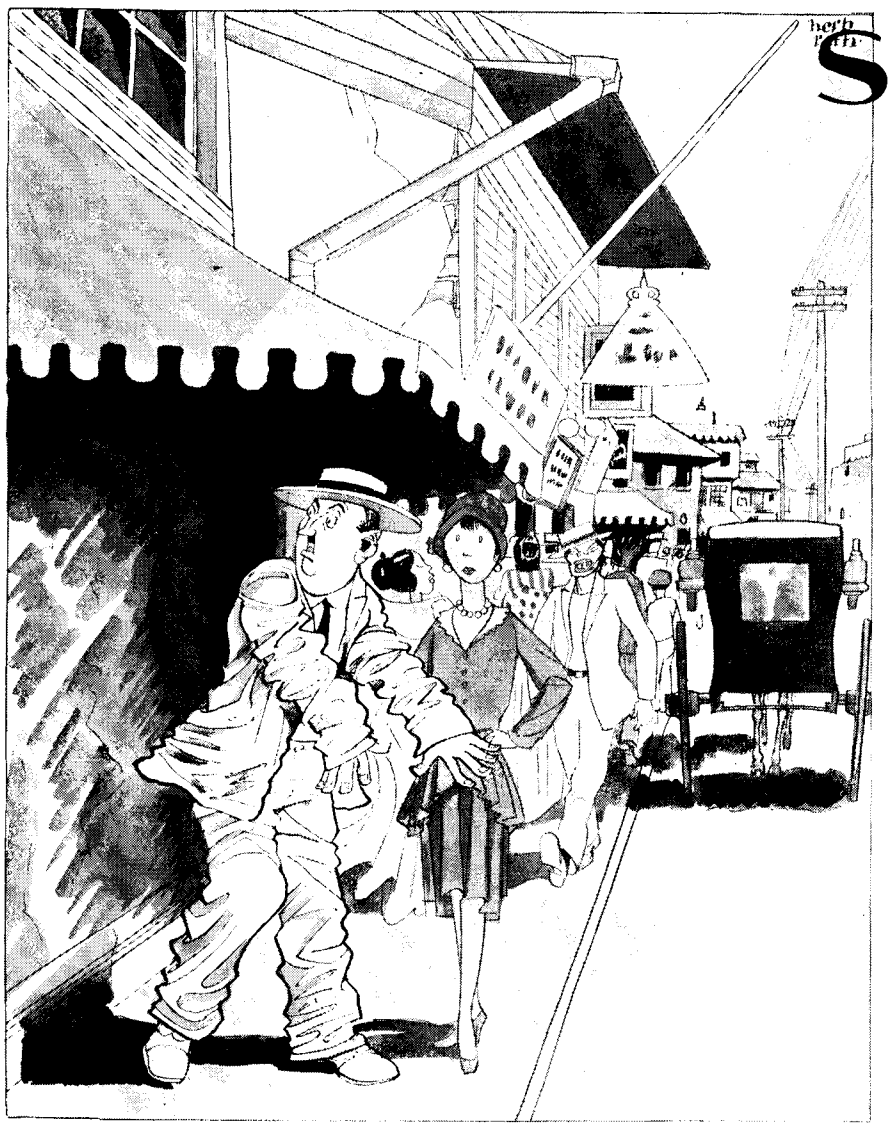

My white suit became unpressed with a celerity hard to understand and I looked as if I had been run over three times by a caterpillar tractor

Side Trips Included

By Frank Condon

You can take 'em or leave 'em alone, those side excursions with which world tours abound. But there's no dodging the ship's concert at which a somber banking gentleman is likely at any moment to bound into the lounge, painted a violent red, wearing a blanket and toting a spear

DAY by day the weather moderated, as we dropped down the China coast and day by day I removed garments in an effort to keep pace with the temperature. It was evident that I had not made the proper sartorial preparations for an extended ocean jaunt. Starting from Glen Echo, it was my calm belief that a person could get along nicely with a couple of golf suits and an ordinary business ensemble. While I had made no arrangements and had no wardrobe to speak of, I was quite as well off as the thorough gentlemen, especially the far-seeing passengers who had ordered Chinese costumes.

For years I had been hearing about the superior clothes made by miraculous Chinese tailors, and so had other gentlemen on our ship. Those who had ordered, walked immediately into the shop of the miracle-working tailor, had themselves measured, and strolled proudly about town for two days, waiting for their new raiment. Other enthusiasts went in for silk shirts, to be ready in two days. The waiting period is always two days, for the steamer then departs. The garments were delivered and our Hillary Castle moved into the south and soon the American purchasers donned their new raiment and came forth into the heat.

A Sartorial Problem Solved

I looked them over, one by one, and saw there was nothing in all this chatter about Chinese clothing. It may be that somewhere some Chinese tailor can work up a good suit of clothes, but apparently he doesn't do it for tourists who are sailing in two days and who are never coming back to tear down his tailor shop and beat him to death with his own goose. I have seen many weird suits, but never any like our gentlemen wore when they stepped on deck to show off. They must have felt premonitory doubts before they so appeared, for they had the appearance of slinking out. Chinese linen is nice stuff and no doubt will make a good tablecloth, but the silk shirts purchased in glee for four dollars a garment were sleazy, fragile garments, doomed by the first wash-tub. While the Americans were not handsome, they were at least cool, or at least cooler than I was in my tweed golfing knickers and woolen hose.

"Something is wrong with my costume," I remarked and Esther, who had all the late news about how to behave in foreign countries, declared I would be able to purchase "whites" in Manila, the next port.

"And you'd better have several suits," she suggested. "There may be quite a bit of warm weather ahead."

What a prophet she was!

"How many would you buy?" I asked.

"Oh, two or three," she answered. "May as well have enough."

In the tropics which we were gently approaching "whites" are the correct thing and a person looks silly in anything else. He also looks silly in whites. "Whites" are cotton garments or linen and I was entirely unfamiliar with them, never having seen them before, except upon our own familiar street cleaners. When we arrived in Manila, I was in a mood to purchase freely, for I had come down with a mild attack of Filipino prickly heat, which gives a person something definite to do six hours a day.

We entered a store famous for its tropic garments and from the dark-skinned clerk I purchased not three but four complete suits, paying fifteen dollars per suit, which gave the store a clear profit of fifty-three dollars. Donning one of the suits immediately, I sauntered out into the morning sun and buttons began dropping upon the hot sidewalk. The entire suit, neatly pressed and flat-looking before I donned it, became unpressed with a celerity hard to understand and forty thousand wrinkles set in and destroyed its early beauty. I stared at myself in a shop window and saw that I looked as if I had been run over three times by a caterpillar tractor.

"Let us return to the ship," said I, "where nobody will see us."

"You don't look any worse than anybody else," Esther said comfortingly.

"You don't know about the buttons," I stated. "If two more of them give way, I will look worse than you think."

Pausing only to inquire about Velvet Sweep safety razor blades and receive a blank stare, we regained our ship in safety and found half a hundred other gentlemen in whites, all looking extremely wrinkled and run down. Some of our passengers were men of great wealth, but you cannot look rich in a Manila suit of whites. When we again sailed for the still farther south, I discovered that the operating time of a white suit is about three hours. After that you take it off and have it laundered, or give it to a China boy if he will accept it.

Cool But Not Clean

You cannot call up somebody, as you do at home, and ask him to send for your soiled laundry, or rather it is futile to try it. There is nobody to do your laundry. The ship people will not wash your suits or the Hillary Castle people wouldn't, and I was told the same lamentable condition prevails on other world steamers. The excuse is that the ship's facilities are limited and they have all they can do with tablecloths and napkins and will you kindly wait until you reach the next port?

As our jumps were fairly long and as I had only four suits I put them aside and began borrowing clothes, and there is one nice thing about borrowing whites: any suit will do. It doesn't matter whether you borrow from a fat man or a giant, for the result is the same and you look as if you had been sleeping in the thing in an upper berth for six weeks. Neat people cannot stay neat on ships like the Hillary Castle because of the laundry situation. After you reach the Indian Ocean, you no longer care whether you are neat or look like a tramp, for you feel sure you will not live long anyhow on account of the heat, stomach-ache and the food.

Food is the great problem in life for many persons, even when they are safely at home where they can telephone the grocer and give him Hail Columbia. In the tropics food is enormously important and careless eaters pay a heavy penalty. Many persons have stopped me on the street to inquire.

"How was the food on the Hillary Castle?" they ask, looking at me intently and wondering a little at my pallor. I merely take hold of the bottom button of my vest and pull it out to show how I, a plump fellow, have fallen away, wasted almost to a shadow.

"The food," I state, "on the Hillary Castle was pretty poor. Do you want to know what I weigh, now that it is all over?"

A Miracle in the Unfolding

I gave out statistics regarding my heft, which is not what it was. Gone is the rosy bloom from my countenance. I have shadows under my eyes and there is a gaunt, faded look about me that makes inquirers think of refugees. I did not starve, but I know how people feel who do starve.

Not all ships operate after the plan of the Hillary Castle, and that is lucky for passengers. The New York and Shanghai Line has its own ideas on the subject of rationing a ship about to go around the world, and they may be economical ideas, but they are hard on tourists.

The ship is filled up with groceries somewhere along the Atlantic coast. Enough food is placed aboard to carry on for the entire voyage and of course it is all in the refrigerators. The Hillary Castle then wanders away over the world and is gone for four months, through heat and cold, storm and calm and the discontent of men.

Did you ever eat a chicken that went around the world in a sea-going ice-box? Have you ever had a duck thrust under your nose, a duck that had been riding on the same boat with you since you were a little boy? Maybe the system is the right system, but I oppose it. With all the strength of my remaining sixty-four calories, I denounce it.

It is always a sad sight to stand by and see a fellow man lose his faith in human nature and pass from bright-eyed optimism into the slough of cynical contempt for man, woman and child. At Honolulu, Mr. Harold Demuth, the tourist guide, escorting his first party abroad, was a laughing lad, with a merry word for all. At Singapore he was a soured old man who had turned against the white race. True, he concealed his feelings from members of his little group, for they had paid in advance. He conducted with diligence and a show of enthusiasm but his heart was gall and wormwood, and the gaze he flashed upon his charges when they were not looking was one of malevolence and scorn.

"They're not human beings," he told me in a moment of confidence.

"If they're not, they fooled me," he said.

"Do you know that in spite of what I have done to help them see the world, in spite of all my worrying and spending extra money on them, there isn't one in the crowd that hasn't written in to my company, demanding that I be dismissed for gross incompetence."

"Yes, Harold," I said, "there is one. I didn't."

At Singapore, Mr. Demuth did an un-

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usual thing: He escaped from his personal party for several hours, leaving the sight-seers to bang around by themselves. He skulked off and met several gentlemen who interested him. They, also, were dragomen, guides and tour conductors who had momentarily escaped from the drudgery of their calling. Half a dozen ships were in port and the jaded conductors fled from the world tourists and foregathered in a secret place to compare notes, to discuss the unamiability of human beings who go jogging about the world in steamers.

A Song Bird Who Meant to Sing

Harold Demuth returned to the Hillary Castle at an unseemly hour in the morning, and his appearance was that of a young man who has had a good time. He had dined with his fellow conductors and had listened to their free conversation, which concerned tourists. He had found out that all personally conducted tours are identical, that tourists are habitual fault-finders, unreasonable, exacting, crotchety and of small intellectual caliber; and that all tour conductors lead a violently unhappy life. At the little dinner each conductor made a short speech, stating his innermost opinion of tourists. Harold waxed happier and happier. He was quite cheerful when he returned to his own ship and he smelled vaguely of some foreign perfume. It must have been a perfume, for Harold does not imbibe, and is engaged to marry a lovely girl.

When Mrs. Southard asked Harold if he would take charge of the ship's concert, the amiable young man almost agreed to do so.

"You are exactly the one for the job," urged Mrs. Southard. "You have so much poise, Mr. Demuth."

"We'll talk it over later," said Harold, considerably flattered.

Mrs. Southard was a song bird herself and meant to sing. There is no way known to halt a female singer once she gets aboard a ship and therefore Mrs. Southard was actively behind the ship's concert, which was a matter of the immediate future, as soon as we loaded rubber and started west again.

It was in Singapore that I beheld my first genuine Chinese funeral and took part in the ceremonial. It so happened that one Mrs. Ching Khoo, after a long and useful life, had passed on, leaving a husband and several children, and the gentleman was having a funeral when we drifted upon the scene.

At first I thought we had stumbled over an American circus far off its course, for there was nothing in sight to suggest the recent passing of a lady. What my eyes beheld was a motion picture set of tinsel and glass balls and at one side a vaudeville show in full blast with small boys selling what would be hot dogs in America. Six thousand Chinese citizens stood in their sandals and paid serious attention to the last sad rites, which at the moment of our intrusion consisted of a large Chinaman beating a small boy with a bladder while a girl shrieked.

"A funeral," informed Harold, in his guide manner.

"Not yet," I said. "Not till the big Chink kills the little one."

"This is a funeral," Harold insisted, sweeping his arm to include the scene, and to my surprise it was a funeral. The Chinese know how to hold a funeral. This one, which had been in progress for two months and ten days when we pulled in, occupied the house of Mr. Khoo, the widower, filled the neighboring fields with action, drama and amusement, and had three more weeks to run. The front of Mrs. Khoo's former home had been removed, making it easily accessible to the public and for everything the lady had owned in her earthly career there was on display a replica. There were, on many tables, piled high, duplicates of her jewels, her garments, traveling bags, boudoir trifles, her wall safe, the furnishings of her room and all her shoes. There was food for her to be used in the next world, and this was guarded, lest a passing mourner help himself to a grapefruit. The children stood by in sackcloth, but I saw no ashes. They answered questions in a friendly and eager manner, and so did Mr. Khoo, whose genial smile showed how well he was bearing up under his bereavement.

Next door, on the football field, the ceremonies never ceased and the large Chinaman on the stage continued to declaim and beat persons with a bladder. Electric lights emphasized the brilliance of the movie set, which adjoined the stage, and dead-pan Chinamen stood shoulder to shoulder eating betel nuts and small fish, watching the performance. The funeral service never ceased. It rolled along day and night, and at four in the morning the spectators were as numerous as at high noon. At the end of the third month there would be an elegant bonfire and it was Mr. Khoo's purpose to burn up everything—movie set of silver, dramatic stage and the lady's possessions, including the food. I was sorry we would miss the fire, for there is always a good chance of burning down the city.

Business men and bankers, upon being given the slightest encouragement, came forth in the frills and ruffles of the decorated sex

"Between you and me," said Mr. Khoo, in one of our midnight chats, "I do not believe in all this," and he pointed to the mild riot on the field.

"Custom Demands It"

"Does seem a little overdone," I agreed. "Why do you go in for it?"

"Because, if I did not, they would probably run me out of town as a bad Chinaman. Custom demands it."

We departed with suitable words.

"When you die, Esther," I suggested on the way back to the ship, "how would you like to have me give you a nice three months' funeral?"

"When I die," said Esther, "you will probably not be in a position to give funerals."

Thus closed the evening and we found the ship at her usual dock and our cabin, number One Hundred, as shown on the door, and likewise the thermometer.

Lizards in Singapore are civic assets and their friendship is cultivated. There are hotel lizards, boarding-house lizards, room lizards and ordinary warehouse or dock lizards. The hotel lizard is the aristocrat and spends his time catching flies, his main business in life. Americans not accustomed to lizards are at first startled, and Harold Demuth created a scene in the Royal Peninsula Hotel where he was having bottled beer. A lizard ran over him in the course of its regular business and he lost his beer and was finally ejected for destroying the tropic calm of the hotel.

To me the real tragedy of the Malay Peninsula was the Kuala Lumpor incident, which was fostered and messed about by none other than Harold, the dragoman. Because he sat next to me at table he began passing about Kuala Lumpor while we were still thousands of miles to the north and long before the Era of the Eternal Stomach-ache.

"What we ought to do," Harold announced at dinner one night, "what we ought to do is to sneak off by ourselves and see Kuala Lumpor."

"I don't care to see him," I said coldly. "I saw the King of Roumania once and he was a disappointment."

"This isn't a man," said Harold scathingly, glancing into a pile of guide-books. "Kuala Lumpor is a city of the Malay Peninsula about midway between Singapore and Penang. It is inland, and so, if we remain aboard ship, we cannot see it."

"Why should anyone want to see it?"

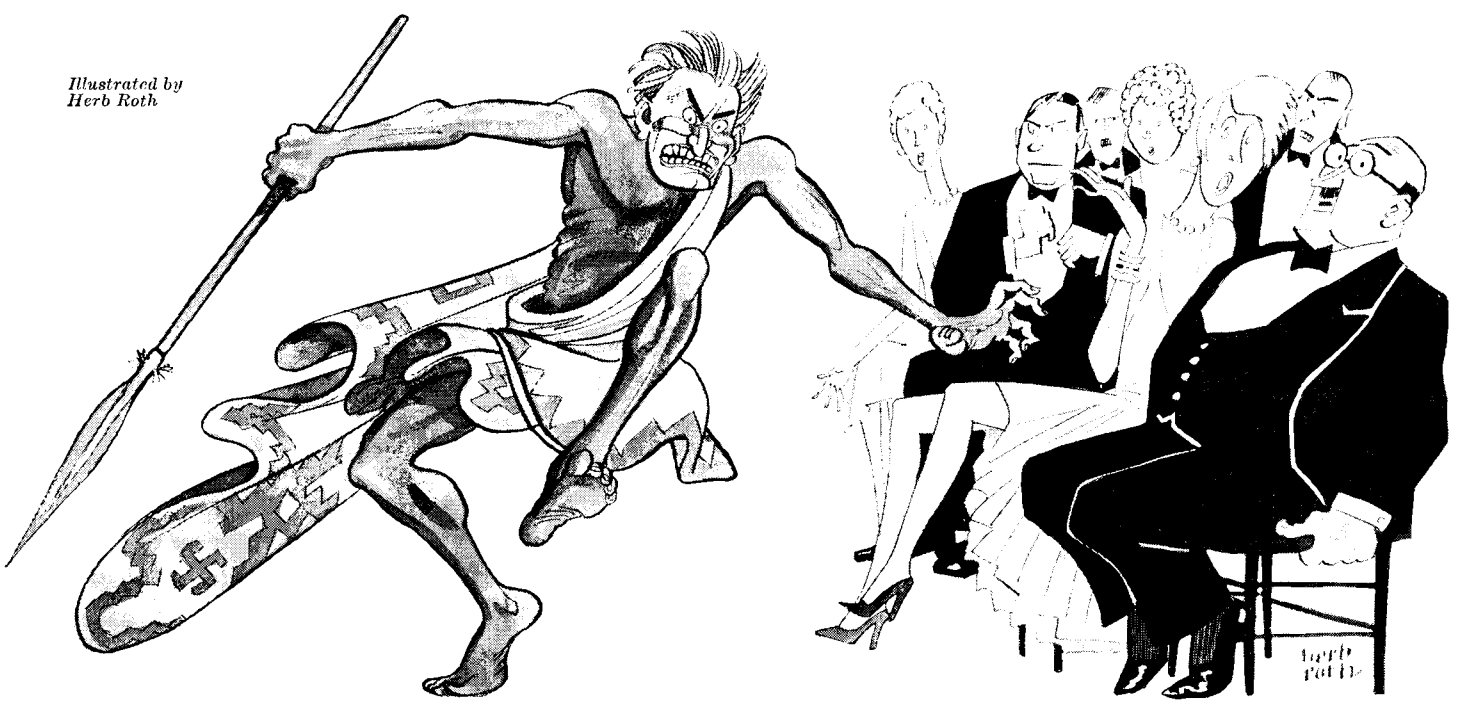
"It is a beautiful city. It contains a marvelous palace, a spectacular tin mine, a notable park and a golf course."

"Not a golf course," I said quickly.

"Yes, and a fine one."

(Continued on page

Illustrated by Herb Roth



To my intense surprise, Mr. Clarke suddenly began dancing and desperately screeching in what he probably regarded as the Indian manner

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Marriage for Two

"Why do you want me to keep my mouth shut?" cried the woman

The Story Thus Far:

SHORTLY after an interview in which Helen Wilson tells Larry Tracy that she wishes to break their engagement so that she can marry the rich, middle-aged Frank Burton, and Larry swears, in pique, to marry the first girl who will have him, he rescues from a park bench a poverty-stricken and starved though beautiful girl, Joyce Carroll.

A few days later, Larry remembering his threat and Joyce out of gratitude to him, they are married, agreeing that the marriage will be one in name only.

They sail for Biarritz, where Joyce gains great popularity; where Billy Valdemagara, a Spanish friend of Larry's, falls in love with her; and where Larry himself falls in love with her despite evidence of her strange past. Ratty Rogan in New York tries to tell him some story about her and at Biarritz she gives, without explaining her action, 40,000 francs to Miss Novel, a woman of the demimonde who is supporting Paul Weedon, who is murdered one evening after he has spread the story of finding in an embrace Larry and Helen, who has come to Biarritz to recapture Larry—and momentarily overwhelms him. The murderer is not found and the matter is dropped.

Burton threatens to ruin Larry financially if Joyce refuses to convince Helen that Larry is not for her. Joyce, giving no reason, compels Larry to tell Helen that he loves Joyce only. The Burtons leave Biarritz.

Larry, it so happens, has just completed a transaction whereby he transfers to Joyce half of his fortune, entirely tied up in rubber stock of which Burton is in control. Joyce, still not trusting Burton but giving no reason, sells it all by cable. Larry, puzzled and angry, goes out of the house. Joyce wanders over to the Casino, where she is suddenly confronted by Billy—and Miss Novel, who is threatening to expose Joyce.

XII

VALDEMAGARA took command of the situation instantly. He was on his feet in a flash, was at Joyce's side, was guiding her from the room. But the Novel woman was not to be so easily denied. She too rose swiftly, and before the horrified Joyce could regain that self-control which had been banished at the woman's cry, she was confronted by a furious harridan.

The woman might have been good-looking, even handsome, once. Indeed, flushed by the first glass of wine, or the first winnings at chemin de fer, she had a certain coarse beauty still. But grief or rage or both had temporarily eliminated all traces of whatever charm she may have been possessed of in the past.

Queer thoughts, born of strange unions of persons and circumstances, were eternally popping into Joyce's mind. In moments that at the times of their being had seemed tragic, queer irrelevancies had brought smiles to her lips; and at other moments, when comedy only was obvious, she had been saddened by the entrance of other irrelevancies into her thoughts. At least, she had never deeply enough analyzed her mental processes to know that these seemingly disconnected vagaries of memory were really logical enough. For the mind never proceeds—granted sanity—save definitely, obviously, and logically. That we cannot always comprehend this merely argues how little we understand our own brains. For the mind cannot cease functioning, and if one examines into its quirks, one finds that the conclusion reached apparently aimlessly was the result of a definite procedure.

SO NOW, in this moment of terror, Joyce found herself wondering what those women looked like who derided and hissed and threatened Marie Antoinette in the long-ago French Revolution. A far cry from a vixen vulgarly accosting one in the "shimmy" room of a French casino to the days of the Terror! But the sequence of thoughts was there. Joyce had never been menaced by one of her own sex before. She had read of women who struck and clawed, but she had connected them always with great upheavals in the historic past. Such women no longer existed, or, at least, ordinary folk never encountered them.

"You murderess!"

The Novel woman's words brought her back to the menacing present.

Billy Valdemagara seized the woman by the arm.

"That's enough of this," he said. The face that Joyce had only seen gay now was hard, threatening.

"What do you mean, enough?" cried the Novel woman. "You think that a few sweet words and a little money—"

"You said you'd keep your mouth shut," interrupted the Marquis.

He glanced around the room. The habitués were looking up from their play. The gorgeously uniformed attendants—three of them—were gathered by the door, and they were eying the participants in this scene with ill-concealed distaste. Gambling-houses, whether illicitly run or openly operated under governmental license, do not desire brawls. Immoralities must at least have good manners, which, by the way, is the commandment by which society lives.

THEIR whispers resulted in indefinite action: one of them took a few steps toward the trio of disputants.

"It wasn't a little money," said Valdemagara quietly. "It was enough to keep you the rest of your days."

"Yes, and why have you given it to me? That's what I want to know," cried the woman. "Why do you want me to keep my mouth shut? What's this —— to you?"

Joyce's face whitened at the name called her.

Valdemagara did not whiten. His ruddy face congested with blood.

"Miss Novel," he said, "I can have you deported. I *will* have you deported."

The indecisive attendant became emboldened. All play had ceased, and the French are a thrifty people. The percentage of the winning bets must never be forgotten by those employed by the Casino. Ten minutes of cessation of play might result in the loss of many thousands of francs.

"Monsieur le Marquis is being annoyed?" he asked politely. But the eyes which he turned upon Miss Novel were not polite. They blazed with threat. Did not courtesans know that they were permitted to ply their trade in the Casino merely because light women encouraged gentlemen to play? Did they not know that gentlemen become wary of a Casino where vulgar disputes are permitted? And wasn't this woman rather unsavorily mixed up in the death of Weedon?

Valdemagara turned to him. The color had left his face now, so quick was his self-command.

"The lady," he said gently, "has lost one dear to her. She is naturally upset."

He pressed a note into the man's hand. The attendant became quickly sympathetic.

"But certainly," he agreed. "Nevertheless," he went on, "if Madame would try for self-control—"

He shrugged, as one who would not censure but who would call it to attention that a chemin de fer room was no place for the exhibition of grief other than regret for one's losses in a monetary way. He turned away.

"That," said Valdemagara, "is the last evasion, Miss Novel. One more word from you, and I put your case in the hands of the police."

"We'll see about that," said the woman. "You don't believe what I've been telling you about this Mrs. Tracy. Well, why did she give me money the other day? *Forty milles!* Ask her to explain that, if I've been lying. And if it isn't true, why do you give me money?"

"One may stop a slander without believing in it," replied the Marquis.

"Yes, one *may*. But one doesn't give a couple of hundred *milles*," sneered the woman.

"Two hundred thousand francs!" gasped Joyce.

The woman turned on her.

"YES, that much. And if your sweetie will go that far, how much farther will your husband go?" Rage suddenly swept over her. "But what do I want with money? By God, you killed Paul—"

Valdemagara raised his hand. An attendant started toward them.

"Mrs. Tracy," he said quietly, "it is better that such irresponsible charges be made public that they may the more quickly be disproved."

Intuitively Joyce knew that the Marquis was bluffing, and this intuition prevented her from protesting against the summoning of the attendant. But her face was marble as she waited for the accusation. It could, of course, not be proved, but the woman, in making

Joyce incurred the contempt of the Spaniards by violently denouncing the picadors and leaving after the first bull was killed. "I can't help it," she told Billy. "I'd as soon watch babies killed"

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By Arthur Somers Roche

one charge, would bring up other matters. . . .

Quietly Valdemagara spoke:

"I would advise you, Miss Novel, to plead a faintness. You want a sip of brandy. Otherwise you will be deported."

He greeted the anxious attendant:

"Madame feels faint. Some cognac. . . ."

The man hurried off. Miss Novel sank down upon a chair.

"Remember now," said the Marquis, "I have investigated you. I know—too much. My information will be placed in the hands of the authorities if one more word is uttered by you, to anyone, about Mrs. Tracy. That will be all."

HE TURNED to Joyce and a moment later she found herself, walking by his side, in the outer room. She now felt that faintness which the Marquis had ascribed to Miss Novel. Her companion remarked her pallor and they sat down. Valdemagara ordered tea.

"Please," she said, "tell me—"

"There is nothing to tell," he replied. "A coarse woman—"

"I want to know exactly what she said," she interrupted.

He shrugged. "Why, dear Mrs. Tracy, pay heed to the utterances of such a person? She is, God pity her, a courtesan, sunk so low that she pays men for little kindnesses. What does it matter that such a woman mentions one?"

"It mattered two hundred thousand francs to you," she reminded him. "And, of course, I will repay you—"

"Do you not know," he asked, "that to serve you must always be my desire?"

She ignored this.

"What did she tell you?" she insisted.

The waiter arrived with what passes for tea in France, and for a moment Joyce busied herself with the tea things. Her faintness was gone now, nevertheless she sipped the liquid gratefully.

"I beg of you, Mrs. Tracy—"

"And I insist, Billy," she said.

He sighed.

"There was some trifling matter of your residence in New York, which the woman seemed to think might annoy you if made public—"

"It would," said Joyce. "I paid her money not to mention it."

"That," said Billy gravely, "was a great mistake."

JOYCE nodded. "I knew that the moment I'd given her the money. Well, tell me. What did she say?"

"That was all," replied the Marquis.

"But she explained the matter," said Joyce.

"I have already forgotten it. I knew it was not true," he countered.

"Then why pay her—"

He met her glance fairly. How long had they been acquainted? A matter of hours only, and this man, if she knew anything of his sex, was a great beau, one who had come through the fires of a hundred flirtations unscathed. She was married to his friend, and she knew that friendship was no light thing to Billy Valdemagara, knew that honor was a mighty force in his life. Not easily would he let himself fail so far in friendship and in honor that he would fall in love with a friend's wife. For she knew that, though Billy Valdemagara hid his secret from the whole world, he would nevertheless feel that he had done something unworthy even in hugging to his own bosom his illicit passion.

For it was this last that blazed from his eyes. This was, if she knew anything of men, the love of his life. Her thoughts drifted far. . . . Marchioness de Valdemagara—or was it Marchesa? Castles in the Pyrenees . . . United to a man whose veins held the blood of great hidalgos, who walked with royalty on not too inferior terms. . . . It was a long distance from a small Maine town to the king's palace at Madrid. . . .

Then the look was gone from his eyes.

"Because sometimes the quickest way to stop a lie is to buy the liar," he answered.

"What did she say?" she persisted.

"She said—oh, my dear woman, what does it matter? If the calumny was so foul that I bought her silence, how can I repeat it?"

"And you're sure it's not true?" she asked. "Remember, I too bought, I thought, her silence."

"She lied," he said flatly.

He looked at her again. "She will talk no more," he promised. "Rage—in her way she loved this Weedon—and somehow his death—it is known that Larry struck him—but she will conquer her rage. Life over here is so much more pleasant for one of her kind than it is in America. And those who have felt the fever of the gaming tables can never live without its heat. She will not ask for deportation. Don't worry about her any more, dear lady."

THEY had consumed their tea.

"You came to play?" he asked.

"I don't feel like it now," she replied. "But you—"

"No. I rarely play. I came down here to see this woman—"

He stopped, but she caught at his unwitting disclosure.

"Why? Had her talk been repeated so that you heard it?"

He shook his head. "After all, she was the only one who would look after Weedon. And—well, the man was bad, but—"

"I understand," she said. "Billy, you're rather a nice person."

"My dear," he said, "that is exactly what I am not. I am—but you will never know, so—why expose myself?"

Now, for the first time, the Billy Valdemagara whom she had known shone through. His gay eyes twinkled, and his red hair seemed to move with each word and gesture.

"Our friend Burton and the little Wilson girl—you knew that they left tonight?"

"When did you discover that," she asked.

(*Continued on page 38*)

Illustrated by Joseph Simont.

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Wings of Destiny

By George Weston

Illustrated by O. F. Schmidt

"Oh, tempt me not with palaces, Your Majesty; I am but a young girl," she answered him

The Story Thus Far:

MILLARD DELAVAN, an orphan, the son of a once famous actor, is dismissed from the United States air force on the charge, made by Captain Lastry, of striking an officer, Captain Lastry himself, and of cheating at cards.

Major Henrichs, thinking the charge absurd, befriends the boy and through his brother, Judge Henrichs, secures Delavan a job with the Arrow Aero Manufacturing Company. The job doesn't last long as Lastry happens to be inspector of the planes and he plants a few seeds of poison.

At Judge Henrichs' home Millard meets Joyce Van Deusen and her attractive aunt, who turns out to be the woman because of whom Millard's father was supposed to have committed suicide.

He meets also Madame Mitzi Seidler, a German agent, and when the judge, who is to be appointed head of the United States Intelligence in Switzerland, offers him the job of working against Mitzi and of preceding him to Switzerland, he jumps at the chance.

In Switzerland, Millard succeeds, because of his excellent German, in getting himself appointed to the German Intelligence. The Chief, important in this service, takes Millard to Charleville where he outfits him with a British plane.

Thereafter the Chief tests Millard out on several errands of trust, the most important being the rescue from England of a prisoner, a young member of the German royalty. For his success in this last Millard receives a decoration, which he leaves with the Chief, and a vacation in Paris.

In Paris he is ordered to go to a M. Goya, who orders him to live at the Hotel des Egyptiennes and to eat his dinner every evening in the Lanterne next door to M. Goya's office.

The first evening at the Lanterne Millard sees Mitzi and realizes that the proprietor knows her. Outside after dinner Millard is attacked by some thugs, and Mitzi and her escort, a British officer, save his life.

VII

WHEN Delavan awoke next morning in his little bedroom in the Hotel des Egyptiennes, he had to think for a minute to remember where he was.

Truly, the pursuit of adventure was leading him into strange sleeping places—a darkened steamer on the Atlantic, a room beneath the shadow of the Alps, a commandeered inn in the Ardennes, and now the Hotel des Egyptiennes—in Paris, of all places beneath the startled moon!

Paris. . . . The word alone was enough to make him fling the covers aside.

He must shave; he must dress; he must find a guide book. The Chief had said that he was on a holiday; but he had carefully refrained from saying how long that holiday was to last!

Dell had almost finished dressing when a porter rapped on his door and brought him a thick envelope from Mitzi.

"Dear Mill," said her letter. "You left Switzerland in such sweet haste that the hotel didn't know where to forward your mail. So, knowing that some day we would meet again, I brought it with me. *'Voila!'* as we Parisiennes say in France. This letterhead will give you my address and telephone number; but it will not tell you how much I wanted to kiss you last night in front of my English major! *Tout à vous!* MITZI."

DELAVAN unconsciously frowned to himself when he had read her letter. He had always thought she liked him—but her English major of the night before had doubtless thought the same. And the week before it might have been someone else: a French captain, possibly; and next week still another: a Belgian colonel, perhaps. "'Tis brief, My Lord, as woman's love." Dell shrugged his shoulders and turned to the letters which she had sent him.

The first was from Judge Henrichs.

His plans had been delayed, and another month might pass before he left for Europe.

"I fear that I am not altogether trusted in some quarters in Washington. They seem to think I have consorted too much with enemy sympathizers. Of course in time they may understand that, for this same reason, I shall be all the more valuable to my country. Meanwhile take care of yourself and be discreet. I hope your synopsis of Swiss conditions is coming along well."

Dell couldn't help smiling at the phrases "Take care of yourself and be discreet."

"I wonder what he'd think if he knew that I had worked my way into the German Secret Service!" he mused. "Come to think of it—that wouldn't help him at Washington, either, if they ever heard of it. . . . And now let's see what the Red Cross wants. A contribution?"

BUT it wasn't an appeal for funds. It was a letter from Joyce—a happy, excited, breathless letter, saying that she had joined the Red Cross, and was sailing for France the following week.

"Right through the submarine zone and everything! Isn't it just too wonderful? I'll send you my address in France the moment I have one, but I couldn't help writing this letter now because I want you to be the very first one to know. . . ."

Delavan glanced at the date. The letter was nearly three weeks old.

"I'll write the Swiss hotel to forward my mail to Paris," he thought. "She may have written again."

He thought of Joyce's smiling lips and wistful eyes more than once as he had his breakfast, sitting under the awning of the Café de la Paix and watching the world go by.

Moroccan privates in reds and blues, Sikh corporals with their skin-tight trousers and martial beards, American marines in khaki and canvas, French sailors with their red-topped berets, swanky Englishmen in immaculate leather and preciously cut riding breeches, Scotch "ladies from hell" in kilts and plaids, tall Australians and Canadians stalking along in quiet pride almost as though they were a separate breed: they all passed before him.

"It's queer—that war's the only thing which could bring this crowd together and keep them friends," thought Dell, busy with his chocolate and crescents.

Now and then a Y girl came along, piloting a squad of sight-seeing Yankees on furlough.

"Seems good to hear them," he told himself, watching with unconscious longing. "'Old melodies are the sweetest; old songs are the best.'" For no particular reason, perhaps, he read Joyce's letter again and then abruptly asked the waiter the address of the headquarters of the American Red Cross.

Again for no particular reason, he found himself walking past their building half an hour later; and after that it was but a step before he was looking into the clear inquiring eyes of a girl in the Information Bureau. (*Continued on page 47*)

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The Boy Entertainer

or, From Postmaster to Toastmaster

By Ring Lardner

There is romance and inspiration in the life story of a wistful small-town traffic officer who came, in time, to upset the entire postal system and wound up in a position from which he could make movie producers limit the length of a celluloid kiss. The figure of Will Hays naturally engaged the fascinated attention of Dr. Ring Lardner, scholarly biographer of the prominent. And here's how:

Editor, Collier's Weekly,
New York, N. Y.
Gents:

It was my intention to devote a few diatribes this week to Judge K. M. Landis the czarina of baseball and I was going to start out by exclaiming how he accumulated his nomenclature. There was another little boy in the family and the parents had christened him Fred in honor of Sousa's Band, so when the new one was born there was nothing left to call him and yet it would never do to blight his infancy by leaving him with no name save the Baby or K. M. or Judge or Your Honor.

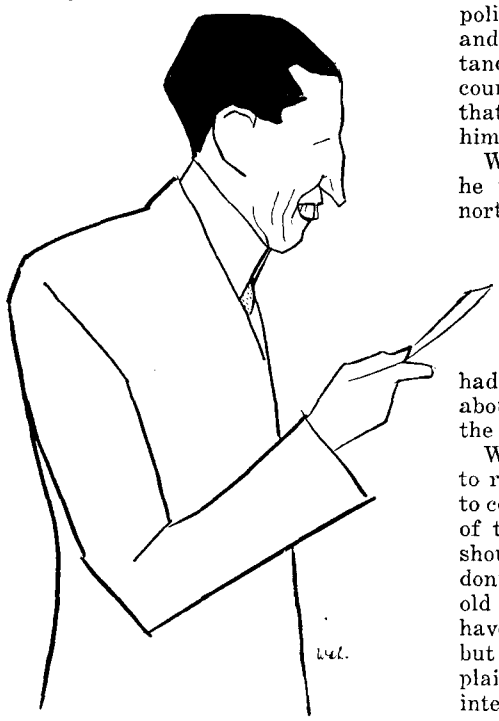
The senior Landises were planning a trip to Colorado and had to take the kiddies with them as it was the nurse's day out. When the news was sprung on Fred and his little brother, the former cried excitedly:

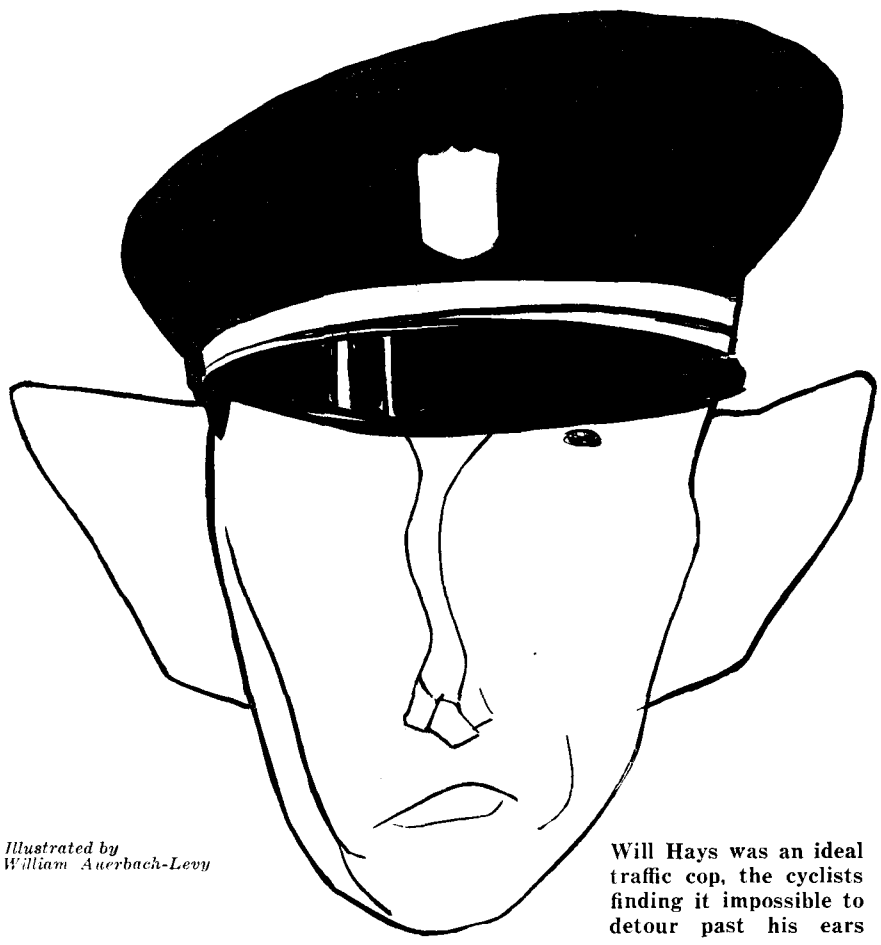
"Ooh! Colorado! Kenesaw mountains?"

"That ain't right!" objected the Judge in baby talk. "'Saw' is the past tense. What you should say is 'Tennessee mountain.'"

It struck both parents at once that here was a hunch and from the combination of Kenesaw and mountain and Tennessee they evolved the name Kenesaw Mountain Landis with the result that he is known from coast to coast as Judge.

I had gathered a great many more intimate details of the Judge's life, but the idea of writing him up was abandoned when I learned that you boys insisted on photographic illustrations to accompany the sketch. Unfortunately K. M. never had a picture taken. So he will be allowed to remain in the obscurity of which he is so fond while we





Illustrated by William Auerbach-Levy

Will Hays was an ideal traffic cop, the cyclists finding it impossible to detour past his ears

delve for a moment into the history of another czar, Mr. Will H. Hays of the Picture Game.

Mr. Hays was born in Indiana, in a city named Sullivan because all twelve of its citizens wore rubber heels.

"Little Pitchers—"

At the time of his birth Sullivan had no post office as nobody there could read or write but when Will was round fourteen years old it became necessary to install one to handle the mash notes sent him by smitten girls and scheming mothers in the near-by metropoli of Vincennes and Palsyville. Will was traffic policeman at the only corner in town and it was while riding through on their tandem bicycles in the mater-filia cross-country races so popular in those days that female Hoosierdom took notice of him and voted him more than eligible.

Will was an ideal traffic officer. When he wished to halt the southbound or northbound Eldredge-Belvederes and Pope-Hartfords, he faced either north or south and the cyclists were unable to get past his ears without detouring onto somebody's front lawn. (Note: There would be no mention of Will's ears if he had not started a whispering campaign about the size of the author's feet and the height of the author's forehead.)

While on the subject it might be well to recount that when young Hays went to college (Carlisle) and asked the coach of the baseball team what position he should try for the coach replied, "Why don't you try pitching? Isn't there an old saw to the effect that little pitchers have big ears?" So Will tried pitching but was obliged to give it up on complaint of his catcher that those auricles interfered with the latter's view of second base. Later our hero got on the Carlisle crew as coxcomb, being used only when the course of the race was with the wind and *les oreilles* would be a help instead of a hindrance.

The new post office became a favorite hang-out for male Sullivanites. They would gather there early in the morning as soon as their sweethearts and wives had set out to plant or harvest the cotton; they would stay there all day talking politics or arguing the relative merits of Amos Rusie and Cy Young or playing Wood Tag, Going to Jerusalem, sometimes even Post Office itself. Occasionally one or another would receive a letter and open it and wonder what it said.

Will Hays was an ambitious laddie and in his spare moments he mastered the arts of reading and writing. He then resigned his position as policeman and created a job that was more lucrative; namely, reading aloud the contents of letters to the persons receiving them and writing replies to same. He charged 10 cents for each letter read and 15 cents for each reply written. It was this experience that fitted him so well for the Postmaster Generalship under President Harding and during his administration of that portfolio he saved innumerable people innumerable time and trouble by opening, reading and answering virtually all the letters and post cards that appeared in the Washington post office.

Mr. Hays was made chairman of the Republican National Committee in 1920 and to his genius for organization and his never-failing diligence is attributed, by a large majority of right-thinking Americans, the success of the G. O. P. in the election that fall, though one or two feeble-minded backbiters have hinted that the fact of Mr. Harding's being a Republican may have had a slight influence on the outcome.

Anyway the executive showed his appreciation of Will's efforts by appointing him to one of the most important places in the Cabinet and young Hays, making full use of all he had learned at the post office in Sullivan, effected so many and such sensible reforms and increased the department's revenue to such an extent that when he at last resigned, the President and his colleagues in the Cabinet gave him a testimonial in the form of a handsome, blue-covered, ninety-seven-cent book of stamps. Following are some of the improvements for which Will was responsible:

Chocolate-Flavored Stamps

1. He abolished charge accounts and put all stamp windows on a cash-and-carry basis, thus eliminating bad debts and the cost of maintaining stamp delivery trucks.

2. He realized that while some customers liked the plain, unadulterated glue taste on the back of stamps there were many to whom this taste was disagreeable, so he began selling sheets of stamps with glue of different flavors—chocolate, vanilla, raspberry, pineapple, sherbet.

3. He produced (for Long Island, at least) stamped envelopes that you didn't have to lick the flaps of as they were already sealed when you bought them.

4. He increased the speed of special deliveries by the simple process of substituting the picture of a motorcyclist for a bicyclist on the stamps.

5. He more than doubled parcel post proceeds by an ingenious device: Say, for example, a woman named Mrs. J. L. Kruger wished to send a box of stick candy from Washington to a friend of hers, Charles Butler, in Chicago. General Hays or one of his aides-de-stamp would follow Mrs. Kruger up to the parcel post window, observe the address of the party to whom the candy was to be sent and then remark, "Oh, didn't you know, Mrs. Kruger, that Charley Butler had moved? His address is now 423 Sutter Street, San Francisco." Thus, under the zone system, Mrs. Kruger would be obliged to (*Continued on page 32*)

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Philip Goodman, producer, who creates successful plays by making them to please himself. Right: Clark & McCullough, the noted comedy team which has featured Goodman shows

Philip Goodman knows what he likes. Besides, he says, "I've been a member of the human race more recently than most managers." That, he thinks, may explain his ability to pick successful plays

Just a Good Customer

By Hugh Leamy

A GROUP of genial gentlemen sat around a table in a tavern in Hoboken, whither they had repaired—if you must know—for a mug or two of beer of a quality and content not obtainable on the noisier bank of the Hudson River. Theodore Dreiser was in the party, and so were Sinclair Lewis and Philip Goodman, the theatrical producer.

"I saw your show the other night, Mr. Goodman," remarked Dreiser during the mellow chitchat. "You're going to be a very successful producer."

"Think so?"

"Oh, decidedly."

"I'm certainly glad to hear you say so, Mr. Dreiser; certainly glad. Because, you know, it's not so very many years since you told me I'd never be any gosh-darn' good at anything."

"Great Scott! Are you *that* Goodman?"

He was. When Philip Goodman went to New York from Philadelphia in 1910 at the urging of a well-to-do parent who had grown tired of seeing him hanging around the house, his first job was that of advertising solicitor on the struggling Bohemian Magazine, of which Dreiser was publisher and editor.

"The magazine—it was 'way ahead of its time—didn't do so well, and neither did I," Mr. Goodman told me. "After I'd been there about ten days Dreiser fired me. He told me I was lazy and good for nothing. Well, he was right."

Philip Goodman will tell you that he never had any aspirations along theatrical lines. ("I never suffered until I got into the show business.") If he'd followed his real urgings when Dreiser fired him, he'd have accepted a post as reporter on the Evening Sun that was offered to him through a friend. But he's frank to admit that he was interested mostly in making money—more money than he could possibly hope to draw as a reporter. So he went into advertising.

This was in the day before the organization of advertising agencies had reached its present high state of efficiency and completeness, and Goodman, as a free-lance copy writer, rapidly rose to the point where he was preparing all the advertising for five or six important accounts. In about ten years he had accumulated enough money to retire on, and he was all set to do so when one day he bumped into Don Marquis, to whose Sun Dial column in the Evening Sun Goodman had frequently contributed epigrams.

The Old Soak Comes to Life

"Don," he said to the poet and columnist, "why don't you take your character of the Old Soak and put him into a play?"

"Can't afford to, Phil. I haven't money enough to lay off while I write one."

"How much would you need?"

"Oh, about twelve or fifteen hundred dollars."

"That," said Goodman, drawing out his check book, "means twelve hundred. Here."

"I had never," Goodman told me, "had any idea of going into the theatrical game, but I was a great Don Marquis fan and a keen admirer of his character of the Old Soak. So Don really gave me my start in show business. He wrote the play, and I connected with Arthur Hopkins and sold him on it. Together we produced it, and up to the first of last month Hopkins and I had split $260,000 from the original production and the road and other rights.

"Incidentally, while Don and I were good friends, during the writing of the play we used to engage in low brawls over what ought to go into it. Don had his eye on art, and I had mine on the box office. However, it turned out all right, and we're still friends.

"After that," went on Goodman, "the bunch on Broadway began to say, 'Poor Phil. Now he'll think show business is easy—wait till you see him get socked.' So I put on Poppy, with W. C. Fields and Madge Kennedy. That wasn't any flop either.

"While Poppy was in rehearsal I met Lee Shubert one day on Broadway.

"'Phil,' he said, 'I hear you're putting on a musical!'

"'Yes,' I said.

"'You're crazy—why, that's the worst gamble you can take. You'll lose your shirt.' But I didn't."

It is characteristic of Goodman that he always jumps into a thing with both feet. Thus, after The Old Soak had gone over and he began to see the possibilities of the theater, he wasn't content to start with some intimate little musical comedy but plunged into a production which enlisted the services of about 140 people.

Poppy was followed by Close Harmony, by Dorothy Parker and Elmer Rice, which Goodman to this day insists was a knockout even if his customers didn't appreciate it. Then came The Ramblers—an enormous success—and later The Five-O'Clock Girl, which bids fair to be the most successful of Goodman's productions to date.

It was followed recently by Rainbow, an elaborate musical production and a good one, even if the public took its cue from the critics who attended a rather unfortunate première made tiring by stage waits, and didn't support it.

Goodman is an entirely new type of musical-comedy producer. Well-read, versatile, understanding, he leans less on others and more on himself than do most of his colleagues. "I've been a member of the human race more recently than most producers," he'll tell you—and that explains a lot. At rehearsals he never gives orders. He will stroll in, sit down through a scene, without even taking off his overcoat, perhaps call his stage director aside and make a few suggestions and then stroll out again.

Try-out on "the Dog"—Himself

Money in sums of less than $50,000 doesn't interest him a great deal. If his right-hand man, Mack Hilliard, approaches him with a suggestion for shaving $150 or so a week off the overhead, he'll tell him to go to thunder and not bother him. At the same time no one gets a bigger kick out of sales-talking a customer into buying a $1.10 seat if the higher-priced seats are all gone.

It's against bonding-company rules for even a producer to replace his treasuser in the box office, but Goodman frequently manages to slip in behind the grille, and it's a delight to hear him convincing skeptical ladies that they can see just as well from one of his $1.10 seats as from a $2.20 seat in any other house in town. He'll spend fifteen minutes over a sale, even drawing diagrams of the seating arrangements of the theater to convince a customer that she'll be able to see well. And when he's made such a sale he beams as royally as if he'd just put over another Ramblers.

"I think this so-called 'sense of the theater' is a lot of nonsense," said Goodman. "The reason I've been moderately successful is that I've always been a good customer (*Continued on page 46*)

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Don't bother about Drafts

By Ruth F. Wadsworth M.D.

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

When your husband sneezes, it doesn't necessarily mean a siege of colds for the household. When Johnny comes home with wet feet or leaves the door open, you need not expect calamity. These time-honored harbingers of colds are now proved impostors

THE elderly gentleman sat down beside me and started to speak. But suddenly he looked up at the ceiling with a rapturous expression, seized a snowy handkerchief from his pocket, and finally emitted one of those TNT sneezes which make people in trains turn around and smile with sympathetic appreciation. The old man then turned to me and fixed me with a challenging look.

"What's the matter?" I asked, knowing him pretty well. "Are you mad because I don't say 'Gesundheit,' or do you think I'm going to prescribe for you?"

"Neither," he said, apparently mollified. "I thought you were going to say —'Oh, dear! are you catching cold?' and a sneeze doesn't mean anything so unpleasant to me. In fact it's one of the pleasantest experiences of my life."

"Nothing grander than a good sneeze," I agreed. "And I don't think it has much more to do with catching cold than sitting in a draft has."

The old man, long famous for wearign no overcoat except in zero weather, held out his hand to me solemnly. "Shake," he said. And we proceeded to discuss our mutual heresies about winter and cold and fresh air and allied subjects.

"I don't own any winter underwear," he confided.

"Nor I; and I don't think I'm going to get pneumonia if I get my feet wet. In fact I don't think I have any rubbers."

"Well, I wear rubbers in wet weather to save my shoes," he admitted. "And I do think wet feet are uncomfortable, don't you? How do you feel about changing the weight of your clothes if it gets warmer in the winter time?"

"I do what's comfortable, and it has never cost me a cold."

We both had a swell time, feeling like two conspirators who should be locked in a tower by the King of Prudence.

"It's all very well for me to have these views, and to air them," said the old man as he left me. "But what about you? People simply say of me—'Oh, the old fool! He's crazy.' But with you, I should think it would seriously cramp your style."

Two Points of View

"Well," I admitted, "most people don't ask me for that kind of advice. They don't think it's any of my business. I can tell them that they caught cold for some other reason than sitting in a draft till I'm blue in the face, and they say nothing, and keep their original opinion. But of course I have backing for most of my ideas. I'll write them out and send you a copy."

And here it is.

If you were to ask the average man what he thought the great dangers of winter to be, he would answer: Getting cold and getting wet, with resulting colds in the head and pneumonia.

If you were to ask doctors or boards of health what they consider the dangers of winter, most of them would answer: Getting overheated and underventilated.

A Gift From Our Ancestors

In a recent statistical report on the frequency and seasonal occurrence of colds, the authors of the survey made the assertion that they believed the peak of cold occurrence came in January as a culmination of the effects of overheated houses. In the lay mind the reason one catches cold after being in an overheated place is because one goes out afterward into the cold air. I believe this is false reasoning.

Our racial fear of cold is, I believe, inherited from our ancestors, to whom cold was a real and terrible enemy. It ruined their pasture, froze their water supply, drove them into dens and exhausted their fuel. I wish I knew whether primitive man was given to colds and pneumonia. I don't; but I'm willing to hazard a guess that he wasn't. He was probably often frost-bitten, and sometimes frozen to death, but I don't believe he knew what it was to have a cold in his head. The warmest and stuffiest cave couldn't hold a candle to the heat and exhausted oxygen of our winter-closed houses.

Of course our fear of the cold is gradually diminishing with the decades. As we have advanced from fireplaces to stoves to furnaces, house heat has become less precious; we can open our windows occasionally because the lost heat can soon be made up. We even think with horror of our ancestors, who didn't open their windows at night, forgetting that to reheat their bedrooms in the daytime was a real problem, not simply a matter of turning on the radiator and opening the door into the hall. Moreover, our ancestors lived in houses which imperfect heating saved from complete drying out; the air was always a little moist. It was a lot better for them to sleep with closed windows than it is for us to do so.

By the same token, the warm underclothes which our forbears donned at the first frost, and which most of us now look upon with scorn, had a real justification. The air in houses in the old days never reached summer heat, which it does nearly constantly today. We have little excuse for wearing heavy shirts and drawers, but our out-of-door clothes must of necessity be warmer than such garments used to be, partly because we

start out with fewer clothes underneath, and partly because most of us never acquire a real hardening to the cold throughout the winter.

If we review our meager knowledge of the infections known as "colds" we will see that we have to look farther than exposure to cold weather to account for their occurrence. The cold is a localized infection which starts in the mucous membrane of the nose or throat, and is caused by any one of a number of organisms, which we call nonspecific, because they do not always cause the same disease, and in fact can often be found in the tissues when there is no disease present. Most of the germs which cause colds are in everybody's nose most of the time. Overdrying of the mucous membrane or lowering of the resistance from fatigue or some other cause makes it possible for the germs to take hold and cause the train of symptoms which we call a cold.

Exposure to cold, unless it is extremely severe and prolonged, does not lower the resistance of the average person. Infants and the very old are exceptions, although even in the very young and the very old cold is much less dangerous than it has been supposed to be. If we were trying to prove that cold caused "colds" we would be put to it to account for the fact that many of the most annoying and persistent colds occur in hot weather. If we were trying to justify the belief that drafts caused colds we should be even harder put to it. We would have to resort to mysticism, I think, to account for a general lowering of resistance caused by a current of cold air. Drafts may be annoying and unpleasant, but it is hard to prove that they are really dangerous. In some cases a persistent current of cold air on one part of the anatomy will cause a stiffness of the muscles in that vicinity, but a draft, generally speaking, means good ventilation, and good ventilation is one of the worst enemies of the cold in the head.

The Feeling-Cold Habit

It is far from my thoughts to advocate the wet-feet habit as an adjunct to winter health. But I would emphasize that wet feet are not a phenomenon worth getting excited about, but rather something to be avoided for comfort and, as my old friend suggested, to save your shoes. Suggestion, particularly autosuggestion, is a powerful factor in the causation of such an easily contracted disease as cold in the head. If we get our feet wet early in the day, and cannot change our shoes for some time, and go about all day saying to ourselves, "Oh, Heavens, my feet are wet! I'm sure to get a cold!" we can't blame the cold that comes the next day—if come it does—on our wet feet; rather, we should admire the power of suggestion. Drafts operate, if at all, in the same way. We worry about them and reduce our resistance through worry.

"I always go south in the winter," you hear many people say, "because I *feel* the cold so." Or, "I can't go to sleep in winter unless I take a very hot bath at night, or go to bed with a hot-water bottle." And such people will generally admit that their hands and feet are always cold to the touch, even in summer. *Feeling* cold is sometimes a real physiological idiosyncrasy, and sometimes a habit. The person who has a (*Continued on page 52*)

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The Happy Sporting Ground

By Grantland Rice

Golfers and boxers and baseball players, to say nothing of swimmers, fishermen and tourists, know what they want and where to find it. They're not to be buffaloed by a hurricane or two

WITH a steady winter supply of balmy sun and soothing surf, Florida started in, a few years ago, to become the main kingdom of winter sport in the United States. Why not? It has the needed tropical climate and the ocean. It has a flock of fine golf courses, polo fields, tennis courts, baseball diamonds, race tracks; and in every direction the sailfish, the tarpon, the bonefish and other finny varieties are displaying their shining scales above blue waters and beneath blue skies.

Most important of all, this winter sports haven is in easy reach of from 60 to 80 millions of people living where a good big part of the country's wealth is massed, between the Mississippi and the Atlantic.

But just when the stage was set Florida and her entire tourist population broke out in a real-estate rash that became an epidemic.

Sport and everything else were shoved into the background as the rampant realtors filled the air with bids and counterbids. The expected crash came and a pair of hurricanes that soon followed completed the havoc. Few states have ever taken the punishment that Florida took from the combination of collapsing booms and non-collapsing hurricanes. But when Florida emerged from her heavy daze to look around she discovered the climate still intact, the tropical scenery still abundant and a blue ocean still rolling along beneath a blue sky.

So Florida decided to swing back to her first mission, which was to be the winter kingdom of American sport.

The keen vision of the late Tex Rickard saw what was taking place. Tex had selected Miami Beach as the capital of this sporting kingdom and, after building a new whippet track for racing dogs, he had enough confidence in the community to risk an outlay of $250,000 to bring Jack Sharkey of Boston and Young Stribling of Georgia together in the first big heavyweight elimination of 1929.

Tex and his Madison Square Garden associates had lost around $300,000 on the Tunney-Heeney financial flop last summer, so he was in no mood to risk another loss. I talked with Rickard the day before he went south for the last time, and he was confident then that the Sharkey-Stribling racket at Miami Beach would gross between $400,000 and $500,000. He was confident also that the winner of this battle would become the next heavyweight champion of the world in the future and that he would be able to make a big heavyweight show one of the annual Florida winter events.

It was at Miami Beach that Gene Tunney made his biggest advance in the direction of the heavyweight championship. While most other fighters were working in the North in stuffy gymnasiums, Tunney was training in the open. I recall watching Tunney several seasons, working with ring partners, punching the light and heavy bags and then doing his road work with the intention of meeting Jack Dempsey some day for the crown.

Champions Who Train in Florida

Through this winter Jack Dempsey has settled at Miami Beach to look after his own interests and the interests of Mrs. Rickard and her young daughter; also to get in top condition for any eventuality that may develop.

In the meantime there has been another fairly well-known athlete taking his late winter training on the Florida west coast at St. Petersburg. The name is Ruth. Babe and the other Yankees have no kick at Florida as a training country. They have won three pennants in a row and have bagged the last two world series in straight marches without a defeat. Ten years ago when Ruth was with the Boston Red Sox I saw him hit a home run in Florida on an open field that carried so far he was able to jog around the bases.

Each season over half of the major-league ball clubs have been training in Florida.

Three years ago Bobby Jones spent the winter in Florida on the west coast and that spring he came north first to win the British Open and later the U. S. Open in his greatest summer campaign.

It was from St. Augustine last winter that Johnny Farrell came north to win the U. S. Open after he had bagged $5,000 for his record-breaking finish in the $15,000 La Gorce tournament.

Early in the winter California and Florida split up the professional field. But later on the California invaders swing eastward through Texas and Oklahoma to finish their spring play up and down Florida's coasts. Most of the best professional golfers in the world are now massed in Florida for their final whirls down the home stretch of winter play. Here also you will find George Voight, one of the three best amateurs in the game, who came up from Florida last spring for the best season he has ever had.

Twenty years ago there were not ten courses in the entire state. Now there are over a hundred, many of them championship layouts—as fine tests as anyone could ask for, and they dot the state almost as thickly as the palm trees and the pines.

There are other places, of course, where winter sports attract the tourist. Southern California has a big call. Pinehurst, Charleston, Savannah, Augusta, Aiken and other resorts have their appeal. But there is no other one state so well able to meet such a wide demand when the winter winds hit the North. Surf bathing has a keen lure for thousands and almost none of the other places named can offer this attraction.

For a while the real-estate whirlpool and the ensuing crash overshadowed part of the sporting program. But there were too many elements at hand to be overlooked or crowded out. In ten days at Miami Beach I have played golf, gone fishing, sailing and swimming; have watched polo, tennis, jai alai, horse racing, whippet racing and boxing matches.

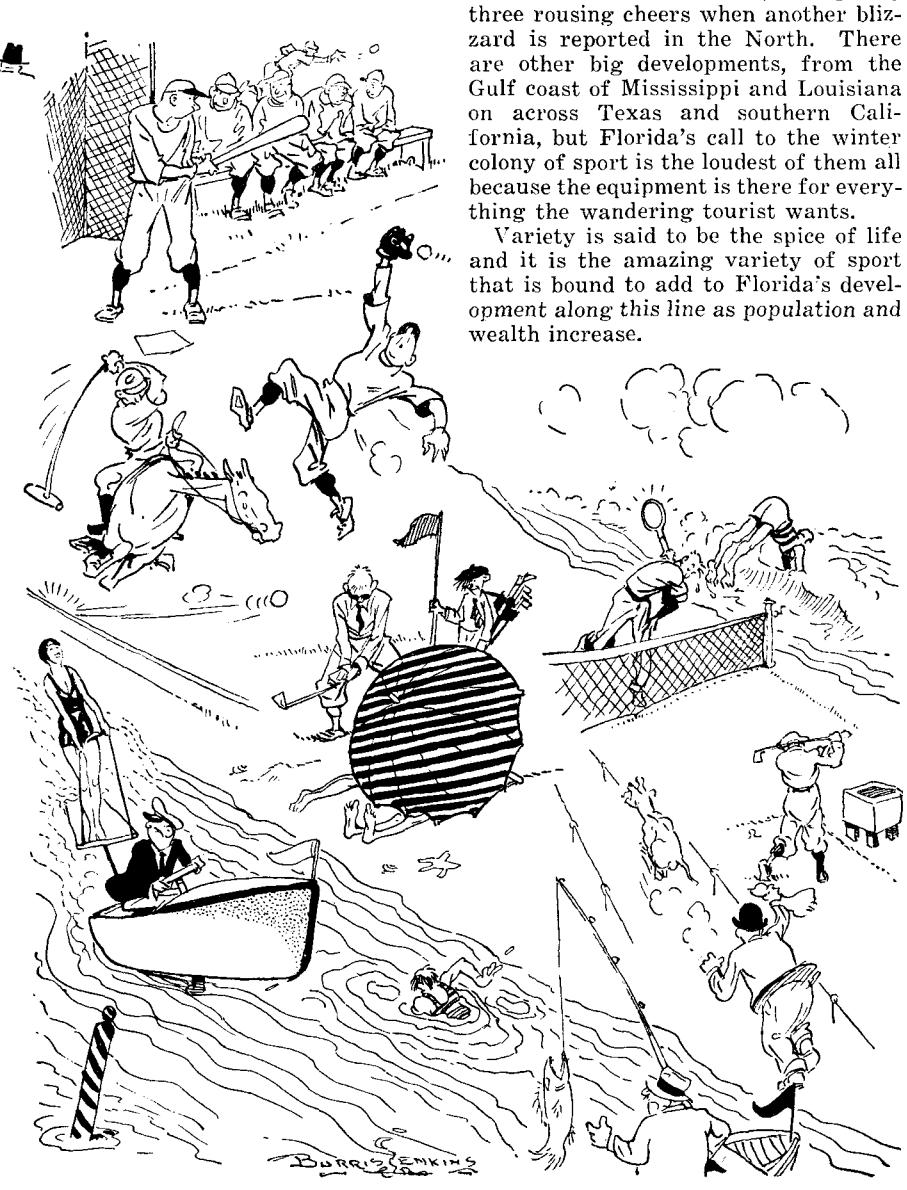
The Cold North is for Youth

Tex Rickard needed only one visit to this sporting center to see its possibilities. He had mapped out enterprises that ran into a half-million dollars, and most of these will be carried out.

The Northern winter resorts call to youth. But as man gets older he turns to the sun. There was a day when Rex Beach reveled in Alaska. Now when the first raw blast hits his stalwart frame he starts again for the palms and the pines, the sun and the surf, and he doesn't head north again until April.

Florida today is a vast battle ground of golfers, ball players, tennis players, polo players, boxers, swimmers, fishermen and track followers, all giving three rousing cheers when another blizzard is reported in the North. There are other big developments, from the Gulf coast of Mississippi and Louisiana on across Texas and southern California, but Florida's call to the winter colony of sport is the loudest of them all because the equipment is there for everything the wandering tourist wants.

Variety is said to be the spice of life and it is the amazing variety of sport that is bound to add to Florida's development along this line as population and wealth increase.



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ARROW *has a wholly new* TYPE *of starched* COLLAR *that is rescuing* YOUNG *men from the sloppy informality of sport shirts for business wear . . for it is* ACTUALLY EASIER *than a soft shirt . . .* AND MILES HANDSOMER

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All our Life like that!

"I'll love it, Jim. It's our home. I'll be busy getting good things ready for you to eat. Every night I'll meet you down at the door"

HONEYMOON at Niagara Falls! One glorious June week together! Blossoms and flowers and sunshine! Stars and a moon and love! "Oh, Jim, I'm so happy." "I'm happy too, Ruth." "Hold me closer, Jim. It will always be like this, won't it?" "Always." Stars and a moon —and then back to the Bronx and a three-room flat and the serious business of life.

They reached New York late Sunday night. It was a hot night, and along the street from the subway people were sitting on front steps and fire escapes and hanging out of windows. The street was dirty and still full of noisy children. They had to climb three flights to their flat, and then the door stuck. Jim dropped the suitcases and kicked it open.

Home!

"Oh, Jim, isn't it darling! It's just as we left it."

She ran to a window and threw it open. Jim dropped in a chair and wiped his face.

"Gosh, it's hot," he said.

"Aren't the curtains cute, Jim? Remember the night we made them? You sat and laughed because I was so particular—but aren't they worth it?"

She ran a finger along the window sill.

"It gets in even with things shut tight. I'll get a cloth."

She went into the kitchen and came back with a duster.

"Is there anything around to eat, Ruth?"

"Why, no, honey. We just got back."

"I'm hungry."

"Maybe I can find something."

SHE returned to the kitchen and there was the sound of cupboard doors and dishes. Jim lay back in the chair and looked about the room. This was home. This was where he probably would spend the next ten years of his life. It looked cozy the way Ruth had fixed it up. Bright green curtains, chintz covers for the chairs, new shades for the lights. He thought of the little hall bedroom that had been his home before he mar- d grinned. This being After all it took a mfortable.

"Oh, Jim, isn't it lovely?"

"Great. Want anything from this case?"

"Toothbrush."

She opened the window and pulled down the shade.

"Our own home, Jim."

"Our own home."

Presently he climbed in bed beside her. The light of a street lamp came through the window and made a great square on the far wall.

"Remember the lights on the Falls at night, Jim?" I liked the green ones best."

"So did I."

"Wasn't it lovely on the island—all those birds and flowers? Oh, Jim, we had a sweet honeymoon!"

"We sure did, Baby."

"All our life's going to be like that, Jim."

"All our life, Baby."

All our life like that!

July—heat, dirt, noise—six o'clock every morning.

"Gosh, Ruth, I hate this job!"

"It's a good job, Jim. It's steady, there's good money."

"It's a dirty job. If you'd ever see the engines I pull apart! I hate a dirty engine. These rich fellows ever had." Oh, well, gloves were monotonous too. Large gloves, small gloves, sweaty hands, boxes, boxes, shelves, boxes. She scraped the frying pan and turned it upside down on the gas stove. That floor needed scrubbing, but she ought to get to the market if she wanted any fresh vegetables. Jim liked fresh peas. The floor could wait. . . .

Six o'clock. Waiting on the steps.

Jim coming! Kiss! Arm in arm up the stairs!

"What's that I smell?"

"It's a surprise, Jim."

"A steak?"

"No."

"Pork chops?"

"I won't tell. You'll have to wait and see."

LARD sizzling in the frying pan—another pan to clean. Jim whistling in the bathroom—more grease on the towels.

"Come on, Jim."

"In a minute."

"I think you might hurry, Jim, when you know things are ready."

"I had to get the grease off my hands, didn't I?"

"It didn't take all that time."

"Say, you don't know what grease is to come off!"

"Don't I! Who do you think washes those towels?"

They looked at each other.

"I'll be more careful, Ruth."

"I really don't mind washing them."

A hug, a kiss.

"I knew it was pork chops! Gee, Ruth, you always get what I like best. And peas! Say, this is great."

"How did things go today, Jim?"

"Rotten. There was a fellow in wanted his car in an hour. Expected me to grind the valves and burn out carbon —in an hour! The boss raised cain because I didn't get it done. Showing off before this customer. I told him a few things."

"You didn't, Jim!"

"Sure I did. I don't have to keep his job. I can go back on a boat any day."

"Jim, you can't."

"Why can't I?"

"You can't leave me, Jim. Why, it would mean you'd be away three weeks at a time! I couldn't stand it."

"I was just talking, Baby. I couldn't stand it either. Gee, it's funny how close you get to a person when you live with them, isn't it?"

"It isn't funny, Jim—it's beautiful."

"Guess it is, Baby. These pork chops are great."

Ruth washing dishes. Jim drying them. Even dishes weren't bad when they did them together. Talk of Mrs. Murphy who lived upstairs, of the Rignall girl, of Madge, of the garage, of the Giants, of the radio they would buy when they had saved enough money.

Jim in the big chair reading the Graphic. Ruth by the lamp with shirts and buttons.

"There's a good picture on at the Olympia, Jim."

"Is there?"

"Ramon Novarro."

"I don't like those foreign actors."

Silence. Scissors clipping. A rustle of pages.

"Do you want to go to that picture, Ruth?"

"I'd like to."

"I'm tired."

Silence. Needle and buttons and shirts. "Yankees Win in Ninth" . . . "Dempsey to Try Comeback?"

"Ruth—"

"What?"

coffee and a dish of canned peaches.

"Where on earth did you find this?" he asked.

"Don't you remember the night we bought some things that would keep? I'm sorry it isn't more."

"It's great! Better'n the corner Greek's."

She poured him more coffee.

"Back to work in the morning," he said.

"Sorry?"

He pulled her down on his lap.

"Sorry to leave you, yes. We've had a great time. But we need the money. Guess it'll be kind of lonesome for you sitting about the house. You're not used to it."

"I'll love it, Jim. It's our home. I'll be busy getting good things ready for you to eat. Every night I'll meet you down at the door."

"I'll be looking for you all the way from the subway."

"I'll throw you a kiss."

"I'll catch it."

"Give me one now. Happy, Jim?"

"Happy."

He looked at his watch.

"Work at six in the morning," he said.

"We'd better go to bed."

He carried the suitcases into the bedroom. She lighted a lamp by the ar.

haven't any idea how to take care of a car. Sometimes I wish I was back on a boat again. I hate gas engines anyhow. The boats were clean. You could go up forward nights and get the wind in your face. You could get some decent air once in a while. All you breathe in this town is gasoline."

"We could get some air in the parks nights if you weren't always so tired."

"You'd be tired, I guess, if you sweated all day in a garage."

"We used to walk in the park nights."

"That was before we were married."

"Yes—that was before we were married."

They sat for a moment in silence.

She went with him to the door. He held her in his arms for a moment.

"Good-by, Baby."

"Good-by, Jim."

"See you at six."

HE RAN down the stairs. She went to the rail and watched him to the ground floor. He turned and waved a hand and then hurried into the street.

She went back to the kitchen. Dishes to wash, bed to make, floors to clean, windows to wipe, furniture to dust—always dust. She wondered who they had in her place at the store. "I hate to lose you," the manager had said. "You're one of the best saleswomen I

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A romance By Ferrin L. Fraser *that begins where most love stories end*

Big hands, little hands, sweaty hands. "Yes, madam, that is genuine kid." Boxes, shelves, boxes

"Let's go to the picture."

"Do you really want to go, Jim?"

"Sure."

"All right. I would like to see it."

Hats and the door key. Three flights down. Around the corner. Lights—"Ramon Novarro." Darkness—music—two seats with one arm. "In a Kingdom in the South of Europe a Prince—"

Hand in hand. Music. Whisper—

"Gee, Ruth, I love you!"

"I love you, Jim."

Four months.

DISHES, meals, dishes, meals. Pistons, carburetors, spark plugs, grease. Visions of the glove-counter—women passing, women with fur coats—Madge telling about the butter-and-egg man who spent ten-spots like subway fare—talk and laughter and gossip. Visions of the boats—clean oil engines—forward decks—buddies who swore and fought and laughed about it.

"Gee, Ruth, I'm sick of this job!"

"That's all you've said, Jim, for the past month."

"Well, I am sick of it. I'm not used to it. If I'd known what the garage business was believe me I'd have stayed on the boats."

"What do you think of my job? Do you think I like washing dishes and scrubbing floors? I'm not used to it either. And then when I look forward to going out some place in the evening and getting away from it for a while you're too tired—always too tired."

"Well, I go, don't I?"

"Yes, you go. But how do you think it makes me feel dragging you out all the time?"

Jim with the Graphic. Ruth with a magazine. Cars in the street below. Music from the floor above.

"I wish we had a radio."

"We would have if the boss would come across with that raise."

"If you hadn't talked back to him that time you'd have had it by now."

"Say, I wasn't going to take the bawling out he was handing me. How about that dress you bought? That would have been twelve-fifty toward it."

"I had to have a dress. I've been looking shabby for months. I didn't used to look like that when I worked at the store."

"Well, I haven't had anything new."

"If you wouldn't smoke so many cigarettes—"

"A fellow's got to have cigarettes."

"Not as many as you smoke."

"Say, when it comes to cutting down cigarettes you can count me out."

"All right."

More Graphic—more magazine.

"I WONDER if I could get my old job back at the store?"

"Say, listen. What are you talking about? I guess I make enough money, don't I? My wife don't have to stand behind any glove counter—"

"Well, you kick if I buy a new dress."

"You didn't need it."

"I did need it. Anyhow, maybe I'd rather stand behind a glove counter than at a kitchen sink!"

"And maybe I'd rather be on a boat than in that rotten garage! It's fifty-fifty. If you don't like it, neither do I."

Graphic—magazine. Magazine flung on table.

"Where are you going, Ruth?"

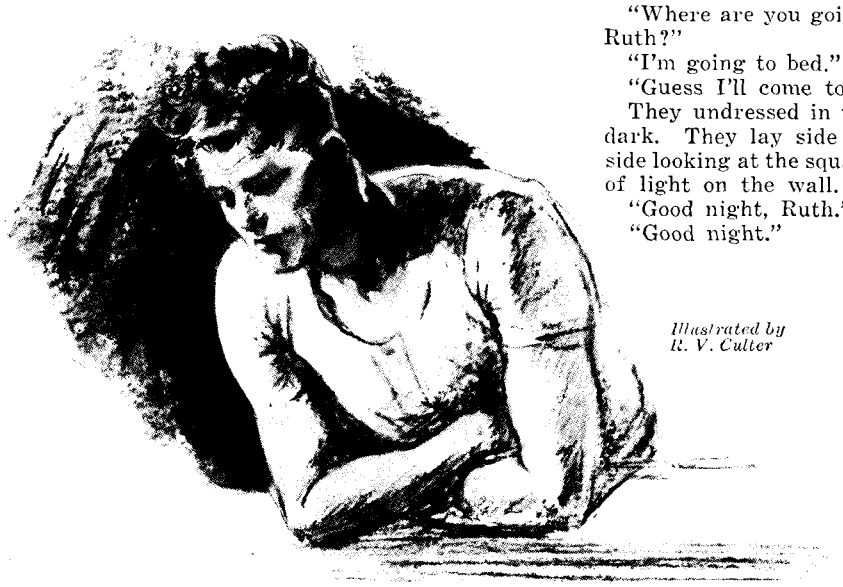
"I'm going to bed."

"Guess I'll come too."

They undressed in the dark. They lay side by side looking at the square of light on the wall.

"Good night, Ruth."

"Good night."



Illustrated by R. V. Culter

"Gee, I'd like to see my girl tonight. No, she's my wife. Best little wife a fellow ever had!"

They lay without moving and watched the light.

Six o'clock. Jim coming home from work. No Ruth on the steps. No kiss. Alone up the stairs. Ruth in the living-room with her coat on.

"Hello, Ruth. Been out?"

"I just got back."

"How about dinner?"

"We'll eat out."

"We can't afford that, Ruth. It would cost a dollar and a half anyway."

"I guess we can afford it. I was down to the store today to see the manager."

"The manager?"

"He said I could have my old job back. I start work in the morning."

"Now listen here, Ruth. I won't have it. I won't have—"

"We've gone over all this before, Jim. What's the use of going over it again? I'm not going to stand out there in that kitchen, or sit around here every night—"

"All right."

Jim jammed his hat on his head.

"And I'm not going down to that dirty garage every day, either. I guess we're through. If you're tired of it, so am I. I'll go back on a boat!"

LOOKING at each other. No relenting now. No music, no darkness, no Princes in Kingdoms in Southern Europe. Only "If you're tired of it, so am I." All our life like that!

Glove counter.

"No, madam, we do not exchange gloves. You'll have to see the manager, madam. Last aisle to the right. For heaven's sake, Madge, I don't care if he's got a car as big as Grand Central station. No, I don't want to hear it."

Big hands, little hands, sweaty hands. Boxes, boxes, shelves, boxes. "Yes, madam, that is genuine kid." I wonder where Jim is?

Empty flat.

No Jim coming at six. No hug, no kiss. Egg salad on a dish for one. No fun eating alone. What good are green curtains and eh[illegible] there's no one to see them with you? What good is Ramon Novarro if there's no one to hold your hand?

Empty bedroom.

Jim on a boat.

Panama three thousand miles away. Jim with a clean engine. Jim with clean air on the forward deck. Jim looking out across the water and thinking—Gee, it would be great to have some pork chops tonight. And some peas. And then go out around the corner to the Olympia and sit and hold hands and pretend all those big houses were yours.

"SAY, Swede. How far are we from Panama? Three thousand miles? And this tub only does twelve an hour. Let's see—that's twenty-seven days if we didn't stop. And a month back. Swede, that's eight weeks!"

Jim in the engine-room—clean engine, clean pistons, clean floor.

"Say, Swede, gas engines are the things, they've got a kick to them. Yeah—worked in a garage. Good job, good money. Believe me, when this tub gets back to New York I stick there."

Jim on the foredeck—clean air, stars.

"Gee, Swede, I'd like to see my girl tonight! No—she's my wife. Best little wife a fellow ever had. Gee, Swede, I love that girl. It's funny how when you live with a person you sort of can't get along without them any more. No, it's not funny—it's beautiful, that's what it is."

Lights of New York through the snow. Hoboken. Can't go ashore tonight. Can't, eh? Watch me! Over the side down a rope, shadows of bales, over the gate—free! Ferry. Subway. Home.

Jim trotted the last block. It was half past ten. Ruth would still be up. He entered the hall and raced up two flights. He tiptoed the last. Surprise. "Baby!" he would[illegible] would cry. [illegible] each other[illegible]

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EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY *Announces*

$30,000.00

for Amateur Picture-Takers Only . . .

Read these simple conditions:

1 Any resident of the United States and its dependencies or any resident of the Dominion of Canada is eligible, excepting individuals and families of individuals engaged, either directly or indirectly, in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing or professional use of photographic goods. This contest is strictly for the amateur. Contest starts March 1, closes May 31, 1929.

2 Any Kodak, Brownie, Hawk-Eye, or other camera producing negatives not larger than 3¼ x 5½ inches (postcard size) and any brand of film, chemicals and papers may be used in making pictures for this contest. A contestant need not own the camera. The finishing, of course, may be done by his dealer.

3 Both ordinary contact prints, and enlargements not to exceed 7 inches in the long dimension, are eligible; but,

4 In the Special Enlargement Competition, prints having a long dimension of not less than 9 inches or more than 17 inches are eligible. Entries in the Enlargement Competition are eligible for Special Enlargement Prizes only.

5 Prints shall be unmounted, but an entry blank shall be enclosed. Use the accompanying blank, obtain others from dealers; copy the form, or write Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

6 An entrant may submit as many pictures as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases, provided that the pictures have been made on or after March 1, 1929, and that they reach the Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., by the specified closing date.

7 Entries in the Child Picture Contest to be eligible for the March award shall be received at the Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., by midnight of March 31, 1929; and for the April award by midnight of April 30, 1929. The child in the picture shall not [illegible] the twelfth birthday.

[illegible] considered
[illegible] must

In the case of other pictures, however, the entrant need not, unless he wishes to, specify into which of the classifications his pictures should go. The Prize Contest Office reserves the right to change a classification for the benefit of the entrant. If not classified on the back by the entrant, the pictures will go into the classes in which they are most likely to win.

9 Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the rights to the use thereof for advertising, publication, or exhibition in any manner, becomes the property of the Eastman Kodak Company.

10 No prints can be returned, except that entries in the Enlargement Competition will be returned upon request. All mailings are at the owner's risk.

Do not send negatives until they are requested.

11 The decision of the judges will be final. In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants.

12 All pictures will be judged 50% on subject interest; 25% on composition and arrangement; 25% on photographic excellence (correctness of exposure, etc.).

13 Mail pictures to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

14 An entrant may receive only one prize. In case the judges select any entrant for more than one award, he will receive the largest thereof. If he wins, for example, a $100 state prize in the Child Picture Contest, and if either the same print or another of his prints in the General Contest wins an award larger than $100, he will receive the larger amount. The Eastman Kodak Company will consider the purchase of desirable pictures even though not prize winners.

15 Winners of the state prizes in the Child Picture Contest for March will be notified as soon as possible after March 31, and for the April Contest as soon as possible after April 30, 1929; winners in the Special Enlargement Competition and all other classifications will be notified as soon as possible after May 31, 1929.

THIS is a contest for *everyone*. It is easy to enter—and there are 1,223 money prizes. Perhaps you have not taken more than a half-dozen pictures in all your life—you may never before have held a camera in your hands—yet *your* entry may please the judges most. And regardless of the make of camera you use—from an inexpensive Kodak, Brownie or Hawk-Eye on up to a camera of the costliest kind—your chance to win is just as good.

This prize money will not be awarded for technical skill alone. You do not need to be an experienced picture maker to win. The bulk of this $30,000 will go to those who send in the *most interesting pictures* in each of 10 different classifications. Now is the time to get your camera into action. The opportunity to win a cash prize of anywhere from $2,500 down is knocking at your door.

Here is the way in which the $30,000 prize money is to be distributed. You may enter for each and all of the classes. Send in as many entries as you like. The more pictures you submit in this contest the better is your chance of being numbered among the 1,223 fortunate ones to win.

GRAND PRIZE—For the Best Picture of Any Type—The best picture of all of those submitted in the following classifications will be awarded a grand prize of $2,500.

STATE PRIZES—For Child and Baby Pictures—$11,400 will be awarded for the pictures showing the most interesting children . . . in both March and April $100 will be given for the best child picture from *each state* of the United States and *each province* of Canada,* making 114 prizes in all.

*District of Columbia counts as one state; Hawaii, Alaska and all other U. S. dependencies combined count as one state; the Maritime provinces of Canada count as one province. British Columbia and the Yukon count as one province.

Snap as many youngsters as you want from babies to boys and girls who are beginning to think of themselves as young men and women. Maybe there's a baby right in your own family that could help you win first prize by a big margin. Not necessarily a beautiful child, but one with personality, character, "IT"—in eyes and smile and dimples. Maybe there's such a youngster next door, or next street, but no matter whose baby it is, get the kind of picture that shows it at its best.

Every picture of children that you submit stands a chance of winning the Grand Prize; or any of the 103 prizes in each of four other awards. And even if you don't come in for a share of the prize money you will, at least, have made an attractive picture to add to your collection. With a little patience, however, you can almost surely get a picture good enough to win. A striking close-up of a boy or girl; a group at play; youngsters laughing, sleeping; in every-day clothes, rompers, overalls or fancy costume. Anything goes as long as it is a picture of

PRIZES

Grand Prize of	1	$2,500.00
11 *prizes of*	11	500.00 *each*
11 *prizes of*	11	250.00 *each*
125 *prizes of*	125	100.00 *each*
275 *prizes of*	275	10.00 *each*
800 *prizes of*	800	5.00 *each*
	1,223	$30,000.00

$11,400 in Special Monthly State Prizes

For the most interesting picture of Children submitted during March and April, $100.00 will be awarded in each state of the United States and each province of Canada. $11,400.00 in all. Read details at the left.

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the Largest Prize Contest in Photographic History

in Cash Awards

Grand Prize $2,500 . . . 11 Prizes of $500 each . . . 11 Prizes of $250 each . . . 125 Prizes of $100 each . . . 1,223 Money Prizes in All . . . for snapshots, time-exposures, enlargements . . . only strictly amateur photographers may compete . . . Every picture-taker has an equal chance to win!

children, and if it has the least spark of interest in it, don't fail to send it in. What looks to you like a "flop" may look like a "wow" to the judges.

This award gives you 106 chances to win: (1) You can enter the March contest for the best child picture from each state, (2) You can enter the April contest for the best child picture from each state, (3) The pictures that you have entered for the state contest during either of these months and pictures that reach Rochester during May are all eligible for the Grand Prize of $2,500 or for any of the one hundred three prizes in Awards No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, or No. 10.

AWARD NO. 1—Scenics—For the best picture of any city or country outdoor scene . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each. Here's your chance to capitalize your ability to spot an interesting outdoor subject. Landscapes and marines, distant and nearby views, mountains and water, nearby bits of nature composition, travel subjects and street scenes.

AWARD NO. 2—Informal Portraits—Pictures made at from, say two to ten feet distance, for the purpose of showing a person's features . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 3—Story-Telling Pictures—For the pictures telling the most interesting story . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

Take a picture in which children, adults or animals do something—anything except looking at the camera. For instance, a puppy pulling at a baby's sleeve; children in any form of play; father proudly exhibiting the new car to a friend. There are any number of opportunities for you to take pictures like these.

AWARD NO. 4—Sport Pictures—For the best pictures of sports and games . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each. It may be skating or coasting or skiing—or baseball, tennis, golf. Hiking, too . . . and boating, archery, polo riding—all serve as opportunities to make prize winning pictures.

AWARD NO. 5—Animal Pictures—For the best pictures of pets, live stock, wild animals either at large or in zoos . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 6—Nature Study Pictures—For the best pictures of flowers, birds, butterflies, leaves, rocks, spiderwebs, any nature subject . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 7—Buildings and Architectural Detail—For the best exteriors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries, other buildings, or portions thereof . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 8—Interior Pictures—For the best inside views of rooms, corridors, staircases, or other portions of homes or other buildings . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 9—Still Life Studies—For the best pictures of art objects, curios, cut flowers, any still-life subjects in artistic arrangement . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

AWARD NO. 10—Unusual Photographs—For the best pictures made at night; pictures of fires, lightning, storms, silhouettes; or any pictures that are unusual either as to topic or as to photographic treatment . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 each and 75 prizes of $5 each.

Special Prizes for Enlargements—$1,350—Any picture is a better picture when enlarged. For the best enlargements from negatives made on or after March 1, 1929 . . . a first prize of $500; a second of $250; a third of $100; 25 prizes of $10 and 50 prizes of $5 each. Your film dealer or photo-finisher will be glad to help you choose a picture likely to win. (See Conditions Nos. 2 and 4.)

Each of these big cash prizes will have to be won by somebody . . . why not you! Aim at the big money and you stand an excellent chance of winning it or of coming in for one of the smaller prizes. Don't miss this chance of winning a share of the big prize money. There is always the certainty of being rewarded with some excellent pictures you might otherwise fail to get.

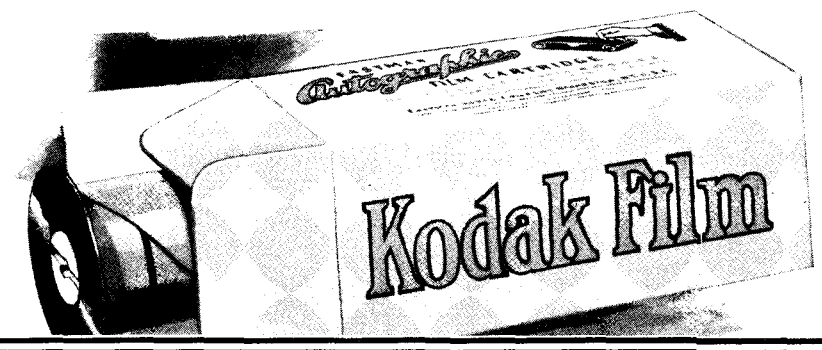
THESE ARE THE JUDGES. Observe how diversified are their interests and how broad are their viewpoints and experience. You must admit that no fairer Board of Judges could be assembled than that represented here:

Madame Galli-Curci, internationally known singer; Miss Ethel Barrymore, leading actress; Howard Chandler Christy, noted artist; Clare Briggs, famous cartoonist; James R. Quirk, publisher, Photoplay magazine; Rudolf Eickemeyer, distinguished photographer, Medalist Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain; Hector Charlesworth, author, critic, editor "Toronto Saturday Night"; Kenneth Wilson Williams, editor "Kodakery" and photographic expert.

For the two Monthly Child Picture Contests, the following will be judges: James R. Quirk, Rudolf Eickemeyer, Kenneth Wilson Williams.

NOW—Read the simple contest conditions and get your camera out!

Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. Reduces the danger of under- or over-exposure. It gets the picture.



PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

Name .....
(*Please Print*)

Street Address .....

Town and State .....

Make of Camera ..... Make of Film .....

Enclose this blank with your entry and mail to Prize Contest Office pany, Rochester, N. Y.

Do not place your name on either the front or the back entry in the State Child Picture Contest is so designated

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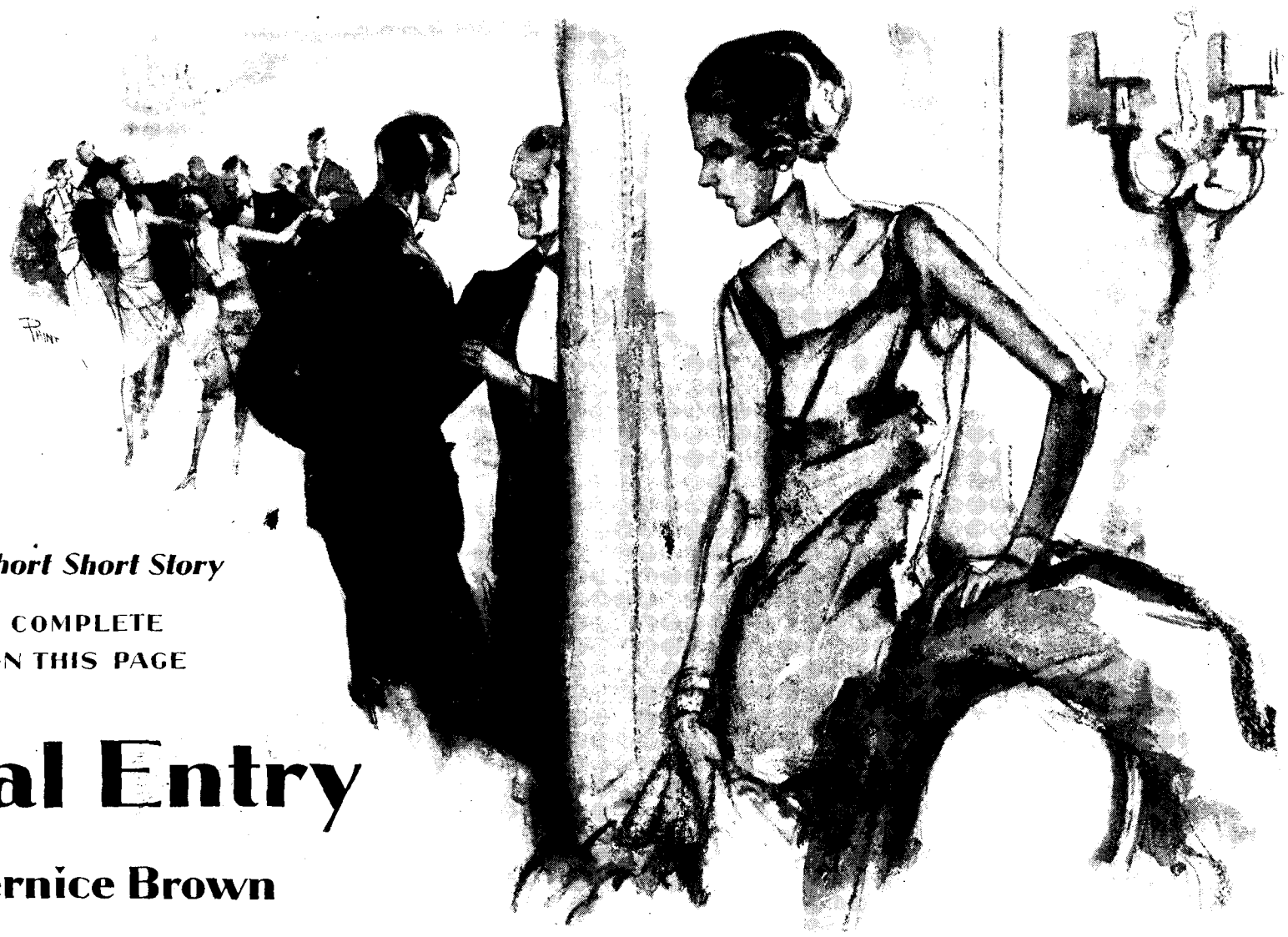

"They told me on the Street today Dave Porter's got his," said Stanley

Illustrated by Alton C. Painter

A Short Short Story

COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Illegal Entry

By Bernice Brown

THE friends of Dolly Sparks who said she was marrying Dave Porter for his money were wrong. True, Dave was rich and the Sparkses, proud old-brownstone family that they were, had been little more than genteelly poor for two generations. Of course Dolly admired Dave's success, she liked, too, the gentle care he had always, even in his poor days, given his mother and the invalid sister who lived with him. But Dolly was marrying Dave because she loved him. Had they cared less about each other, perhaps, they might not have quarreled. But they did quarrel.

"Dear Dave," wrote Dolly. It was August and New York in August can be hotter and drearier than the Sahara. "It seems to me you might have telegraphed me you had been unexpectedly called from town." Dolly was sitting alone in the shrouded twilight of the library of the Sparkses' deserted town house. "I came in all the way from Southampton to have lunch with you, as we agreed. After waiting an hour I called your office to learn you wouldn't return till the day after tomorrow. That's too long to wait for lunch. Nor is this the first time lately you've run out on me. So, lest I develop into a fishwife scold, I think it is just as well that we end our engagement. That is, in case you remember we were once engaged."

Dolly rose from the desk with glowing cheeks. She was in love with Dave but she was angry.

Before giving her wrath a chance to cool she walked briskly to the corner mail-box and posted the letter. Dave had sent his mother and sister to the mountains for the summer and tomor- [illegible] he knew deaf old Coles, [illegible] vant in Dave's [illegible] her letter hallway [illegible] Well, felt a little sick. But the letter was gone now.

Still she felt a remorseful twinge when she thought of the pale gray envelope, with her handwriting on it, that would be on the table in Dave's hall.

Before Dolly left for Stanley's dinner the following evening she felt even more remorseful. She'd had a telegram from Dave, chagrined and apologetic. "Be patient with me until this thing is finished," it ended. "I honestly think I want to put it over more for your sake than for mine. But if I don't win, do you think you could love a poor man?"

"As though money had anything to do with it," stormed Dolly. "I've been poor all my life and I've always had a good time."

THIS was true, for Dolly was a disturbingly attractive person. But she didn't have a good time at all that evening. Of course she wasn't meant to overhear Stanley's remark to Harvey Coleman. But she did.

"They told me on the Street today Dave Porter's got his. He's sunk everything in that power project. We'll know now whether Dolly really loves him or whether there'll be a chance for some of the rest of us now."

For a moment Dolly's mind went blank. Dave would return tomorrow morning and her letter in the pale gray envelope was in his hallway.

After dinner they danced and it wasn't until one-thirty that Stanley left Dolly at the Sparkses' deserted town house.

"You've got your key?"

Dolly nodded. "Old Sarah is here, but she sleeps 'way upstairs. Goodnight, Stan."

"May I ring you tomorrow?"

Dolly smiled. "Not too early."

With her heart pounding in her throat Dolly waited just inside the door until she heard Stanley's taxi depart. Then [illegible] axi rounded the corner and Dolly signaled it and gave an address. In front of a brownstone mansion it slowed again to the curb and Dolly got out and paid it. Then she walked briskly up the steps of the house and waited. There was silence on the street except for the tramp of a distant policeman. The steps came nearer.

"Officer."

The policeman stopped.

"Oh, dear," gasped Dolly. "I've the wrong key." She held her hand with the key in it toward him. "I'm so stupid and the caretaker is asleep at the top of the house." Dolly looked very young and very innocent and enormously distressed. "The others have gone on. I was sure I had the right key. And they were in a hurry." Her face was the mirror of innocent candor. "Officer, couldn't you please break into my house for me?"

Officer Kelly regarded her. If there was ever a damsel in distress it was this one. "Why, I guess I could," he grinned. "These old houses are about as easy to get into as a jar of marmalade."

Dolly sighed. "Thank goodness. I suppose my father'd have a fit if he knew it. Dad is under the impression that his Civil War locks are perfectly elegant."

"There ain't any lock that's elegant," announced Officer Kelly. Meanwhile he was occupied. He sprang the lock and the door creaked open. "There, lady."

Dolly heaved a deep sigh. "You're an angel."

Then something deep in Officer Kelly's being forced its way to the surface. Of course Dolly looked like a child, but New York was New York and he knew all about Bobbed-Haired Bandits.

"Say," he said, blocking the doorway, "how do I know you live here?"

Dolly met his eyes. "You don't."

There was a moment of suspense. Then—

"What are we going to do about it?" asked Dolly sweetly.

Officer Kelly thought and his mental processes weren't rapid. "Well," he said, "suppose you describe a few things, say, in the hall here. You wait out here and I'll go in and see if what you say's okay."

"Oh," said Dolly, "aren't you bright? Let me see now?" Why hadn't she noticed in elaborate detail everything in Dave Porter's hallway? But it looked like every other New York hallway, narrow, two chairs, one on either side of a table and a mirror above it. Oh, and on the table would be a tray with letters. Letters!

"Oh," said Dolly, "on the tray on the table you'll find a letter in a gray envelope, addressed to Mr. David Porter."

Dolly waited. It was a gamble, of course, but Dolly had to gamble. Surely the letter had been delivered and old Coles had put it there. In a moment Officer Kelly reappeared.

"It's all right, miss." He smiled sheepishly. "I'm sorry, but we aren't allowed to run any chances."

"Of course," said Dolly. The officer held the door open for her. "Good night, officer."

ALL the friends of Dolly Sparks who had said she was marrying Dave Porter for his money were surprised.

Dolly's cup of happiness was full. There was, however, in the city of New York one policeman for whom Dolly had a strong affection but whom she hoped never to meet until she was at last legally established in the brownstone house, the front door of which he one night gallantly broke in for her.

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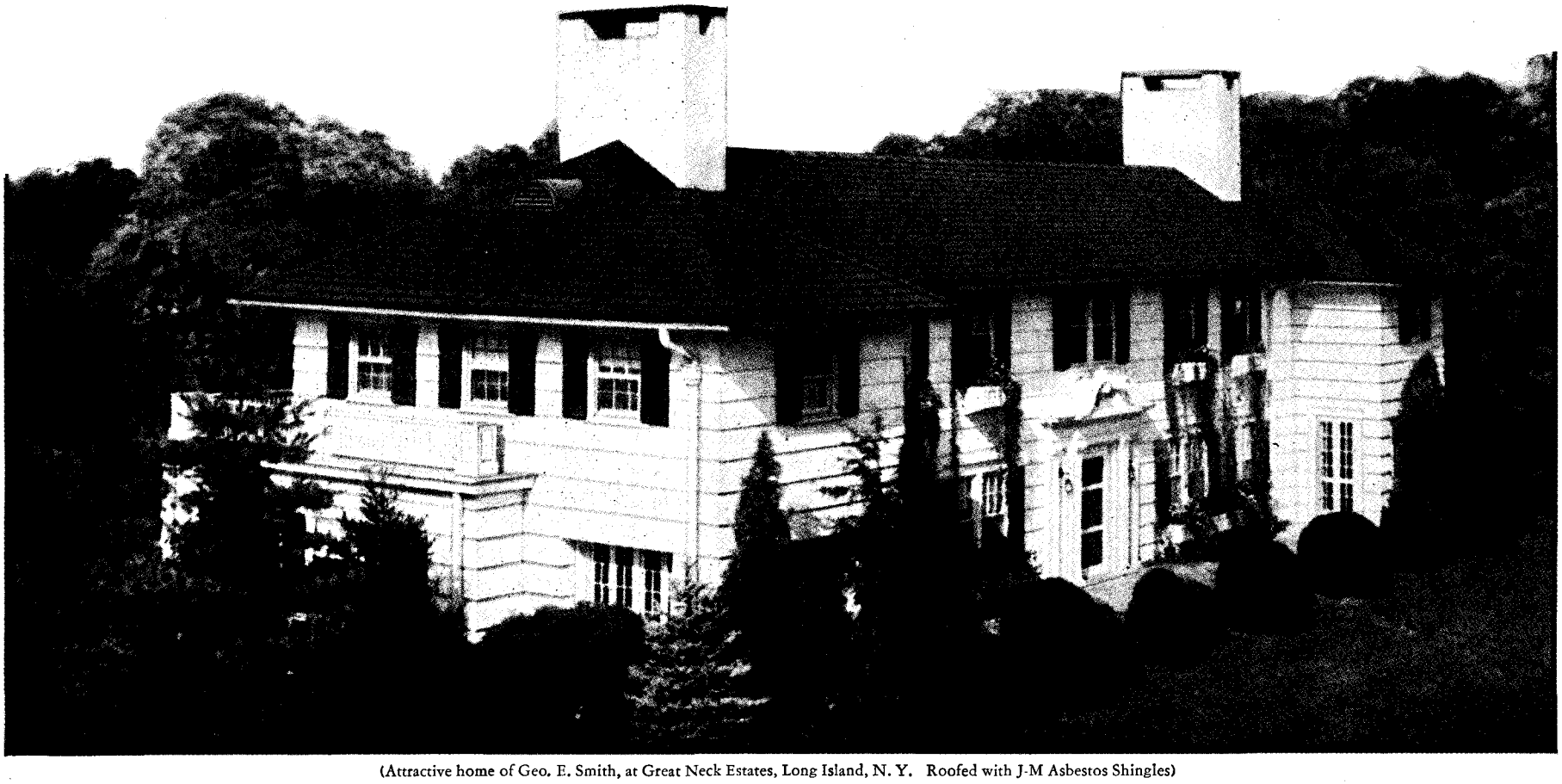

(Attractive home of Geo. E. Smith, at Great Neck Estates, Long Island, N. Y. Roofed with J-M Asbestos Shingles)

Everlasting BEAUTY GUARDS THIS ROOF-TREE

***Johns-Manville* Asbestos Shingles**

Mean Permanent Protection from

Fire, Weather *and* Time

WHAT a warmth of rich color there is in this beautiful home roofed with Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles! How perfectly it proves what every architect and builder knows — that upon the colorful beauty of the roof depends the character of your house. Velvety greens — autumn reds—mellow grays—there is a Johns-Manville roof to blend with every house design to meet every home-owner's desires.

And the colorful distinction of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles will last forever. Time does not touch them! Weather will not wear them out, nor penetrate their sturdy, thick protection. Fire cannot harm them — or the house they guard. Roofing expense is ended for all time. You cannot afford to be without the lifetime of roofing beauty and protection found in Johns-Manville Shingles.

Look At Your Roof Today!

And for old homes as well as new! Thousands of houses are finding new beauty each year when re-roofed with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles *laid right over the old shingles.* Think of the satisfaction of knowing that you'll never have to worry about your roof again. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles end roofing expense where other materials begin them. Let your local Johns-Manville Dealer tell you how *little* it will cost you to beautify and protect your home with these everlasting asbestos shingles.

Johns-Manville

RIGID ASBESTOS SHINGLES

A roof of Johns-Manville Colorblende Shingles admirably fits this attractive Eastern home. And the owner was surprised at the economy of the additional beauty and protection found only in Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles.

This interesting srone house is roofed with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles in blue-black tones. This home will never need another roof, will always be safeguarded from firebrands and the ravages of time and weather.

Study these Homes

Successive owners of these houses will enjoy permanent beauty and protection from fire and weather. This is so because their roofs are of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. A Certificate of Registration goes with every genuine J-M Asbestos Shingle Roof.

What "Made by J-M" Means

Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles bear the "J-M" trade-mark — the hall-mark of quality of the world authority on Asbestos and its products. J-M Asbestos Brake Lining makes motoring safer for millions of car owners. J-M Built-up Asbestos Roofs guard office buildings and factories from coast to coast. Throughout industry "Johns-Manville" packings, insulations and fireproof building materials are famed for their unfailing service and quality. Write today for our booklet, the "New Book of Roofs."

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION

New York Chicago Cleveland San Francisco Toronto

(Mail coupon to branch nearest you)

Send me your free booklet telling the story of colorful, permanent roofs.

Name.....

Address.....

RS—16-3

.....

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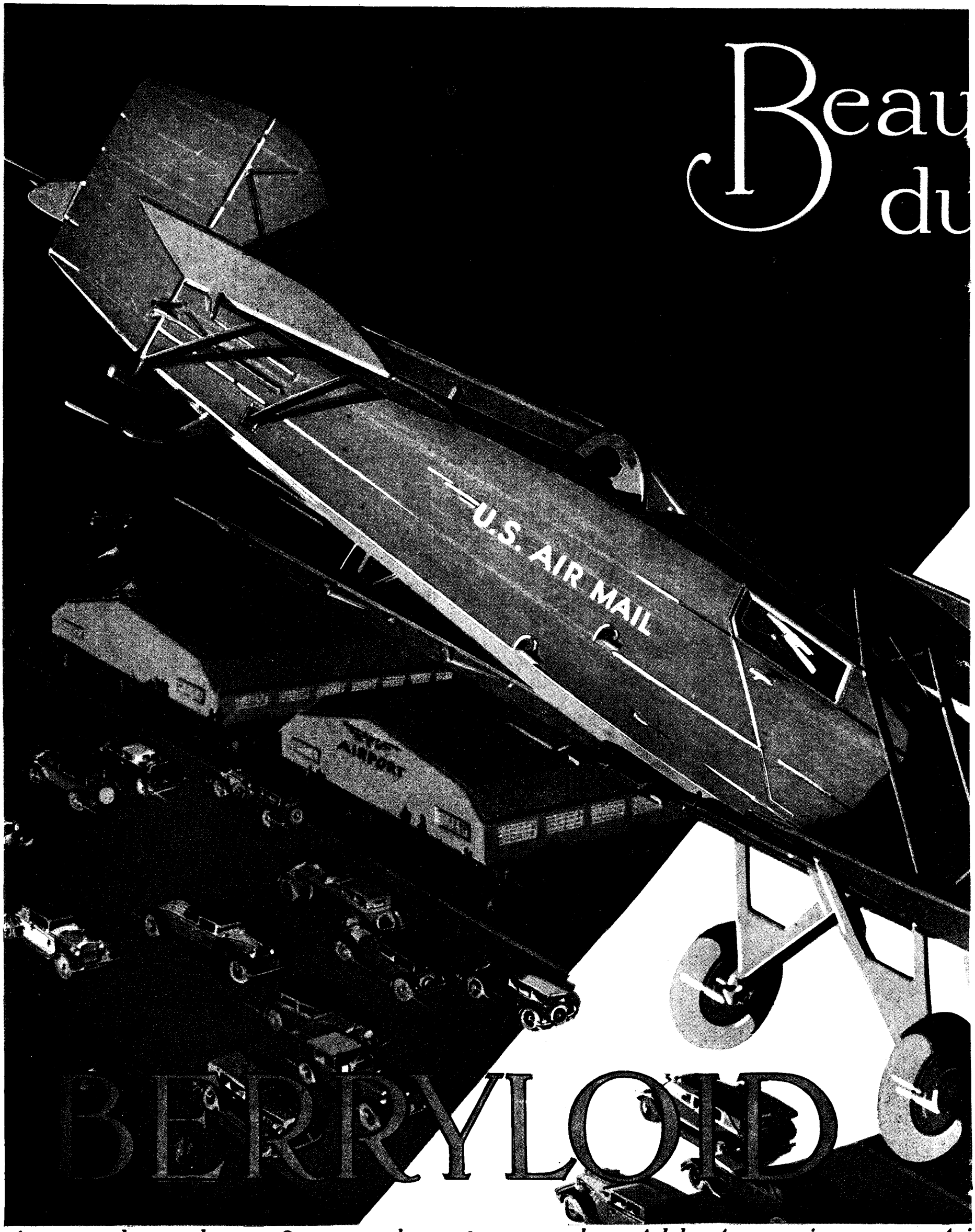

Attend the Second Annual All-American Ai

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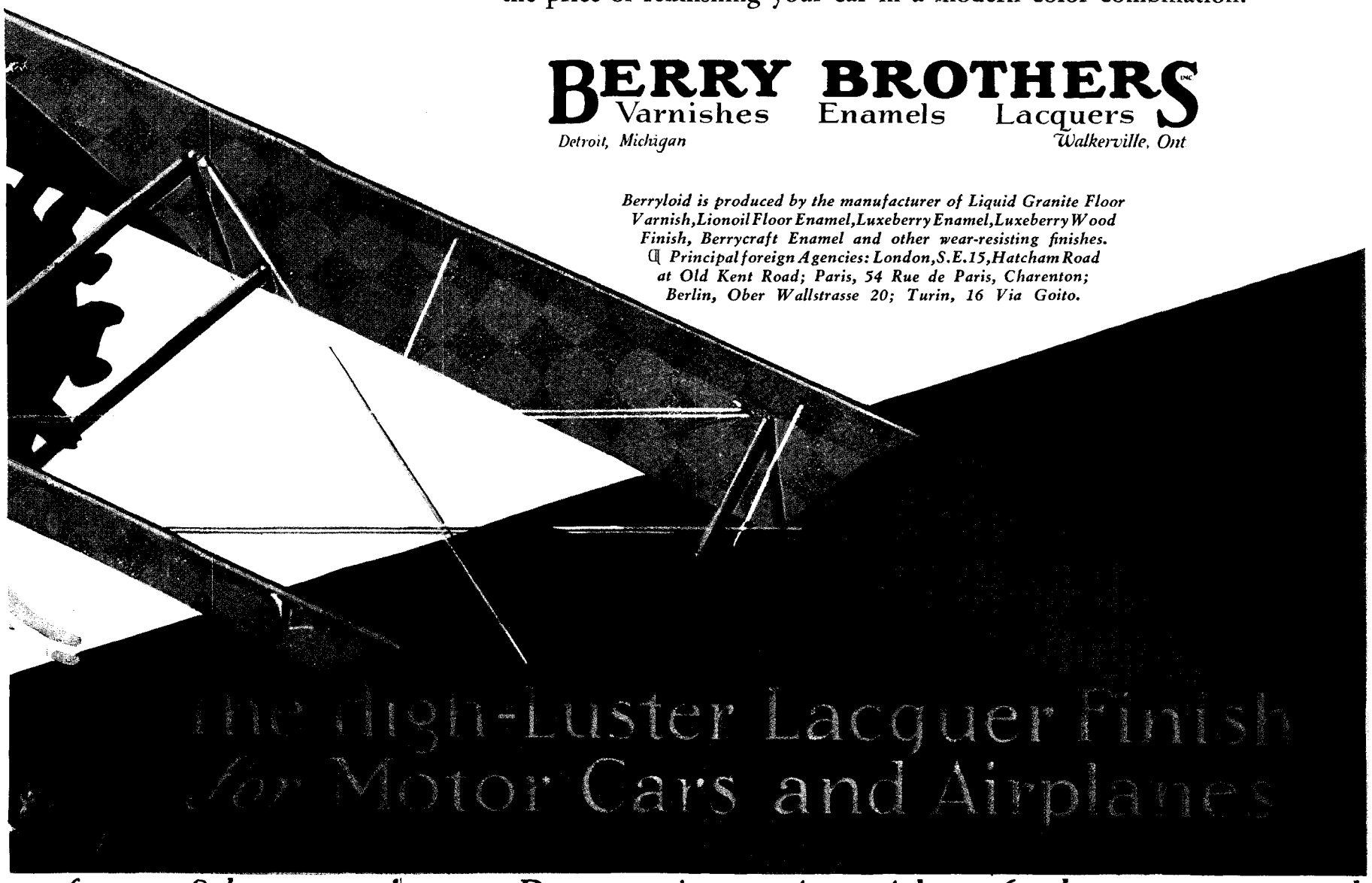
y for the highways . . .
ability for the airways

WHEN you have your car refinished, choose Berryloid—selected as the most beautiful of all motor-car finishes by royalty the world over. Proved most durable of all finishes—it protects 95 per cent of America's commercial airplanes. ¶ Berryloid won't rub off! Wear and repeated washing enrich the beauty of this permanent high-luster lacquer. Chemically pure pigments and special manufacturing methods assure deep and lasting colors. After two years of continuous exposure a Berryloided car displayed at the automobile shows matched new models for beauty of finish. ¶ Restore your automobile to actual showroom splendor—renew your pride in driving it—at moderate cost. Write for the name and address of the authorized Berryloid shop near you—let us estimate the price of refinishing your car in a modern color combination.

BERRY BROTHERS
Varnishes Enamels Lacquers
Detroit, Michigan *Walkerville, Ont*

Berryloid is produced by the manufacturer of Liquid Granite Floor Varnish, Lionoil Floor Enamel, Luxeberry Enamel, Luxeberry Wood Finish, Berrycraft Enamel and other wear-resisting finishes. ¶ Principal foreign Agencies: London, S.E.15, Hatcham Road at Old Kent Road; Paris, 54 Rue de Paris, Charenton; Berlin, Ober Wallstrasse 20; Turin, 16 Via Goito.



craft Show in Detroit April 6th to 14th

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Collier's for March 2, 1929

Read 'em and Sleep

For every one person in the United States that has measles, at least five have literature in some form or other. If you took an' put our annual production of books in a line, it would take eight hundred years to pass a given point; that is, if there were any point.

Uncle Henry

Our hired girl was merely getting realism for her book

"GOOD Goshalmighty!" groaned Mr. Stubbs, looking helplessly at a pile of publishers' catalogues. "Where do all the books come from anyway?"

"Well," said Uncle Henry reflectively, "some say one thing an' some say another. It used to be thought that doctors brought books in their little black bags, but modern scientific research has upset that old superstition. The professors at Johns Hopkins are inclined to blame the teeth an' tonsils, but the Rockefeller Foundation insists that the liver is entirely responsible.

"For the matter of that, 'Lonzo, I have a theory of my own. Between you an' me, I think that acidosis is the cause of most literary complaints. I knew an author once who suffered torments from Western serials, havin' one after another, but as soon as he quit eatin' red meats, an' got his diet down to spinach an' carrots, he began to improve right away.

"But whatever the cause, somethin' ought to be done about it. I see by the paper that four hundred new Book of the Day Clubs were started last week, an' drug stores an' delicatessen shops are carryin' fiction as a side line. Pretty soon you won't be able to buy a mess of pork chops without searchin' the package to see if the butcher has slipped in a copy of With Kidney and Liver in Many Lands.

"What alarms me most is that modern literature is really an infant industry. You can tell that by the output. Yet already it has passed the boll weevil an' the Texas tick in the volume of large-scale production, an' is gainin' rapidly on pyorrhea, halitosis, an' the San Jose scale. Accordin' to statistics compiled by the Department of Commerce, for every one person in the United States that has measles, at least five persons have literature in some form or other.

"Why, if you took an' put our annual production of books in a line, it would take eight hundred years to pass a given point; that is, if there were any point. At the last convention of the Society for the Protection of Wood Pulp it was estimated that if the books written by the sophomore classes of America's colleges were placed end to end, they would reach all the way from Indiana to Abyssinia, assumin', of course, that Abyssinia would stand for any such proceedin'.

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised if we saw literature listed on the Stock Exchange before long, with people tradin' like mad in Theodore Dreiser Common an' Gene Stratton Porter Preferred, an' market tipsters issuin' confidential information that the Peter B. Kyne plant was now operatin' at full capacity, that the Greenwich Village Fiction mills reported a 100 per cent increase in tonnage for the last quarter, an' that Rex Beach, Inc., was swamped with unfilled orders.

"Lord bless you, 'Lonzo, I can remember when a book was a tremendous event in the life of the nation. No author was allowed to have one until he could show a beard, an' throughout the months of his labor the whole country looked on, waitin' with breathless anxiety. As it is today, however, even shad an' Belgian hares have nothin' on the average writer, an' when an author has less than eleven books in a litter, he's regarded as practically sterile.

The Cry for Raw Material

"Of course, modern efficiency has a lot to do with it. The last time I was in New York I visited a big publishin' house, an' not even an automobile assemblin' plant was more of a sight. Down would come the covers of a book, shootin' along a mile a minute, an' as they flew past in would go the contents, periods an' commas, atmosphere and sex interest, an' out of the end of a chute would come the complete copy, all ready for the vice society to drive off.

"The whole operation, the superintendent told me, from the time the author thinks of a subject until the finished product leaves the shop, is less than five minutes. 'Our only trouble,' he said, 'is gettin' raw material. You have no idea how difficult it is to obtain material that's good an' raw. Another obstacle in the way of progress is the Juvenile Courts. Only yesterday mornin' they pulled off a raid an' grabbed seven of our very best authors.'

"Everybody writes nowadays. The ice man is a sociologist an' the street cleaner is a novelist who's tryin' to get closer to the realities of life. I fired our hired girl yesterday, bein' as she did all her cookin' with a can opener, an' she jes' told me that she was leavin' anyway, havin' taken the job merely to get some realistic dialogue for her forthcomin' work on the home life, if any, of the Great American Bourgeoisie.

"Three gunmen captured in New York last week had typewriters strapped under their armpits, an' only recently I heard that Scarface Al Capone is a college graduate simply tryin' to develop some original dramatic situations for the novel that he's writin'. Why, it wouldn't surprise me at all if the battles between Chicago's rival gangs didn't have anything to do with liquor but were really nothin' more than disputes over motion picture, book, dramatic an' second serial rights.

"Booze isn't the only thing that's hijacked. Didn't you see in the papers last week where a famous author had his truck load of manuscript taken away from him? He reported his loss as thirteen novels, an autobiography, three travel books an' five cases of free verse.

An Incentive to Crime

"Every day sees the spread of the literary crime wave. A short while back I saw where two writers were quarrelin' over which stole from the other's book on Russia. The woman claimed that she took her night's bakin' out of the oven an' put it on the fire escape to cool, an' when she took it in next mornin', whole passages were missin', together with a lot of semicolons an' such important key words as samovar, Moscow, steppes, caviar, Kremlin, moujik, Vladivostok, vodka an' Bolshevik.

"You can easily see the extent of the damage, for without those key words how could anyone tell that it was about Russia? It's jes' like a book on Africa, for instance. If somebody took out words like safari, spoor, bwana an' veldt, who would know whether it was about Africa or about Sweden, Arkansas or Los Angeles?"

"What I don't see," persisted Mr. Stubbs, "is how these authors get the time to do all they do."

"Time?" echoed Uncle Henry. "Books don't take time any more. You're thinkin' about old-fashioned writers like Dickens an' Hawthorne an' Hugo. Take these two Russian books, for instance. Both were assumed to be the last word in careful investigation an' critical analysis, yet the quarrel developed that one writer had spent less than three months in the country, while the other finished her job in four weeks an' had plenty of time left over for her shoppin'.

"After all, 'Lonzo, what's the point of takin' time on a book if nobody is goin' to take time to read it? Modern life is too full. After you've found a place to park the car in the mornin' it's time to go home, an' after you've tried to find out what's the matter with the radio it's time to go to bed. An' all these libraries fine you a nickel if you keep a book out more than a day."

"Somethin' ought to be done about it," Mr. Stubbs insisted gloomily.

"Well, all I can suggest," said Uncle Henry, "is havin' Mrs. Sanger try her hand at book control."

The iceman's a sociologist and the street-cleaner a novelist nowadays

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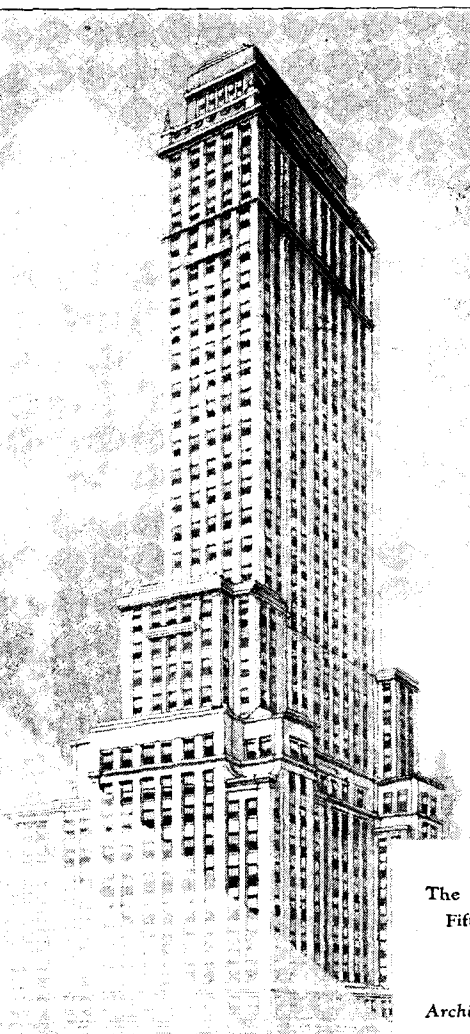
On the Site of
Old Delmonico's



The Delmonico Building
Fifth Ave. at 44th St.
New York City

Architect—
H. Craig Severance

Builders—
G. Richard Davis & Co.

Russwin Distributor—
Charles F. Coqueron

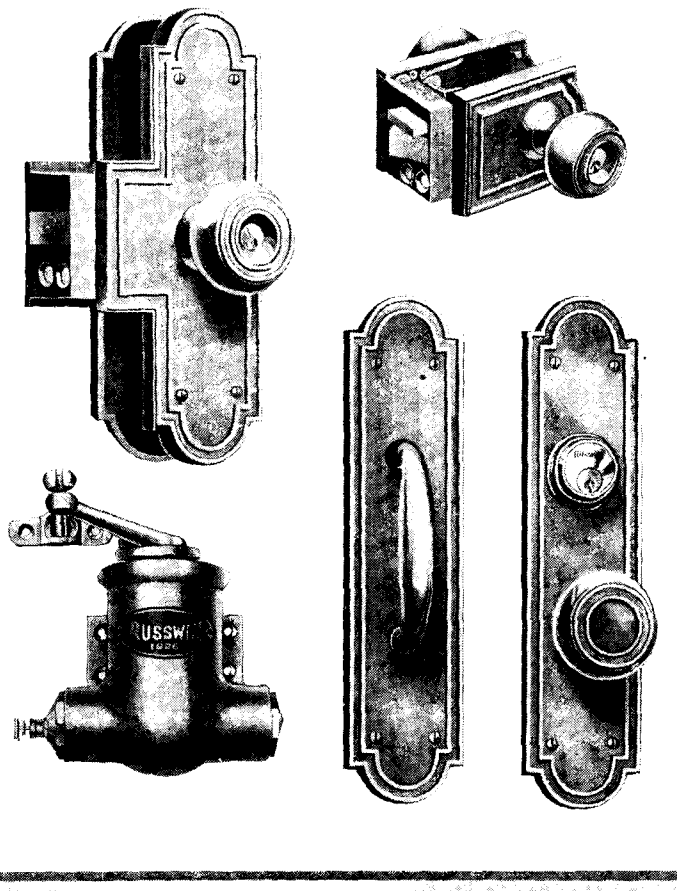
HARE

HERE, where a famous restaurant once held sway, now stands the new Delmonico Building. Of simple lines, its thirty-three story height is impressive. At the fifteenth floor, the set-back culminates in the dramatic sweep of an eighteen story tower.

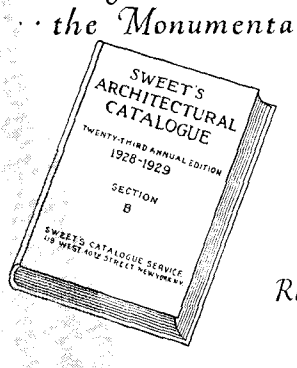
Four banks and many smart shops occupy the street floor. Above are thirty-two floors of modern, sunlit offices. The details of this structure represent the latest developments in office building construction. High speed elevators, local and express, serve all floors.

This splendid building, like so many of the nation's outstanding architectural achievements, is equipped throughout with RUSSWIN HARDWARE.

A FEW RUSSWIN CREATIONS



for the Bungalow · · · the Pretentious Home · · the Monumental Structure · ·



See pages 2519-2598 for a listing of Russwin Hardware

R&E SINCE 1839

RUSSWIN

RUSSELL & ERWIN

DISTINCTIVE HARDWARE

Hardware that lasts ~ Base Metals of C

RUSSELL & ERWIN MFG. CO.

The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON

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A Message from Mars

By Jack Binns

ARE *there any intelligent beings* dwelling on the planet Mars? Most of the imaginative writers agree that if there are inhabitants on Mars they are of a higher order of intelligence than we are, and they undoubtedly discovered radio centuries ago.

Anyway if their assumed existence is really true it is a safe bet the Martians do not realize how kind Fate has been to them, because they may never know that nature surrounded the earth with a blanket of ionized gas that prevents our radio waves from traveling into space. Just think what the Martians have been spared these last six years, including the last political campaign.

Welding Columbia's Chain

Some six months before the Columbia Chain opened up I forecast its formation in this column and pointed out that it would be a fine thing for broadcasting because the competition it produced would keep both national chains on their toes. I don't think any of us dreamed that the new chain would have such a phenomenal developement in face of its well-established rival. William S. Paley, Major J. Andrew White and their associates have done a good job and deserve all the praise that now comes to them.

The Columbia Chain is but little more than a year old and now it is the largest permanent chain in the country. It took justifiable pride in the special program early in January that marked the acquisition of its three new Southern groups and the far Western group of stations. The chain is now composed of forty-nine stations situated in every section of the country, so that it is in fact a national institution. On the whole the general run of programs presented by the Columbia Chain during its first year of existence has been of high caliber and this fact is undoubtedly responsible, in the main, for the newcomers who have linked up with it.

Here's wishing the enlarged chain continued success and further healthy development!

"If You Have Tears—"

In order to get radio broadcasting the scientists took sound waves and transferred them into vibrating electric currents. Your radio receiving set reverses the process and enables your loud speaker to entertain you.

In television the scientists are [illegible] light waves into electric [illegible] soon as proper ap[illegible] we will possibilities if onion waves are ever transformed into electric currents!

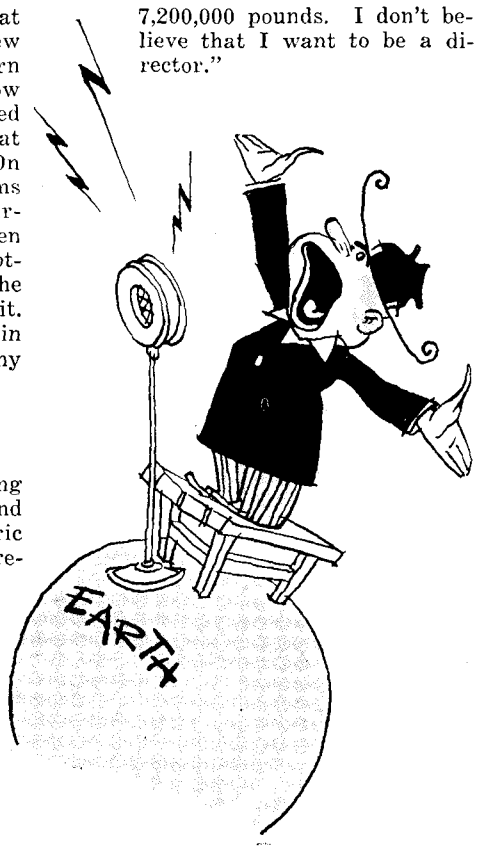
Bending a Merry Elbow

How do operatic stars spend their spare time? That question has always intrigued me. So far as Lucile Fowler is concerned I have just received the answer. Lucile is the featured contralto soloist of the light-opera company that charms listeners of KOA. Her hobby is drawing mathematical conclusions.

She has just solved a very abstruse problem, and as a result has come to the conclusion she does not want to be a musical director. Read the figures and learn why.

After carefully observing Freeman Talbot in the act of rhythmically waving his arm during the direction of an opera, Lucile got out her slide rule and calculus tables and then began to use up her spare time. Here is the result of her labors:

"There are 7,291 beats in The Chimes of Normandy which we broadcast early in November. We will go through the opera ten times in rehearsals. There will be six light operas, making 66 times Mr. Talbot must beat time for a full opera, or around 480,000 beats with his right arm and about half that number with his left. During the present opera he will exert enough energy with his arms to lift 180 standard-size box cars. Suppose his arms weigh 10 pounds, then with all these beats he lifts about 7,200,000 pounds. I don't believe that I want to be a director."



Meet the Colonel

Continued from page 9

prisoner in his own penitentiary; a chaplain, too, was turned into a convict for taking bribes, and the penitentiary was a penitentiary again.

In the public mind the man Donovan is all tangled up with his war record, which was brilliant and which resulted in his receiving the rare Congressional Medal of Honor. The name "Wild Bill" also serves to mislead. And there's the title of Colonel, too. Here and there we find a man who still reminds us that he was called into the war by sticking to the army title which was more or less imposed upon him at that time. This is not the case with Mr. Donovan. He was a high officer in the militia in Buffalo for many years; his title has stuck to him, not he to his title.

"Fingy" Connor's own ward in Buffalo was Colonel Donovan's birthplace 45 years ago; his father's name was "Tim." But the alleys and poolrooms of "Fingy's" ward knew him not. Athletics, from grade school up through university, gave him outlet for his energies.

Twenty-two years old; they gave him the degree of bachelor of arts at Columbia University. Twenty-four years old; they gave him the degree of bachelor of laws. Twenty-five years old; he was made a member of a leading law firm in Buffalo.

What a young bachelor he was! Buffalo society took him in. At thirty-one he married Miss Ruth Rumsey, of a fine old New York State family. They have two children, David and Patricia.

People in Buffalo had a way of smiling *with* but not *at* William Donovan, as he went about his various public duties there. For instance when he was appointed federal district attorney at Buffalo in 1922 he started out to enforce federal prohibition. One place he found booze was in his own clubs. It is not known, exactly, in what form he sent out his warning to his fellow clubmen; but the fact remains that for almost two years drinks were taken in only the most surreptitious manner in all the best clubs of the town. Everyone smiled because everyone knew that Bill Donovan would, without hesitation, quietly and smilingly prosecute any club in town.

He Didn't Lose a Friend

There was a time when certain influential Buffalo citizens, friends of Donovan, planned, with rich and influential residents of other great cities, to start what Donovan decided would practically be a bread trust. Being the department's enforcer of the Sherman and Clayton Anti-Trust Laws, it was Donovan's job to decide. Donovan called a group of the planners to his office in Washington. Hundreds of millions of dollars were involved, but Donovan said "no" to the scheme. Within ten days the last vestige of the almost completed merger had disappeared.

"And yet," as one of these business men said later, "Bill Donovan never lost a friend in Buffalo by that act!"

The Boy Entertainer

Continued from page 17

buy two or three times as many stamps as she had intended.

6. He burned up the contents of the dead letter office so that the space might be used as a recreation-room for employees of the department, and you can find groups of the latter there at all hours of day and night making whoopee with mechanical toys. He originated the scheme, still in effect and brightening the lives of thousands of Washington people, of readdressing letters that formerly would have been pronounced dead to folks who otherwise wouldn't receive any mail at all.

Just as Judge Landis was called in to restore baseball's good name after the White Sox had been accused of throwing a world's series, so Gen. Hays was summoned to the rescue of the Picture Industry when certain protagonists of same began to throw bottles and fits instead of custard pie. Once more his early training in the Sullivan post office came in handy. A few screen stars can read print but not writing, and one of Will's most important tasks was to peruse and answer fan mail. He also had to write autographs for those from whom they were requested and who lacked the time and the background.

The Old Stamping Ground

The producers, who after all were paying the Gen. his niggardly wage of $150,000 per annum, grew weary at length of having *les artistes* get all the benefit, so they hired a couple of Hollywood boy scouts to do the performers' reading and writing and summoned Will to N. Y. to preside at banquets, act as interpreter when it was necessary for them to converse with *les Americains*, and think up new one-syllable names for books and plays to which the screen rights had been bought but whose original titles were inscrutable and unpronounceable, such as Anna Karenina (reduced to Love), Vanity Fair (cut down to Nast) and Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire (Red-Hot Child).

In spite of these and other Herculean feats the Gen. still finds time for an occasional visit to his old stamping ground, Sullivan, and various points of interest here and abroad. A recent excursion included a brief sojourn in Yellowstone Park, where most of the party fished while he experimented in color photography, his favorite hobby next to chewing gum. Strolling through the park one day he espied a grizzly and decided to take a close-up of same. Accustomed to the two-legged fauna of Hollywood who trample one another under ft. to get in the line of fire when they smell a camera, the Gen. was somewhat bewildered when the bear, which was either under exclusive contract to the Martin Johnsons or did not recognize Will and mistook him for Lon Chaney, leaped forward in a manner that would have reminded Mr. Hays of Dempsey vs. Firpo if he hadn't been thinking of something else. Will left his machine with Heywood Bruin (as the grizzly had been nicknamed) and the latter is said to be having the time of his life taking tinted close-ups of tourists from southern Indiana.

The introduction of talking pictures is bound to make the Gen. a busier boy than ever, for the Industry depends on him to keep the dialogue, as well as the photography, clean. He will have to watch the performers closely and make them stick tight to the script. They must never be allowed to express their own thoughts.

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Mother knows best what to do for SORE THROAT

WHEN your throat tickles, when it feels raw or irritated—gargle with Listerine full strength at once. Keep it up. Note how quickly you improve.

Sore throat is usually a sequel to a cold, and is caused by germs. And full strength Listerine, as you know, is powerful against germs. Its early and frequent use will often check cold and sore throat before they become serious. When it doesn't, call your doctor.

Wise mothers insist that members of their family gargle with Listerine systematically night and morning during Winter and early Spring weather.

Once you realize that full strength Listerine kills even the B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs within 15 seconds, you can understand its effectiveness against lesser germ infections. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

JOINED YET?
Get in the circle of men who've found the perfect shave—the cool shave with
LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Get the jump on a cold

Before every meal rinse the hands with a little full strength Listerine. Listerine attacks cold germs picked up by the hands during the day, rendering them harmless. With food, they enter the body through

Ordinary soap and water are not enough. Only Listerine with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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Chester

MILD *enough for anybody*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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What a cigarette meant there

20 degrees below,
and no tobacco, through lonely weeks of glittering silence. Then a speck on the hard, bright horizon; another musher, outward-bound ... and *cigarettes!* What price cold or Arctic hardship then!

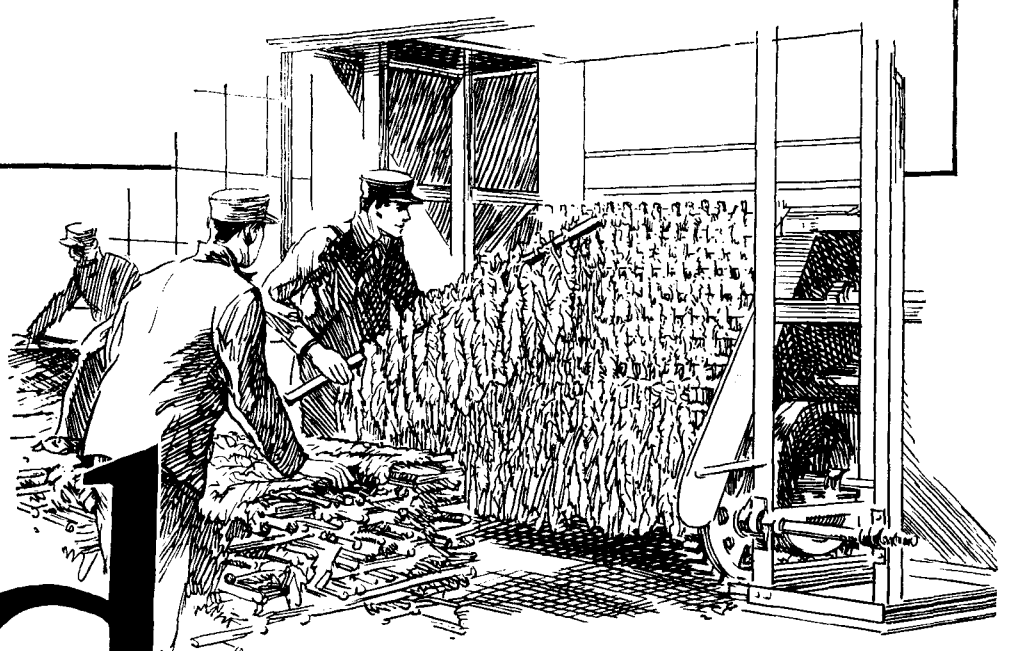
What a cigarette means *here*

220 degrees above,
as endless belts carry the choice tobacco for Chesterfield inch by inch through the great steel ovens.

Here, in penetrating heat, science corrects and perfects the curing commenced in the farmer's barn. Dried, then cooled, then steamed to exact and uniform heat and moisture, the tobacco is ready for the final mellowing—two long years ageing in wood—that only Nature can give.

Man, Science, Nature—all work together on Chesterfield. And in the bland, satisfying smoothness of Chesterfield itself is ample proof that their patient, costly team-work is good!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Through long steam-heated ovens, new tobacco passes in slow endless procession for drying and "conditioning"

field

... *and yet* THEY SATISFY

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Black Magic

SURE, solitaire is good enough fun, but it loses its zest once you've learned, as so many have in this decadent age, how to stack a deck so's it'll always run out. And it's no good at all at a party. Take Colliergraphs now. There's a pastime for one or all and worthy of your best efforts. Besides if your best is a worthy thing it may bring you a $5 check. There's no secret about it; just read below.

Ward H. Crothers, 751 Sancome Ave., South Bend, Ind.

Mrs. Ewin Kleine, 8304 Alabama, St. Louis, Mo.

Eva Ephraim, 4415 E. Lake Harriet Blvd., Minneapolis, Minn.

Lillian Matthews, Ocean Park, Pacific Co., Wash.

Miss Pauline English, 213 W. South St., Akron, Ohio

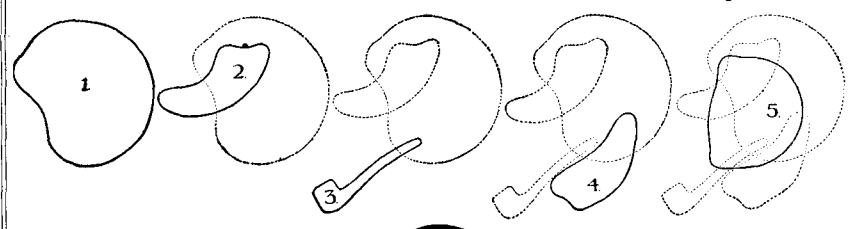
C. C. Richmond, 846 McCallie Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Myron Fritz, Easton, Md.

Emma B. Thompson, 982 E. 39th St., Portland, Ore.

Ida L. Warren, 123 Amherst St., Nashua, N. H.

Mrs. Emily R. Hampson, 133 Denny Ave., Pennsgrove, N. J.

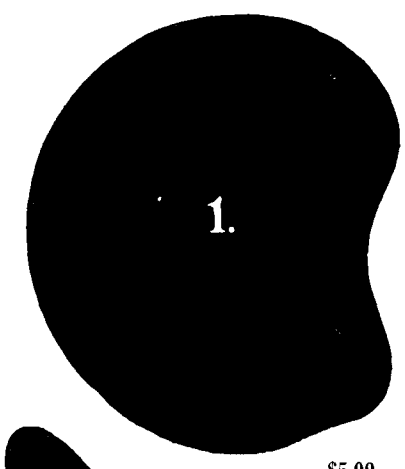


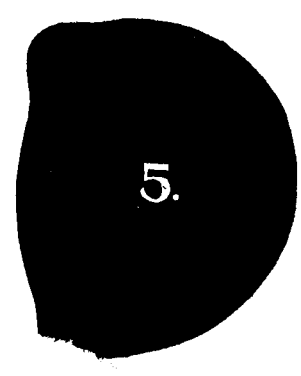
How to Do It

Cut out the five black figures below. You might mount them on cardboard separately. When you've laid them on top of one another,

shift them about until you have a portrait. Hold them down and with a pencil trace the outline. Remove the pieces and fill in the silhouette.

Here are the pieces—cut them out





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The Cashier's Secret

Continued from page 11

into him as the red lips murmured their last plea, "Don't let Father know." Just a boy, you might say. He had not intended that. . . .

Of course, old Wash hadn't telephoned the sheriff. Crazy with excitement. He had armed himself, too; no doubt taken the bank's revolver to his room when the cashier alarmed him about yeggmen. Blazing away in the dark—and hitting! Then making up that yarn about yeggmen running down the alley; the lying old monkey. That was clever, though! It sort of atoned to young Brom—not letting his father know. It didn't matter much anyhow, now that Brom was completely out of the way. . . . Too bad about him—really.

But there was that infernal suitcase. A suitcase full of money—probably forty thousand dollars—couldn't lie indefinitely in a wardrobe. It was the bank's money; but how restore it to the bank without letting the truth out? Philander Pengrove, no doubt, would accept the yegg yarn. In that case a man might say this money was just at large, ownerless—treasure-trove for whoever found it. . . . A man might say that. It was a lot of money; a fortune really.

At seven o'clock, having meanwhile made himself a cup of coffee and fried two eggs, he returned to the bank, locked himself in and buried the suitcase in the basement coalbin.

MONDAY morning he tacked a notice on the front door that the bank would remain closed that day out of respect to the memory of Bromley Pengrove, then telegraphed to the city for a new supply of currency so the bank could open for business Tuesday. At nine o'clock, on notice by telephone from John Valentine, the lawyer, he appeared at the coroner's inquest—a necessary formality in case of death by violence.

Valentine really ran the proceedings—a tall, heavy man with pink bald head and pink cheeks, one of your noisy genial, slap-you-on-the-back jackasses, who wanted to run everything, even Pengrove's Bank, since he was Mr. Pengrove's lawyer. He and the cashier had clashed often enough. It transpired that old Wash Tunney didn't surprise Newton so very much—afraid to face the inquest, and wild with dismay at having shot young Brom, whom he adored. So Newton himself repeated the yegg story for the coroner and his jury. Dr. Brewster testified. The jury found that deceased came to his death from a gunshot wound at the hands of a person unknown, which was all it could find.

Having nothing else in particular to do that day, and being strangely restless, Newton got into his car and drove many miles in the country. The suitcase haunted him—and sometimes young Brom lying on the ground. But the suitcase haunted more. . . . He had never taken a penny that didn't belong to him. Very confusing.

He got his own breakfast as usual next morning and was washing the plate and coffee cup when he heard someone walking in the little front hall. He stepped out there and was surprised to encounter Bart Wells, the sheriff, who had come in without ringing the doorbell. The fat sheriff, in rumpled linen trousers and baggy alpaca jacket, was as familiar a sight as anything in the world—a man he had seen almost daily since he could remember. But he looked grim and sultry this morning. When he said, "Warrant for you, Peter," it was in a gruff voice. Warrant! What nonsense could that be?

Newton took the official document in wooden fingers, gaping amazedly down at it. It read "Murder." But that was ridiculous! The cashier said so.

But there it was written down in the warrant. Bart Wells, glumly silent, his forehead wrinkled, didn't look like a practical joker. It was ridiculous. But this was the sheriff. This was a warrant. Wordless, in a vast amazement, Peter got his coat. The sheriff's battered car stood at the curb. The cashier climbed in. They drove to the jail.

"Guess you'll be comfortable here," said the sheriff.

"Telephone Arch Hewson to come over here; I want to see him," said Newton—resentfully, for, although the sheriff had a warrant, this was an outrage.

"All right," said Bart Wells, and went out locking the iron grating behind him and closing the door.

Hewson was a lean, round-shouldered man with a sharp nose; but what seemed most conspicuous about him was the heavy black cord going round his neck, to which were attached the eyeglasses that he was always putting on or taking off. He came, went away to investigate and returned some three hours later to report, gravely, as follows:

Young Bromley had been shot with the bank's revolver. They had found it, with one chamber discharged, in the lot-end back of the bank. The fatal bullet was of the same caliber.

A neighbor woman, windows being open because of the heat, had heard a persistent ringing of Mr. Pengrove's doorbell about half past one Saturday night, and even a hammering on the door; then she had seen a man run away across the lawn. From this it was deduced that old Wash Tunney, having seen a light in the bank, had run to arouse Bromley. Indeed the old man had said so to the sheriff.

A traveling man, occupying a room in the Lurton House that overlooked the alley back of the bank and unable to sleep for the heat, had been sitting at the open window in the dark, half dozing. He had heard a cry of "Halt!" followed by two pistol shots and a muffled explosion a little later. He was positive the cry and the two shots came before the explosion—not afterwards, as old Wash had said. Also he was positive no three men, or one man, had run down the alley; for he was very wide awake then, looking with all his might.

JOHN VALENTINE had sent to the state police department for an expert who examined the bank's safe Monday while Peter was in the country. The expert was positive no yeggmen had blown it up; but somebody inside the bank had manipulated the time-lock, opened the door, taken out the money, put in explosives, piled rugs around to deaden the sound and started a fuse. There were no drill marks on the safe. So much nitroglycerine had been put in that the little carpet in the money box had been blown to shreds. If any money had been in there, it, too, would have been blown to shreds. Beyond question it was an inside job.

Valentine and the detective had then searched the bank and found a suitcase full of money buried in the coalbin. They found a man who had seen Peter Newton coming from the bank about half past seven Sunday morning with something in his coat pocket that made it bulge. In Newton's own house they found one of the bank's hand-towels,

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identified by the mark, with stains on it, as though a man who was careless in his ablutions had used it to wipe his hands after having dug in coal. But if it had been innocent digging, why had the man carried the towel home, instead of putting it in the bank's laundry?

It seemed plain as daylight that Peter Newton had faked a yegg robbery and to save his own hide shot young Brom when he came running up on old Wash's alarm—then terrified the darky into telling that yeggman yarn, and further frightened him into running away, for to this moment no trace of the old man had been found.

LISTENING to the lawyer's recital, Newton perceived how infernally plausible it was. All that part of the secret which could destroy him had come out into the open. So he told his lawyer the truth—that is, that old Wash had run to arouse Brom, but failed because Brom was inside the bank. Then he had run to the cashier. Together they had run to the bank and old Wash, wild with excitement, had fired and killed his young master.

Newton said he had tossed the suitcase into the wardrobe just to get it out of the way of the crowd, and put it into the coalbin until he could decide how to restore it to the bank without letting Philander Pengrove know his son was a thief.

The lawyer thoughtfully tapped his nose with his eyeglasses and looked at the floor. The client knew well enough that he considered this a dubious defense. But they could prove it, Newton urged.

First and most important, they must find old Wash, bring him back and make him tell the truth. Second, they must get the evidence in the canceled certificates of deposit, of Bromley's previous embezzlements. Third, they must trace that suitcase to Bromley. In this case of life or death there could be no further thought of shielding the dead youth; the cashier must use every available means to save his own neck.

The lawyer brightened up. "Those three points—old Wash, the certificates and the suitcase—will cinch your defense," he declared and departed.

That same afternoon they found old Wash—hanging by the neck in the basement of the Pengrove Block. Appalled at having shot young Brom, he had taken his life. Accompanied by sheriff and lawyer, Newton went to the bank. But young Brom, with one belated touch of prudence, had destroyed the whole file of canceled certificates of deposit and the original entry slips. Microscopic search failed to disclose the least peculiarity by which the brown suitcase might be traced to the shop where it was bought.

"It looks," said the lawyer gravely, "as though it would have to be just your statement against the circumstantial evidence."

For four months and twelve days Peter Newton sat in the small room, iron-barred window on one side and iron-grated door on the other, with nothing to do but think.

Bromley Pengrove having died under tragic circumstances, people forgot his shortcomings, remembered his good qualities and invented others for him. Peter Newton being convincingly accused of a brutal murder, people remembered his bad qualities and invented others for him.

The community was thumbs down, and it was to a jury of its members that he would have to tell his story. If that jury would not believe him, in the face of the prosecution's circumstantial evidence, then, presumably, some rich morning in Indian summer he would be made to mount a scaffold, a rope placed around his neck and a trap would be sprung under him, leaving him to strangle in the air.

It was a horrible thing. He lay in the night with sweat on his forehead. Then he thought of his wife and two daughters, aged eight and eleven, and his heart was constricted as in a vise. As the slow weeks passed he was not sullen or defiant any more, or even indignant. He was thinking of the jury of his townsmen.

He knew they called him a hard man, exacting every penny that was due on the day it was due. That would count against him. But couldn't they have a little pity on a man?

Archibald Hewson labored to turn up any bit of evidence in his favor; even trying to find the Judd baggage, although she would most likely lie about it anyhow. He still tried to trace the suitcase and to discover somebody to whom old Wash Tunney might have confessed. But the labor was in vain.

"The great point in your favor, Peter," said the lawyer, swinging his eye-glasses and trying to be assuring, "is the absence of motive—provable motive. They can show there's a shortage in the certificate of deposit account. Bromley having destroyed the canceled certificates and the original entry slips in his handwriting, they may try to get the jury to believe you took that money. But your long reputation for integrity ought to stand against that."

When it came to the crucial day, he could not make a good impression on the jury. He felt that despairingly. A homely and awkward man, with pale red hair, pale blue eyes and traces of some frail freckles, twisting his bony fingers together, speaking in a dry harsh voice. He wasn't making a good impression. And he had said "No" to so many of these breathless people who packed the courtroom.

The jury: these twelve faces in two rows looking up at him, listening to his story as he unfolded it. Very ordinary faces. They had listened for a day and a half while the young prosecuting attorney, John Valentine, unfolded the opposite story, piling up the circumstantial evidence, driving home each bit of it. Would they have pity?

Later they listened to the young prosecuting attorney making the dramatic most of the brilliant and generous heir of the Pengrove fortune cut off in his flowering youth by the bullet of a robber whom his father had raised from poverty to affluence. No pity in that.

THE judge instructed. The jury retired to deliberate; one hour, two hours, three hours of slow torture to Peter Newton. They were very ordinary men, impressed by the evidence that the state had unfolded. But always in the back of their minds, with varying degrees of vividness, seeing another face—homely, dry-voiced, but the face of a living human like themselves.

They saw his wife and two small girls, quick with life also. Simply, they felt the gruesomeness of putting a rope around the man's neck and choking the life out of him in shame. Hard and exacting, no doubt; but everybody said he had a reputation for strict honesty; a good husband and father. He was cashier of the bank with—to them—a fine salary and fine prospects. Would a sensible man of experience risk all that in a foolish robbery—a man with a good reputation for honesty, a good husband and father?

Four hours. The jury filed back into the stilled courtroom. The clerk was speaking. The foreman of the jury, looking up at the judge, said, "Not guilty."

The cashier's eyes were misty and he felt suddenly transported into heaven, where all was bright and warm with love. All the people in the room, even John Valentine, were lovely.

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Marriage for Two

Continued from page 15

"She telephoned me half an hour ago to say good-by. I had asked them to Sunday's bull-fight at San Sebastian and they had accepted—her mother and Burton. It is just as well."

Joyce made no response. Poor Helen. Again she felt pity for the girl, and this time its quality was not marred by vulgar hatred or contempt for her. She was going. Her eleventh-hour attack, her pitiful grasp at happiness, was ended. Had she been brave enough to grasp it earlier. . . . But it hadn't required courage. She hadn't been asked to share poverty with Larry. She was simply a greedy, scheming little cat, on whom any thought whatsoever, save mild regret that she should have a character sure to make her miserable, was wasted.

"WE GO to San Sebastian Sunday?" she idly asked.

"But you have already accepted my invitation," he reminded her.

"But I thought that we could not leave France until—the Weedon matter was disposed of," she said.

"It will be disposed of by tomorrow," he assured her.

"You mean that the police will find out—"

"They will decide that they can find out nothing," he interrupted. "At least, nothing that can seriously involve any of our friends. Men who live like Weedon make many enemies. Enemies, I mean, of the underworld. The police recognize this. A *cause célèbre* is possible only when highly-placed persons are involved. But the Weedon affair, investigated, becomes so sordid. A jealous woman of the underworld. . . . No, what was true this morning is not true this afternoon."

"But why? How can you be so sure?"

He laughed. "This is not Spain, but a Valdemagara has certain privileges, certain sources of information, even in France. After luncheon I went to call upon the Prefect of Police, and he was quite frank with me. The authorities have decided that the scandal would reflect no good upon the resort. Mind, the French police would not hesitate to follow a trail no matter how it mounted, to what high place it led them. But where it is a matter of a *maquereau* and, perhaps, an Apache, then that becomes different. And what else can it be? A man who lives on women. A man who makes much of a little caress, who, presumably, tries to extort blackmail—"

"But Miss Novel?" protested Joyce.

"Ah, she may suspect something—though what she suspects I cannot imagine. But she surely does not suspect you, despite her accusations. But your husband struck her man, so, revengefully, she denounced you—but that is ended. She knows that I can have her sent from the country. Dismiss her from your memory, I beg."

"I still," said Joyce, "would like to know what she told you of me. I insist, Billy."

"She said that you had been the mistress of a man in New York," he told her. "I can only say one thing to you, my dear. If you were not married to another man, I would, having heard this from the Novel, do myself the great honor to ask you to become my wife."

The dam that held back his emotions had suddenly burst. The emotions of men were matters with which Joyce Tracy was eminently fitted to cope.

She smiled sweetly at him.

"The statement needs additions," she said. "You mean that if you happened to be in love with me—*and* if I were single—the woman's tale would have no effect upon your feelings."

"But of course." He took her cue instantly.

"Therefore, being married, and not being loved by you, your faith is doubly flattering," she went on.

"You are," he said, "not merely beautiful and charming and clever—you are kind," he said.

She knew what he meant. He was thanking her for ignoring his outburst, his confession.

"And you," she said, "are quite the sweetest man on earth, except Larry."

"One must always," he said slowly, "except Larry."

"Always," she said.

He smiled suddenly. "We shall lunch," he said, "on Sunday, at the top of a hill. Oh, a great hill, overlooking the town and harbor of San Sebastian. A glorious view. Then we shall proceed to the arena—His Majesty will be there, and the Queen, too. And you will see Porfirio, the matador from Portugal, who kills the bull from the back of his horse. A horseman and a horse! Such grace, such skill. . . . You have not seen Spain. Ah, Sevillia at Easter! You and Larry must visit me then."

"And I think," she laughed, "that you and I should visit Larry now."

"Where is he?" he asked.

"He had left the villa when I looked for him," she admitted. "Where would one search for a husband in this town?"

"A thousand places for most husbands, but for the husband of Joyce Tracy one would look instinctively at his wife's side."

"Gracefully said, Billy," she chaffed. "But, failing there, where else?"

"We admit that he is not normal if he is not with you every minute," he laughed, "but let us grant that he possesses traces of normality. Wherefore, we should find Jeanne Mazell, where all men who are not surrounding you must be."

"Wasn't there something said about tea with her?" asked Joyce.

"There was. Shall we go there?"

THEY found a carriage outside the Casino and drove up the long hill that led to the Mazell villa. They passed Resaurie, and Joyce ordered the cabby to stop. Larry might have returned. . . .

He had, and the fit of justifiable ill-temper which had sent him out into the town had vanished now.

"Among the perils and pitfalls of Europe, Joyce, did I mention my friend the Marquis de Valdemagara?"

Billy grinned. "And there has been talk of the American peril, my friend, and behold, it has been having tea with me. But I have returned her safely to you, although I have not come unscathed through the encounter myself."

"And where are you taking me now?" Larry asked.

"We had thought of calling on Jeanne," said Joyce.

The tea was gay, and Joyce noted that Valdemagara detached himself from her side upon their arrival, nor did he approach her again that afternoon. She pleaded weariness when Jeanne suggested a party that night, and Larry backed her up, so they dined at home. After dinner, over their coffee in the little room adjoining the salon, Larry approached a matter.

"Joyce," he said, "I did not ask Miss Novel anything about you. I intended to, but—"

"Why did you intend to?" she demanded. (*Continued on page 41*)

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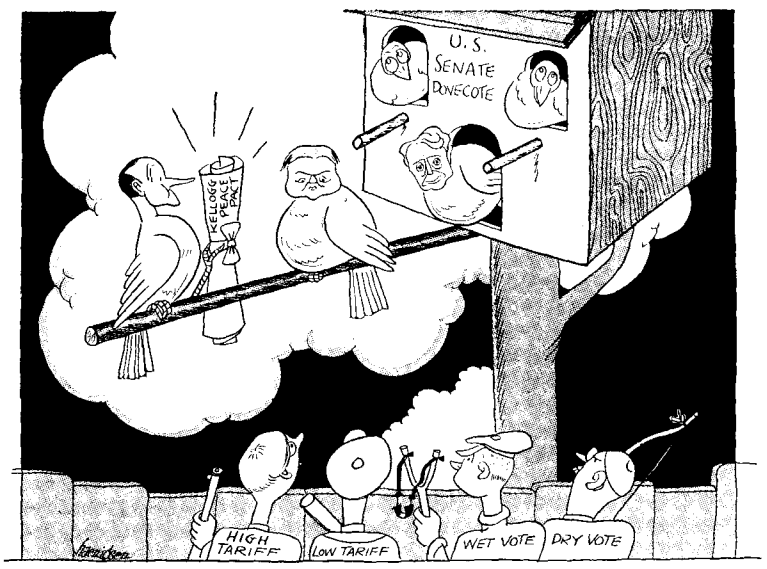

In Times of Peace

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THE Kellogg anti-war pact, if one may accept the conclusions of the best minds in the Senate, is like the Volstead Act; it does not prohibit, but anyway it's a mighty fine thing for a nation to put its John Hancock on.

A war or so now and then may be bootlegged in under the plea of self-defense, but you never can tell—maybe the world will be educated to beating all its swords into plowshares.

To make it all clear the Senate Foreign Relations Committee brought in a report pointing out four circumstances under which we should not have to forgo war and then hastily added, "We don't mean a word of this and we don't expect anybody to pay any attention to it!"

One is bound to record a certain progress of its prototype, the "noble experiment." A great pother arose over the suggestion that Colonel William J. Donovan might be made Attorney General. Colonel Donovan is a New York politician, and naturally a Wet.

The Drys made a mighty protest against the naming of a Wet as head of the legal department that enforces prohibition. To be sure, there was a certain amount of religious prejudice mixed in the outcry, but there would have been objection in any event to the appointment of any Wet as chief law officer. Now this is a change. That highly practical Dry, the late Wayne B. Wheeler, used to say that it did not make any difference how wet a man drank so long as he voted dry. Now not only a man's vote but his heart must be in the right place.

Not only that but two or three incidents in Congress show which way the Drys are moving. The Senate passed an appropriation of $300,000,000 for prohibition enforcement. This generous sum disappeared in conference between the two houses.

A Baby on the Doorstep

Then later a dry senator, Mr. Harris of Georgia, proposed to treble the ordinary appropriation for dry-law enforcement. Also there is a proposal to stiffen up the dry law for the District of Columbia by making it a jail offense to buy as well as to sell alcoholic beverages.

Mr. Hoover will have a respite on the prohibition problem through the appointment of a fact-finding commission with a very large investigation in front of it, an inquiry into not only prohibition enforcement but all kinds of law enforcement.

Such a scientific inquiry should take the better part of a year. So just before the congressional election of 1930 Congress will have upon its doorstep the most embarrassing baby ever found on the doorstep of gentlemen thinking of reëlection—the question what to do with the "noble experiment."

Mr. Hoover faces another problem, more immediate than prohibition and just as full of difficulties, and that is tariff revision. He will need all his clarity of vision and all his courage to come through it safely. President Taft was ruined in the first two years of his administration by the upward revision of the tariff.

Mr. Hoover's Friends Shudder

Fortunate is the Republican President who has to revise upward a Democratic tariff, for at least he starts with low schedules. But Mr. Hoover is confronted by the prospect of an upward revision of an already high Republican tariff.

Mr. Hoover's position in one respect at least will be exceptional. There won't be any effective opposition in Congress to sky-high duties on imports. Or at any rate nothing will operate to restrain the Republican majority in Congress from running wild on the tariff except Mr. Hoover and the fear of ruining the party in 1930.

Furthermore, the prosperity of the country is dependent more than it has ever been on the profitable exporting of its surplus production.

The Democratic party has ceased to be the spokesman of the consumer. In the last campaign it became openly what it has been covertly for several years, protectionist; moderate protectionist by profession but tariff-grabbing in practice. The South demands high duties as urgently as New England.

No doubt some products require greater protection than they now receive. But tariffs are made by log rolling; you vote for a duty for me and I'll vote for a duty for you.

All of Mr. Hoover's friends shudder at the prospect of the operation of this system in the special session. Mr. Hoover wants to expand foreign trade, so it is inconceivable that he favors any general upward revision of duties.

Mr. Hoover is fortunate in one respect. Tariff revision will be taken up early, in a spring special session. If he does not get a tariff bill to his liking he will be free to veto it and send it back to be revamped in the regular session. But if he gets by the difficulties of the tariff and of prohibition safely he will be either one of the greatest or one of the luckiest Presidents in history.

Men who "know it all"

are not invited to read this page

THIS page is not for the wise young man who is perfectly satisfied with himself and his business equipment, who believes that the only reason he is not paid twice as much is that he has never been "given a chance."

This page is a personal message to the man who has responsibilities, who feels secretly that he ought to be earning several thousand dollars more a year, but who simply lacks the confidence necessary to lay hold on one of the bigger places in business. We should like to put into the hands of every such man a copy of a little book that contains the seeds of self-confidence. It is called "Forging Ahead in Business," and it is sent without obligation.

We have in mind, for example, a certain man who is now auditor of a great corporation in the Middle West. Until he was thirty-one years of age he was a bookkeeper. His employers had made up their minds that he would always be a bookkeeper. His wife was beginning secretly to wonder. Worst of all, he himself was beginning to lose faith.

He sent for "Forging Ahead in Business." Without any great hope in its results, he enrolled for the Institute's training.

The first few months of his association with the Alexander Hamilton Institute were a revelation to him. He found himself being initiated into fundamental principles of business that had hitherto been a mystery to him.

He began quietly to make suggestions to the officials—suggestions that surprised them, because they had ceased to expect anything from him. They revised their estimate of his capacities; when the position of auditor became vacant, he was given his chance. And recently on an important financial problem, he argued against the position of the company's own attorneys—basing his arguments on principles which the Institute had taught—and by proving his point succeeded in saving the company $60,000.

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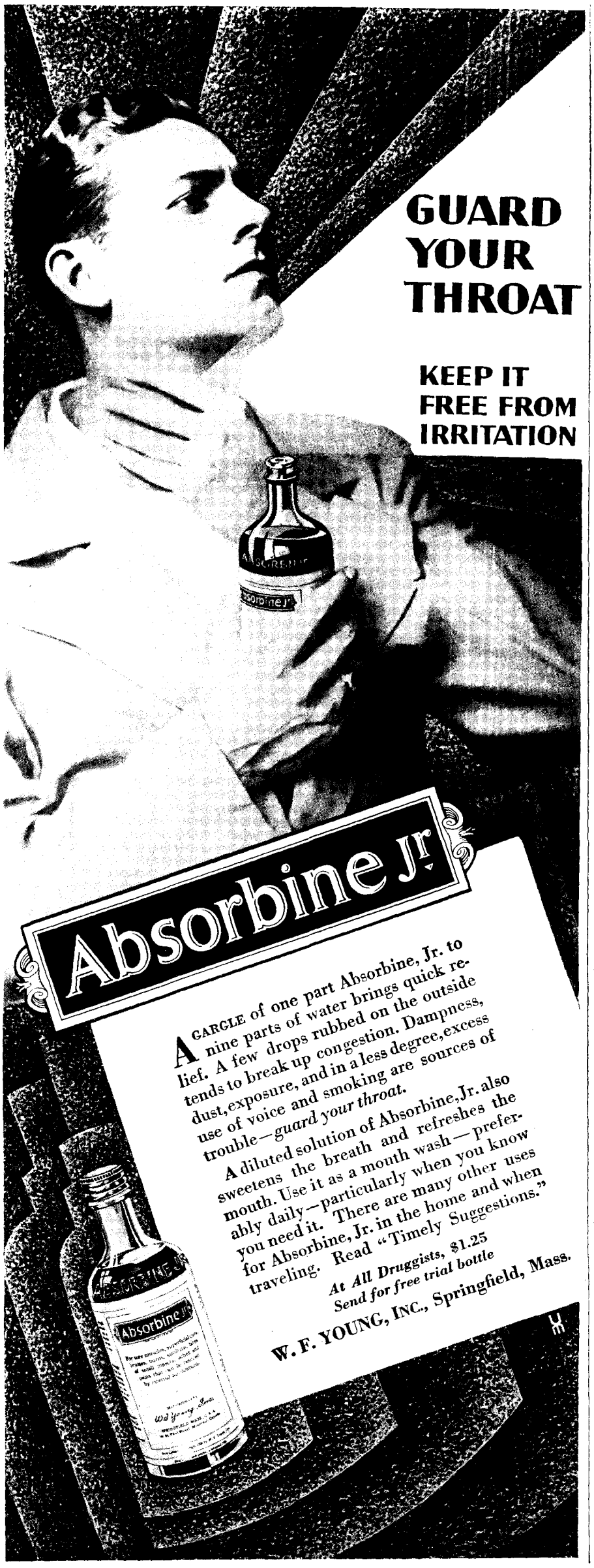
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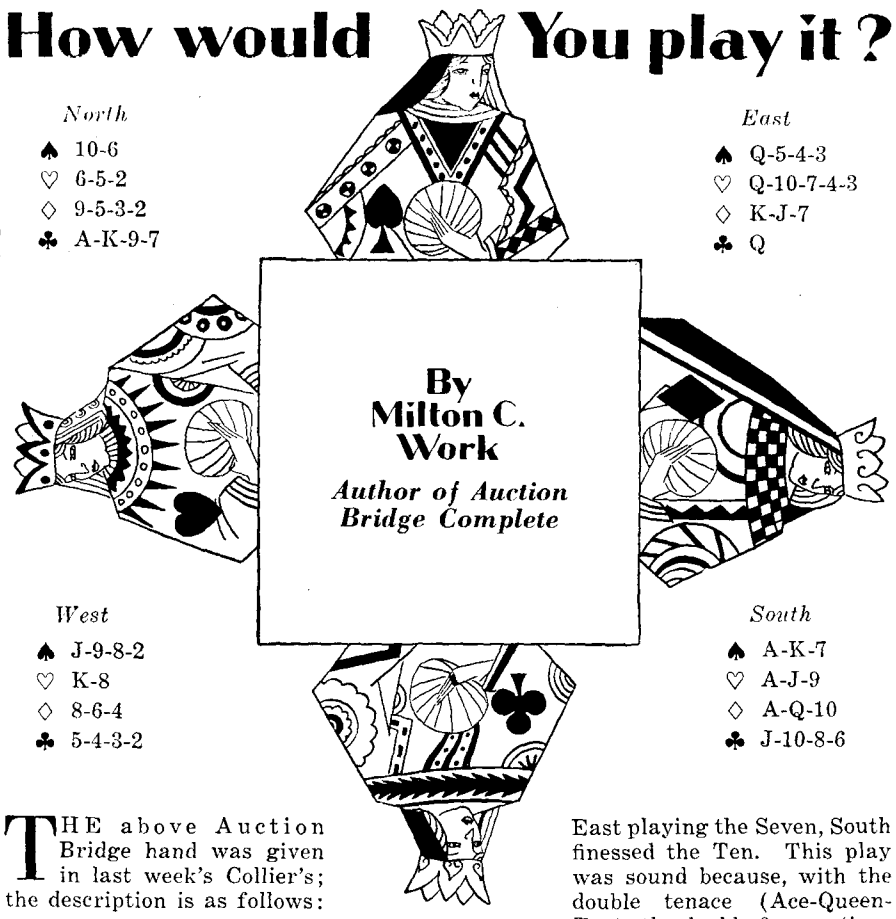
How would You play it?



North
- ♠ 10-6
- ♡ 6-5-2
- ◇ 9-5-3-2
- ♣ A-K-9-7

East
- ♠ Q-5-4-3
- ♡ Q-10-7-4-3
- ◇ K-J-7
- ♣ Q

By Milton C. Work

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

West
- ♠ J-9-8-2
- ♡ K-8
- ◇ 8-6-4
- ♣ 5-4-3-2

South
- ♠ A-K-7
- ♡ A-J-9
- ◇ A-Q-10
- ♣ J-10-8-6

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description is as follows:

The Auction

The Auction Bridge bidding of this hand is obvious: South bid one No Trump. West, North and East passed. The only possible variation would be a two-Heart bid by East. That declaration would be a lead-indicator but hardly would be justified by the strength of the hand. When indicating a lead is important, a light bid may be advisable; but East has a valuable honor in every suit, so it does not matter greatly which one West opens.

The Contract bidding of the hand would be: South, two No Trumps; she has four suits stopped and a count of 20—only one under the three-No-Trump requirement. North would bid either three No Trumps or three Clubs. There are some who, when jumping from two to three with the strength necessary for the jump, all in one Minor suit, prefer to bid that suit. In this hand it would not matter; South would bid three No Trumps over three Clubs and that would be the contract in any event.

The Play

West opened with her fourth best Spade, and Declarer played the Ten from Dummy, hoping that the lead had been made from Queen-Jack and that the Ten would take an extra trick. But East plays the Queen and South has to play an honor to take the trick.

South, with eight Clubs in her two hands, planned to finesse to catch the Queen, but not on the first round. So in leading Clubs to trick 2 South knew that she would not finesse that time, but she led the Jack just as if intending to do so. In the first place she hoped that the Queen would be played by West; in the second, she needed four Club entries in the Dummy hand.

By leading the Jack and covering with the King in Dummy she was left in position to put Dummy in as often as possible. The fall of the Queen of Clubs from East on Dummy's King was a bit of good fortune.

Needing all Dummy's Clubs for entries, Declarer did not continue Clubs immediately, but led a Diamond, selecting that suit rather than Hearts, as it was longer and stronger. With the Deuce of Diamonds led from Dummy, East playing the Seven, South finessed the Ten. This play was sound because, with the double tenace (Ace-Queen-Ten), the double finesse (i. e., the play of the Ten) should be taken unless Declarer has nine cards of the suit in her two hands. When the Ten of Diamonds won, the Declarer pursued her good luck farther by leading the Ten of Clubs from Closed Hand, overtaking with the Ace in Dummy. Then a second Diamond, on which East played the Jack and South the Queen. It now looked as if the adverse Diamonds were evenly divided; so to the succeeding trick South led the Ace of Diamonds and obtained the break for which she was hoping.

To trick 7, South led the Eight of Clubs, overtaking with the Nine in the Dummy; and to trick 8 the thirteenth Diamond from Dummy, discarding the losing Spade from Closed Hand.

The next step was to try the Hearts and, when East played small, Declarer's best chance was to finesse the Nine.

When the Nine forced the King, South could not be positive as to the outcome because West would have false-carded by playing King from King-Queen. To trick 10, West naturally led a Spade which South won with her last Spade and then led her final Club (the Six) from Closed Hand, winning with the Seven in Dummy. The Declarer had won ten tricks, so she was justified in leading a Heart from Dummy to trick 12 and finessing; her game was safe and a slam probable. When the finesse won, the slam became an accomplished fact.

Although a slam happened to be in the cards, South would not have dared to bid for it even if she knew that North had the Ace and King of Clubs; to make it the Queen of Clubs must be captured and East must hold the King and Jack of Diamonds, the Ten of Hearts, and one of the two high Heart honors.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North
S. A-8-6-2
H. 4-2
D. J-8-6-3
C. 6-5-2

East
S. K-Q-10
H. 10-8-7-6
D. 9-7-4
C. Q-10-7

West
S. 9-7-5-4
H. Q-J-5
D. 5-2
C. K-J-9-4

South
S. J-3
H. A-K-9-3
D. A-K-Q-10
C. A-8-3

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Marriage for Two

Continued from page 38

"Because I *knew* that you had given her forty thousand francs that you said you had lost at shimmy," he replied.

"You knew that I had lied to you?"

He blushed painfully. "I did."

"Then why not ask her about it?"

"Because I couldn't. One may think of questioning strangers about one's wife, but one doesn't do it."

"And why," she asked, "are you telling me this?"

"Because I want to make myself look as well as possible with you," he answered. "Because, Joyce, I love you."

"I paid the woman money because she recognized me," said Joyce. "She would have told you that I had been the mistress of a man in New York."

HE BREATHED heavily. "I'm glad I didn't ask her. I—Joyce, I might have killed her if she'd said that."

"You wouldn't have believed it?"

"Good heavens, no," he cried.

"Then why did I give her money?" she asked.

He stared at her. "Joyce, are you trying to tell me that what she would have said—is true?"

"Suppose I said that it was?" she asked.

"Then I would say that you were out of your mind," he told her.

"You'd not believe it?"

"I couldn't," he cried.

"Thank you," she said.

He took the curt expression as a jeer.

"Joyce, please! If I—had a mean thought—why be contemptuous of me? You'll admit that I had some excuse."

"I do," she said. "And I'm not contemptuous, Larry. I—Larry, Burton and the Wilsons are leaving tonight."

"Well?"

"I thought you'd want to know," she said.

"Why?" he demanded. "Joyce, are you going forever to hold it against me that—"

"You kissed Helen? Don't be absurd. Ladies who ask for kisses nearly always get them. And gentlemen who refuse them aren't very gallant. No, Larry, I'm not going to hold it against you. If you'll have it that way—it's forgotten."

He made no answer, staring at her, as though looking for some break in her defenses of which this concession was an indication.

"But there is someone else who may hold it against you, Larry."

"Helen?" he hazarded.

She hid the faintest twinkle of malice in her eyes.

"Naturally you'd think of that. A man's vanity! The picture of the inconsolable young woman who hoped for so much—"

"Don't, please," he begged.

A looker-on would have assured him that Joyce was never more attractive than when she indulged in sardonic jeering, but to him it was a phase that repelled. Perhaps it was because he unconsciously glimpsed strength in her, and a man must be more than infatuated before he really cares for strength in a woman. He must be selflessly in love, and that kind of love is not born in a week or a month or in a year.

"All right," she conceded. "I'm not very gentle, am I, Larry?"

He mumbled something to the effect that she was all right, and that she knew he knew it, and she cut into the compliment.

"I'm thinking of Burton," she said.

"Burton? What about him?" he asked.

"He may not have relished Biarritz' merriment, or scandal, or whatever one may call it," she explained. "I hate to seem harping on the subject, but he's an elderly man, you know."

"Well?" He frankly did not understand her.

"Elderly men who have permitted themselves to make the error of falling in love with young girls are subject to jealousies that young men can barely understand," she explained.

"You mean that Burton—"

"Yes," she sighed, "I mean that Burton."

"It's too silly. Anyway, he's leaving here tonight. So, even if he were angry, why—well, he'll be gone," he finished lamely.

She wanted to tell him of Burton's two threats, but some hardly-understood reluctance prevented her. Burton had been bombastic in his threats, and probably, when his jealousy had cooled, he would regret their utterance. If every idle word is repeated, life becomes a difficult thing. Now, perhaps Burton's words had not been idle, but certainly they had not been too well-considered. In these days men do not seriously threaten another man's ruin because that other man has kissed an ex-fiancée. Furthermore, Burton had telephoned her today, and that brief speech which he had delivered to her could well be considered a withdrawal of his threat. Why bother Larry by telling him about it?

She was sorry that she had hinted at anything. After all, this husband of hers, whom she was taking a sort of perverse pleasure in baiting, had been extraordinarily decent to her. He had made her, a starving waif, his bride. . . .

"That's true enough. He'll be gone," she conceded. "And let us hope, forgotten," she added.

That night she left her door ajar, even called to him to come into her room, where she lay—still not unconscious of her desirability—on the chaise longue, and they talked, in a return of their first camaraderie, until well toward morning. And she was rewarded for such a small concession by the gayety in Larry's voice, by the light in his eyes. . . .

THEY might have been, so far as Biarritz could guess during the next day or so, an ordinarily devoted honeymooning couple. They teaed on the Wrexters' yacht at its moorings in the Adour at Bayonne, and afterward, on the impulse of the moment, they sailed up the river and dined at a funny little restaurant at Urt. They golfed at Chiberta, and ate hors d'œuvres at the Château Basque. And on Sunday they went to San Sebastian with the Marquis Valdemagara, and Joyce incurred the contempt of the Spaniards by violently denouncing the picadors and matadors and leaving after the first bull was killed.

"My dear Billy," she said to the protesting Valdemagara, "I can't help it. I think it's a gorgeous spectacle and I'd as soon watch babies killed. I don't like blood, and if I've hurt your feelings, I can only atone by inviting you to witness a prize fight with us in New York, and *you* can call *it* degrading."

"But it is," said Billy. "To watch two men pummel each other—"

"Wait until your Basque champion, Paolino, wins a championship," she laughed, "and you'll think boxing a great sport. But I can't stand it, Billy. Do you mind?"

He forgave her. He was so besotted

(*Continued on page 42*)

The Story of a Wise Wife

FOR a long time she had realized that coffee was thieving the sleep of the family. But she hated even the thought of giving up the drink they all liked so much. And as for her husband, John—she knew *he'd* never agree to the idea of a coffee substitute!

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(*Continued from page 41*)

with her by now that he could have forgiven her much more than an inability to care for his national sport.

Though he no longer paid Joyce the assiduous devotion of his first meeting. Jeanne Mazell was not the only one who saw through his transparent devices and realized that Billy Valdemagara was, as they phrased it, "sunk at last."

"It was a good ship, Billy," Jeanne said to him on the way home to Biarritz after the bull-fight, "but it couldn't float forever."

"I don't understand you," said the Marquis stiffly.

"Oh, yes, you do, my child," said the piquant blonde. "You know exactly what I mean. The good craft Valdemagara has been scuttled by an American corsair—"

"Jeanne," said Billy, "you are my friend, and I adore you. But you will not speak of this again?"

Jeanne looked at him. Her gentle blue eyes were misty.

"*Billy*, my *friend!*"

She put her hand in his, and he lifted it to his lips.

"Does she know?" asked Jeanne, ignoring his wish that the subject be not reopened. Jeanne Mazell knew men.

"I—I fear that she does," said Billy.

"You *fear* that she does," Jeanne smiled.

"I mean that," said Billy.

"But why? *My poor dear infant*, don't you know that no woman can be offended that a man loves her? She may not wish him to speak—although she will forgive a weakness that makes him tell her—but she wishes to *know*."

"I—I'm not sure that Mrs. Tracy would like to," said Billy.

"Oh," groaned Jeanne, "but you *are* besotted! Joyce Tracy—well, she's the nicest girl I've met in years, but no nicer than I, Billy."

"No nicer than you, my Jeanne," agreed the Marquis.

"Nor more virtuous," said Jeanne.

"Nor more virtuous," said the Marquis.

"Yet even I," chuckled Jeanne, "while I find it deplorable that a man should care for me, devoted as I am to my husband, still, realizing how tremendous was their temptation, I have even managed to forgive those who *screamed* about their love for me. Yes, Billy, Joyce will forgive you if she knows. Still, I wouldn't tell her."

"*Heaven forbid. I'm fond of Larry*," said the Marquis.

"Most men are, at first, of their loved one's husband," said Jeanne. "But—it would be a shame—she adores Larry, you know, and your friendship—"

"You think she does?" Valdemagara eyed her eagerly.

"Think so? I know so," said Jeanne.

"I—I wondered," said Billy.

JEANNE'S lips grew prim. "Then cease wondering, my angel, for I assure you it is so."

"She has perhaps mentioned her passion for Larry," suggested the Marquis.

"Naturally not," retorted Jeanne. "She's a bride. Larry is a most attractive man—"

"But their acquaintance was so brief before their marriage—"

"You've known her less than a week and fallen head over heels in love with her," she reminded him.

"Men do that with women," he observed. "But—do women—with men?"

"Often enough. Look here, Billy, you aren't dreaming of—"

"I'm dreaming of nothing—but of Joyce," he confessed.

"I wouldn't care for you if you did an un-nice thing, my dear Marquis," said Jeanne.

Involuntarily Valdemagara grinned. This petite little woman, hardly more than a child, reproving. . . . Then he saw how right she was.

"I won't, my Jeanne," he promised.

They had passed the border and were in the neighborhood of Bidart, where villas bloomed on every hillside. Plenty of people could have looked into the motor and witnessed what happened and gossip would have spread all over Biarritz.

FOR Jeanne Mazell leaned swiftly toward Billy and kissed him on the lips.

"There, you poor dear," she said.

He looked at her. "Jeanne, you blessed lamb—"

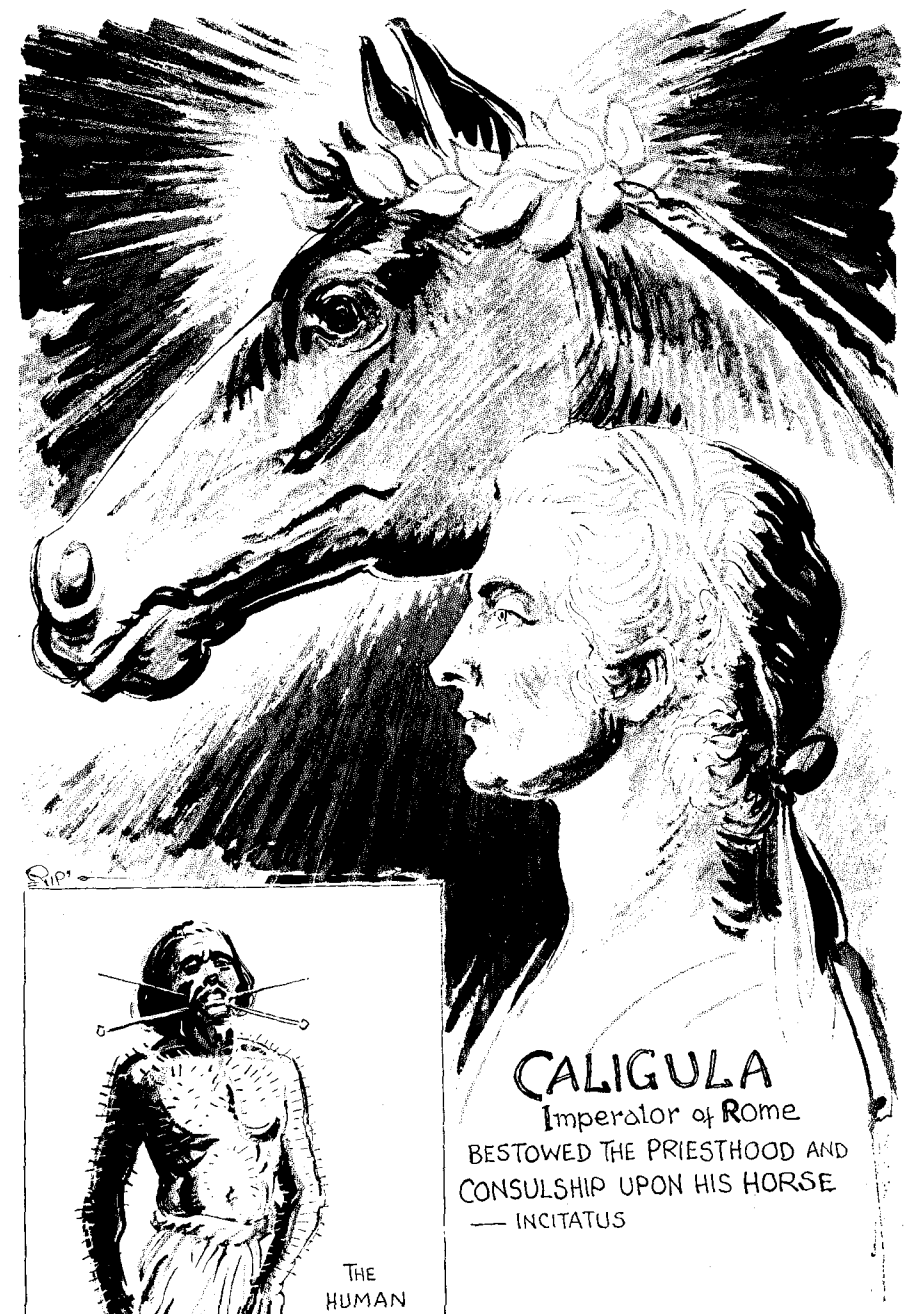
"I'll tell Jimmy in my letter tonight that I kissed you," she laughed.

"And I," he said, "will tell my God that you are the sweetest girl—oh, Jeanne, why must this happen to me? I—Jeanne, I would not boast, but after all, I am Valdemagara. There are girls, lovely, beautiful, well-born—who could care for me. Fifty generations, Jeanne—I want sons to inherit what it has pleased God to transmit to me, and Jeanne—I *shall never have them.* Jeanne, I shall love no one but Joyce, and—oh, my God!"

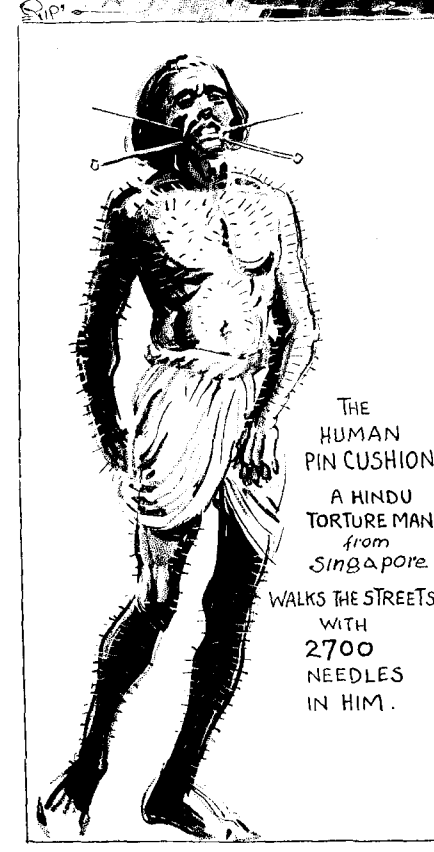
Appalled, Jeanne stared at him. She formed a quick intention. Somehow or other she'd get the Tracys out of France. It might be most advisable.

(*To be continued next week*)

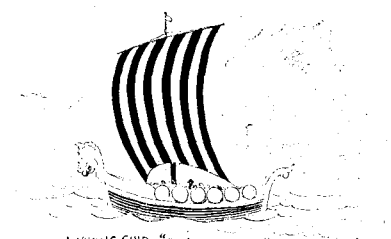
Believe it or Not! By Ripley



CALIGULA
Imperator of Rome
BESTOWED THE PRIESTHOOD AND CONSULSHIP UPON HIS HORSE
— INCITATUS



THE HUMAN PIN CUSHION
A HINDU TORTURE MAN *from Singapore*
WALKS THE STREETS WITH 2700 NEEDLES IN HIM.



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Mr. Thruppy Assaults the Mole

Continued from page 7

clothing both Iris and Daffodil in several coats of gray paint, and, while he did this, numberless other workmen installed strange machines and instruments in queer and inconvenient places.

Throughout these months Mr. Thruppy found that he derived his most certain moments of happiness from the propinquity of the young officer who had enlisted him. This young officer came often to superintend the work of conditioning the Daffodil, and when he was about Mr. Thruppy was tireless in his efforts to waylay him. An opportunity to greet him, Mr. Thruppy discovered, insured him a pleasant day, and to have that officer stop in his appointed duties for a word of praise or salutation immeasurably increased the pride and satisfaction which Mr. Thruppy derived from the uniform he wore and the service he had entered. Mr. Thruppy's officer was, in the opinion of Mr. Thruppy, a bloke what a man could follow. Mr. Thruppy's officer was a young feller a man could take pride in.

IN THE fullness of time it was Mr. Thruppy's privilege to learn the mystic ritual of machine-gun drill. Also he was instructed in the use of rifle, grenade and small arms. But it irked him that he was barred from those selected companies which played with awful mechanisms in strange places; nor was he permitted to enter the holy mysteries which surrounded the construction of a flimsy but seemingly important pier which was erected in the harbor.

This pier reached out a great distance from the shore, and was painted to resemble solid masonry; but all men nursed the secret that it was in truth a hollow sham, a thing of ill-set piles and planking. About it much activity was centered into which the presence of Mr. Thruppy was not invited until a day when the saloons and deck-ways of the Daffodil were thronged with men, their machinery and gear and equipment neatly stowed, and Mr. Thruppy found himself standing by the stern hawsers while the ferryboat steamed forth to dress rehearsal.

It was preceded out of harbor by a dignified but obsolete cruiser, and was accompanied by its sister ferry, the Iris. After an hour's stately progress the cruiser turned and steamed slowly in from the outer harbor until it sidled up against the extreme end of the improvised pier. The Daffodil, for her part, swung in to the starboard and, bow on, pressed the cruiser firmly home against the flimsy structure. Obedient to instructions, Mr. Thruppy threw his scaling ladders up against the cruiser's side and the men swarmed up from the Daffodil, bearing guns, grenades and instruments of war over the cruiser's decks.

As far as Mr. Thruppy was concerned, it seemed to all work beautifully, like a bloomin' picnic; but the whole show was run off again and again, until some obscure person higher up was satisfied.

Another dress rehearsal took them forth into a waste of twinkling water. The elderly cruiser towed them this time, the ferryboats following her like two dogs held in leash, and Mr. Thruppy was appointed to a place in the stern of the cruiser to stand by the Daffodil's tow line.

Strange things occurred that day. The cruiser Vindictive and her tow came, as it were, to a rendezvous. A flock of airplanes droned forth to fly above them. Three other obsolete cruisers slipped up from the southwest and veered toward them. A couple of submarines glided into the picture amid a great procession of buzzing, darting smaller craft of the coast patrols. The whole sea seemed alive with the light forces of the navy. It was like a regatta, a bloomin' 'oliday, and Mr. Thruppy, looking upon it, became vaguely conscious that he was in on something very pertickler. He was then called upon to cast off the two lines and they all went home.

The third rehearsal saw the whole lovely procession mobilized again. But this time they did not return. They waited, and while they waited the sun sank low and lower. Then about him as he stood beside his hawsers Mr. Thruppy heard a buzz of excitement among the men who thronged the deck.

"Goin' through with it," was the word, and Mr. Thruppy felt an unreasonable thrill ripple and quiver through him. "Goin' through with it!" With what? He looked upon the craft which thronged about them. Something . . . it sounded like a whisper within him. . . . Something . . . glorious.

With the Vindictive in the van, the whole fleet moved orderly into the east. To the starboard, destroyers steamed on the wings of the column; behind the Vindictive, the other cruisers followed. The submarines, with a little picket boat between them, moved sullenly in the swell, and the mosquito fleet was legion as it crowded the waterways between. And in the midst of them all the two ferryboats, incongruous interlopers in the company of these fighting craft, followed the motherly leader.

The night dropped, comfortably, its cool coverlet upon them, and Mr. Thruppy felt the need for fellowship. He turned to a sailor who was first in a long line which started from his starboard side. The man wore leggings, a tin helmet, and other things. He was a living arsenal. He was bound about with cartridge belts and hung with hand grenades.

"W'ere do we go to, matey?" Mr. Thruppy inquired.

"Well, seein' as you can't go out an' tell the neighbors," conceded his friend, "I'll tell yer. There's a coast town along 'ere that the 'Uns are usin' as a base for their perishin' U-boats. They bring 'em dahn out of a canal, see?"

"Yes," said Mr. Thruppy.

"WELL, we're goin' to stop up that there canal so that not no blighted shrimp could get aht, after we've done, let alone a submarine."

"An' wot 'as ferryboats got to do with that?"

"There's a mole," said the sailor.

"A mole?" cried Mr. Thruppy in justified amazement. "Not wot you've got on your chin?"

"There ain't no mole on *my* chin!" exclaimed the sailor indignantly.

"I mean in a manner of speaking," explained Mr. Thruppy hurriedly.

"No, it ain't that kind of a mole. It's a pier, like, or breakwater, that's built out in a 'arf a circle, like that pier we practiced on. It's near a 'undred feet wide, an' it's covered with guns, an' machine-gun nests an' ammunition stores. That's what we're up to. We ain't got nothing more to do than to tyke that bleedin' mole an' clear it of the enemy, see?"

"'Ow'll that stop up the canal?"

"It won't. But it'll let the block ships in. Them cruisers be'ind us is filled to the scuppers with wet cement, an' they're to be blowed up an' sunk in the

(*Continued on page 44*)

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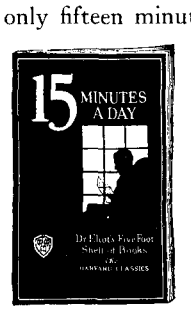

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(*Continued from page 43*)

mahth o' the stinkin' canal, s'welp me."

"Gaw!" murmured Mr. Thruppy again. "Blowed up! With all them men on bawd?"

"Them men," explained the sailor, "will be took off by motor boats w'ich will also carry torpedoes." He paused, to peer backward over the dark water. "Them submarines, now," he said. "They don't 'old nothink but ixplosives."

"They blow up too?" Mr. Thruppy gasped. The sailor nodded.

"There's a runway that joins the mole to the blinkin' land," he explained. "An' wot's to prevent them sendin' men in their thousands out to 'old us?"

Mr. Thruppy couldn't answer that one.

"Well, these 'ere subs, they run in under the runway, an' they blow theirselves to bloody 'ell, an' likewise they blow up the runway, d'yer see?"

IN AN awesome picture of cataclysmic death and destruction, Mr. Thruppy saw.

"It's black sooercide!" he declared.

"Right," said the sailor warmly.

At that moment a distant gun boomed forth, and another followed it—and still another.

"The monitors," breathed Mr. Thruppy's friend, and a movement rippled down the lines which thronged the deck, as the men stood to their arms and equipment.

The invisible guns boomed and rumbled in the distance and a little moaning sound came out of the night above them. Mr. Thruppy felt a singular, electric warning in the air, a sense of unseen but inescapable danger.

They were sailing serenely to their death. . . . As Mr. Thruppy realized this, the world vanished as the Vindictive slid into a thick and impenetrable fog.

Yet it was not a fog. It stung the inside of your nose and throat. It blinded. It strangled. Gas?

"Gaw!" The blood of Mr. Thruppy turned to water in his veins. Die? Not this way! Not like a dog. . . . But there was no escape . . . none!

"This bleedin' smoke screen," whispered a voice in his ear, "ain't no ruddy perfume."

Mr. Thruppy crestfallen. Mr. Thruppy vaguely ashamed of himself while the sweat stood out on his forehead and a sickly feeling stirred in his middle. . . .

"An' now," whispered the invisible man at his side. "We take it."

Through the fog a brilliant white light gleamed, and even as the Vindictive emerged from the screen the light flickered and went out.

Mr. Thruppy, peering through the night, saw the dim form of a great, solid wall loom up before the ship. He stared at it fascinated, so that he did not see the long finger of light that went groping over the water until it reached out and touched the Vindictive. For an instant he was blinded by the glare; then he was immediately deafened.

FROM the wall in front of them the clap of doom burst forth, accompanied by the rattle of many little dooms. And almost simultaneously the deck leaped beneath Mr. Thruppy's feet and the air smote his ear drums with an intolerable din as the Vindictive answered the gunfire with all she had and took the full force of it in her nose. Horrified, Mr. Thruppy saw a blaze of fire leap from the foredeck and, he could have sworn, the forms of men flung like dolls into the air. A ghastly hail was playing in the air. Sharp fragments snapped and whined about him.

White rockets soared up from the shore, hanging a brilliant light in the air, and from the waist of the Vindictive pale illumination arose with moans to linger over the raging wall which they approached. Then they were beside it, under a sky which blazed with many colored lights, and Mr. Thruppy found his feet slipping in blood.

With suicidal madness his shipmates filed forward to a companionway which led to the hail-swept exposure of the upper decks. But Mr. Thruppy knew better. He would hug that wall. Until the ship sank, he would live.

Like a cowed animal he crouched there in the stern, and watched the lunatics who filed up the companionway to the field of death. Above him he saw them filing onto the mole, hugging their rifles and machine guns, stumbling, falling—and joking. . . . The whole posture of Mr. Thruppy's body was in that moment a grimace of soul-dissolving fear, and he was uttering sounds which the roar of exploding guns and bursting shells mercifully hushed.

It was, then, phenomenal that the voice of Mr. Thruppy should have become abruptly audible above the fury; it was extraordinary that Mr. Thruppy should have straightened up and become suddenly erect. The sound which one single officer heard was not, regrettably, printable; but the officer who heard it didn't care. It was the young officer who had enlisted Mr. Thruppy—Mr. Thruppy's officer—and he was at the moment ascending the companionway which led to the brows from which the Vindictive was unloading her storming party.

Mr. Thruppy, seeing him, straightened up and shrieked his objection to this suicide. As he straightened up a fragment of flying steel nudged him sharply under the arm. He stiffened as he felt the impact of the blow, and slowly, consumed with fear, he inserted his hand under his blouse to feel his mortal wound. It was a mere scratch, and Mr. Thruppy stood grinning shamefully as he felt it. Looking upward, he caught the eye of his young officer, who smiled grimly down upon him, and at the same time his hand felt something more than the underclothing beneath his blouse. The combination was too much. Mr. Thruppy plunged forward and thrust his way into the line of ascending men.

What mattered it that Mr. Thruppy had no rifle, grenade or machine gun in his hand? He had seen his officer going forth to the battle, and he had felt close to his heart the soft fabric of Clara May's bright scarf.

"Do something!" she had cried. "Do something!" she had commanded. This, it had occurred to Mr. Thruppy, was his opportunity to do something, and that realization overcame his fear.

The storming party was scattered down the mole in little groups. In the light of the star shells Mr. Thruppy advanced behind a group of men who were rushing toward a blank wall at the mole's end. The men kept dropping as they ran, until there were only a handful left. These turned back and ran toward him. Mr. Thruppy turned as well and he turned in time to see a column of flames arise down the mole.

It was as though, in the anteroom of hell, the door was opened. Mr. Thruppy fell upon his face, expecting death, and the song of the bullets was blithe above him. Then an officer was shouting so near him that he could hear the man's voice above the din.

"They've blown up the viaduct!" shouted the officer. "At 'em, lads! *They can't reach us from the shore!*"

In Mr. Thruppy's mind flamed the picture of a young officer who stood and chatted with his men on the deck of a submarine. . . . And then that sheet of flame. . . . That clap of doom. . . .

Someone was bending over him.

"Here's a machine gun!" cried a clear young voice. "Take it!"

The voice which had spoken to him in the engine-room of the Daffodil! The voice to which he had replied with a challenge to death! His officer's voice! Mr. Thruppy struggled to his feet, hugging his gun.

"Right, sir!" he shouted. "I'm all right!"

"It's Thruppy!" cried the youth, and Mr. Thruppy lived again in the warm glow which that recognition brought him.

MADLY he lurched and limped at his officer's side. He was part of a human wall which swept up the mole in the face of the guns they would silence. Again the men were falling. Again the line was thinning.

"Now!" snapped Mr. Thruppy's officer.

Frantically, but with the deftness of long practice, Mr. Thruppy set up his Lewis gun. They were in a position to see black figures which swarmed behind a barricade of wire, and Mr. Thruppy felt a wave of calmness flow through him as he turned the fire of his gun upon those figures.

"Oh, damn!" ejaculated Mr. Thruppy's officer, who crouched at his side.

Mr. Thruppy glanced at him, and was surprised to see that the grim intensity of the young man's face had given way to a gentle, regretful smile. And then, as Mr. Thruppy's officer slowly col-

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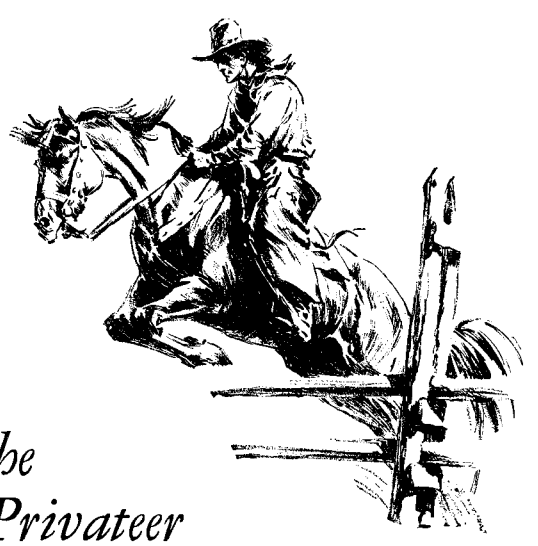

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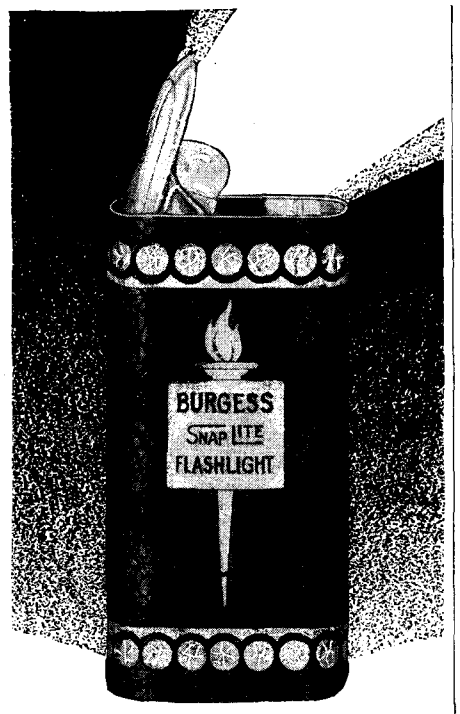

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Go to the Nearest One and Ask for It

lapsed at his feet, Mr. Thruppy read the meaning of that smile.

They had got him! . . . The filthy lice had killed him. . . . His officer. . . . His friend. . . . The swine! . . . They had killed him! Incontinently Mr. Thruppy was lurching at a dog trot up the mole. Without his Lewis gun. Without rifle or grenade. Bare-headed he was loping toward that machine-gun nest, and shrieking a queer war song as he ran. . . . He became the nucleus of a little group which followed him. A lanky officer, his face a mask of blood, trotting beside him, an automatic held against his hip. And the group increased.

SOMEONE was shouting from the rear. Shrieking and shouting that they stood in the way of their own fire. The machine guns! The machine guns couldn't play! But Mr. Thruppy was up to them now. He was fighting barbed wire. He was scrambling through it, his clothes torn from him, his companions hanging quivering in the wire. Half naked the lanky officer still held his place beside him. And then, magically, they were there! Hand to hand! Close quarters! Strange faces were snarling at them, black figures were pressing backward, screaming in a strange language. And Mr. Thruppy's fist went here and there. Like a machine he wielded that deadly fist, from a crouch he swung it upward with rhythmic regularity, and they scrambled to avoid it, bunching and pressing together, so that the bayonet work was slaughter.

A siren was blowing.

"Back!" roared the lanky officer. "Back! Get back! It's the recall!"

Mr. Thruppy stared dumbly into the blood-smeared face.

"The recall!" repeated the officer. And Mr. Thruppy was conscious of the fact that, amid a pile of bodies, he and a little group of Royal Marines stood unopposed. Grinning they turned back, and reached the scaling ladders to the parapet with their little group much depleted.

They scrambled up—but not with Mr. Thruppy. Mr. Thruppy they had left behind; for Mr. Thruppy had stopped in his retreat to lurch from one to another of the limp forms which strewed the mole. While the chattering guns and the singing bullets kept him company, he sought here and there the thing which he still might save. Under the white glare of the rockets, he was the only living object in that field of death —and the siren shrieked above him in vain, calling him back, calling him away. Mr. Thruppy ignored it.

The siren ceased and the grappling anchors were frantically cut away. The Daffodil, her mission done, steamed away from her post to seaward, and the Vindictive started to move in the scend of the sea. It was then that above the parapet a symbolic figure arose. A man who rocked and swayed as he tottered toward the ship. Upon his shoulder was a burden, and blood covered his naked torso like a shawl.

From the Vindictive men and officers plunged forth to bring in this officer and man, and Mr. Thruppy, it seems, became a burden, too, as he reached the Vindictive's deck.

But Mr. Thruppy's faintness did not last, for as the Vindictive roared away from the mole, her fires leaping through her riddled funnels, her guns answering valiantly the blast of shell which followed her, one officer was brought into the crowded, reeking sick bay, and a wounded, half-naked sailor man with a limp bent over him, seeking his wounds, eagerly assuring all the world that this officer still lived, would live, must live. . . . In this he was quite correct, and Mr. Thruppy came back to port with the record of having officiated with a complete success as deck hand, fighting man, machine gunner, prize fighter, stretcher bearer and hospital orderly. It was also said of him that he made a very satisfactory patient.

By the time Mr. Thruppy was dismissed from the hospital the storming of Zeebrugge Mole and the blocking of the channel had become the news sensation of the year. By the time Mr. Thruppy returned to Liverpool it had become history. Mr. Thruppy, indeed, as he limped up the stairs of Clara May's home in Merton Street, carried in his pocket an evening paper which bore the last and most authentic record of the gallantry whereby that memorable success had been achieved.

It was Clara May who let him in, and it was she who stared at him with a peculiar mixture of solicitude, fear and poignant regret in her eyes.

"'Erb!" she cried, in a little scream of apprehension.

The sound of it brought in from the kitchen her father and Stoker Pentecost. The appearance of Stoker Pentecost at that moment was in itself an indication of the time which had elapsed during Mr. Thruppy's absence.

"'Ere," boomed Stoker Pentecost. "Wot's goin' on 'ere!" He spoke very possessively.

"'Erb," remonstrated Mr. Robinson, "I must say as 'ow I'm surprised. That you should come back to my 'ouse! That you should 'ave the witherin' cheek to come back 'ere!"

"Why not?" demanded 'Erb, staring at Stoker Pentecost meaningly. "I don't see any better man than wot I am."

"I should think that once 'aving gone into 'iding," said Mr. Robinson, "you'd of stayed there. It's a penitentiary crime to waylay members of 'Is Majesty's forces an' slug 'em with brass knuckles an' such."

At this Mr. Thruppy looked long and lovingly upon Stoker Pentecost.

"So that's your little tale," he scoffed. "Well, I didn't use no brass knuckles, Mr. Robinson; I used my fist. An' I 'aven't been in 'idin', neither."

"Then w'ere 'ave you been?" demanded Mr. Robinson.

"I've been to Zeebrugge," said Mr. Thruppy.

Silence fell with the emphasis of an exclamation point. Stoker Pentecost broke it.

"That's a likely story!" he roared. "You a deck 'and on a ferryboat!"

"If yer don't believe it," grinned Mr. Thruppy, "look at this."

HE JERKED from his pocket the evening paper, and flinging it open before them revealed to their startled gaze the headline:

ZEEBRUGGE VALOR AWARDS MADE PUBLIC

And there, proudly under the letter T stood the name of Dkhnd. Herbert Thruppy, R. N. V. R., awarded Conspicuous Gallantry Medal.

It was only natural that Clara May should draw close to Mr. Thruppy's shoulder the better to read his name upon the list. And it was only natural that Mr. Thruppy, to hold the paper open, should pass one arm about her shoulders. Thus, when Mr. Robinson somewhat rudely snatched the paper from his grasp so that he and Stoker Duncan Pentecost might have it to themselves, it was natural that Clara May should be left imprisoned in Mr. Thruppy's arms.

"Oh, 'Erb! 'Erb!" she sobbed quietly. "Oh, 'Erb, 'Erb, 'Erb. . . ."

"'Ere!" roared Mr. Pentecost. "'Oo do you think you're pawin' abaht, eh?"

He lunged forward but Mr. Robinson stood firmly in his way.

"Dunc'," said Mr. Robinson ominously, "I'm surprised at you."

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Just a Good Customer

Continued from page 18

of the theater, and I make my shows, for the most part, to please myself. If they get over with me, they're reasonably sure to get over with audiences. Sometimes I have to battle with my staff to get my stuff in.

Never Argue

"You might say that no musical can get over unless it has at least one great tune—and then someone mentions Kid Boots. You might say that no musical can get over unless it has comedy—and then some lad bobs up and points to Rio Rita. And you might say that a musical comedy must have real beauty of sets and costumes—and then it'll be just your luck to have someone say, 'How about Irene, mister?'

"Of course, in a 'book show' a good yarn is important.

"I never argue during a rehearsal. If I think a thing is good, it goes in, and if someone else thinks something is good and I think it's rotten, I say, 'All right, put it in and we'll see.' Then later it either stays in because it is good or it goes out.

"The funny thing is that often the men who write the book and lyrics or who compose the music for a show don't know when they've got something good. I remember when Ruby was casting about for a key number for The Five-O'Clock Girl. He came over to my apartment one afternoon all upset because he couldn't seem to hit one. He played over some of the stuff he had, and among them was the Thinking of You number. He didn't think it was so hot, but when he'd played it over I said to him, 'There's your key number: what are you kicking about?' And sure enough it turned out that way.

"Unlike a lot of producers, I always attend my own openings. I don't sit out front, but I'm backstage or else standing in the rear of the house. But I don't always stay for the final curtain—I wait for a spot where we've been counting on a big laugh, and if it doesn't come I duck out and wait for the boys to bring me the bad news."

A lot of producers will tell you what a wonderful training school the chorus is, and they'll point to a number of stars who have been graduated from it. But Goodman is skeptical.

Once He Took a Flyer

"On my ninety-ninth birthday, he said, "I hope to produce a show in which the chorus girls are beautiful and intelligent and gifted. But for the present I guess we'll have to worry along, draping the back of the ensemble with the beautiful dumb-bells and putting the unbeautiful but more talented steppers in the front.

"Every once in a while I say to myself, 'Phil, you ought to get out and learn about your chorus and its possibilities. You ought to have a chorus quiz and find out what each girl's aspirations are, whether she has any hidden talent, whether she is star material.' But I've never gotten around to it, and I don't suppose I ever will. I don't know where the Mary Eatons come from. They just seem to me to have always been finished products."

Goodman can well afford to trade only in finished products. When he wants a player he'll go out and get him by kidding, cajoling, flattery—and by offering a fatter salary than any other manager.

One interesting thing about seat sales that will probably be news to most theatergoers is the fact that the balcony and gallery sale has the most to do with the success or failure of a production.

"Unless a show does a brisk business upstairs, it can't last," Goodman said. "If the upstairs business is good, the business on the floor will grow, but it doesn't work the other way round. The people who sit in the balconies see just as many shows as the people who sit in the orchestras, but there's this difference between them: if your low-priced seats are sold out, you can sell a patron an orchestra seat at a higher price. But you can't sell floor customers on the idea of sitting aloft."

Despite the fact that his business is a large one, Goodman clings to the small, sparsely furnished office which he engaged in a remodeled Fifth Avenue dwelling when he started in show business. You have to enter an art gallery and take a small elevator to reach it, and when you get there you'll find only a great antique table and a few chairs. On the walls hang some antique vestments and some rare French prints.

Goodman's chief interest outside of the theater is philology. He has as large a collection of dictionaries as anyone in the world. And some day, he says, he's going to write a book on the subject—but he probably never will. Also he likes good food carefully selected and skillfully prepared and served.

Once he took a flyer in the publishing business for a short time. He didn't make much money, but he had an awful lot of fun. He published How's Your Second Act? by Arthur Hopkins, and George Jean Nathan's The Book Without a Title and In Defense of Women, by H. L. Mencken. With Mencken he wrote Do You Remember?—a series of mellow, tender reminiscences of old saloons, barber shops and cigar stores.

When he was young he had a tutor, and he's been busy self-uneducating himself since he was eighteen or nineteen. He's tried to spare his young daughter from having to go through the same process, and now he boasts that she's the most imperfectly "educated" child of whom he knows.

"She read Proust when few people in America had read him, and she was writing book reviews for The New York Tribune before she was seventeen."

Only Good Plays

Goodman is going to keep on producing musical comedies because he likes musical comedies, and the ones that please him apparently please the public. He wouldn't undertake to do a revue, because revues bore him. But he will produce legitimate plays if he can find any he likes.

"Next season," he said, "I'll produce any good play that interests me. But nobody ever sends *me* a good play. They think I'm too much of a musical-comedy man. They'll call up and offer me the road rights for Such-and-Such for $15,000. What do I care about the road rights for Such-and-Such? But if somebody'll bring me a play that gets me all worked up, I'll put it on—and I don't care what it costs.

"But, mind you, I'll produce only good plays. When my time comes they're going to have to say of me:

"'Well, there goes old Phil Goodman. He produced many flops, but not bad plays.'"

The tabloid editor's child gets hold of a copy of her father's paper

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Good night

It is early in the morning. The masque is over. In her hair there's strange perfume of crimson flowers; in her memory there's music soft and sweet as any prayer; and she lingers while her mirror tells her the tales it told ten thousand years ago . . . Warm, fleecy blankets beckon . . . The stars are her lamps and cool morning winds steal in the windows and she pulls the covers high and smiles and *sleeps*—and all the happy make-believers come and live her masquerade again in her dreams: a pink-cheeked chimney sweep whispers to a listening Cinderella; a fairy Princess and a pagan Pan rollick with Dutch millers in wooden shoon; Harlequin and lovely Columbine tell tales that hadn't any words; and 'round *her* a sad eyed clown in dots and puffs vies with a familiar "Emperor" in royal red. *She slept. Good night.* See you soon.

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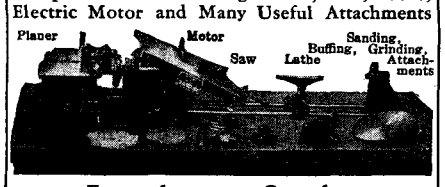

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Wings of Destiny

Continued from page 16

"A friend of mine, Miss Joyce Van Deusen, expected to sail for France about two weeks ago, for Red Cross work," he began. "Do you think it's possible—do you think there's any way you can find out whether she's here yet, and where she's located?"

The girl with the clear eyes wrote a name on a slip of paper and disappeared for a few minutes. When she returned, as quietly as she had gone, Joyce was with her.

JOYCE, it seems, had been addressing cartons of medicated gauze when the information girl had told her that a peach of a lieutenant in an English uniform was asking for her in the outside office. And Joyce had said, "He must be looking for someone else. I don't know any English officer." But the girl in the office had said, "Well, come and see him, anyhow. If you don't want him, I'll take him. I dreamed of losing money last night, and that's good luck. . . ."

Delavan learned these details about half an hour later while he and Joyce were waiting for a train for Versailles—this after she had been granted leave for the day. He only learned these details by listening carefully, her conversation at first being more or less disjointed because she couldn't walk up and down the station platform without breaking into an excited little dance step every so often—a terpsichorean hiccough, so to speak, brought on by too much excitement.

"And, oh, Mill, I'm so glad you enlisted in the British army," she said, admiringly stroking the sleeve of his uniform, "especially after our silly things acted the way they did. You got my letter—on the Paris?" she suddenly asked.

"Yes," said Dell.

"I wanted you to know!" she said in a low voice, and then with a hungry little squeal, "I feel so proud of you I hardly know what to do!"

Delavan, however, didn't feel so proud.

On the train she sat very close to him—so they could hear each other, you understand, without talking like two heralds on a balcony window.

"Have you done much flying?" she asked him once.

"A little," he nodded.

"Is it—awfully dangerous?"

"No; it's special work—very safe, really," he told her, carefully watching his words. "Dispatch flying, I suppose you could call it—carry correspondence and things like that. And once I flew to England and came back with a passenger—"

HER lips were slightly parted. Her eyes were wide with a childlike adoration.

Delavan laughed as he looked at her.

"Why are you laughing?" she quickly asked.

"My dear child," he murmured, "because you look so young."

"But I'm not so young," she protested. "Of course, I'm not old, either," she was careful to add, "but I was old enough to get my papers and be wrapping up medicated gauze when you came around this morning!"

They had a gorgeous day.

First of all they went to the Little Trianon where Marie Antoinette liked to keep house with her Louis whenever it was possible to steal away from the palace. Joyce and Dell looked into the drawing-room; they peeped into the kitchen; and they walked in the garden, too. When no one was looking, Dell picked a forbidden sprig of forget-me-not.

"Allow me, Marie, to give you this small bloom," he said with a gracious bow.

"Thanks, Louis, old kid," said Joyce. and gave him a court curtsy for his bow.

Next came lunch, in a mysterious little Café de Mazarin, where they were the only guests—a lunch that was as memorable for its contented, smiling silences as for its conversations regarding things past and still to come.

After lunch—and they didn't hurry—they went for a long rambling walk in the palace gardens—in the orangery—among quiet fountains—Dell saying once, "When I'm king of the world I'll give you this place if you like it," and Joyce pretending to tremble with joy and answering, "Oh, tempt me not with palaces, Your Majesty; I am but a young girl."

It was growing dark when they returned to Paris. Dell wanted Joyce to go to dinner with him, but she had an engagement. Upon examination, this engagement turned out to be with the chief of her department.

"I can see right now where you will fight tnis war in Paris," said Dell, an unreasoning feeling of jealousy stirring within him.

"Jealous as ever, Louis?" said Joyce. "In the first place, the chief of my department is married. I'm dining with him and his wife. And in the second place, I'm already booked for active service next week—somewhere up in the Rheims sector, if you're ever flying that way."

SO Dell took her to the hotel where she was staying, and walked with her to the alcove where an *ascenseur* had been built in the old stair-well.

"Good-by," he said then. "Of course—I may not see you again—but if I don't, I'd like you to know that—I've never had a happier day."

"Mill, dear, of course I know I shall see you again," she tremulously answered, "but if I don't—"

She lifted her face and he kissed her. A few minutes later he found himself in the street—his heart seething with tenderness and something large and scratchy in his throat. . . .

"You'd better be careful," Delavan told himself with a grimace as he walked along. "This may be how it took hold of Dad."

"Ah—but that's different," he answered, changing the grimace to a frown of impatience. "Joyce wouldn't make a monkey of anybody.

"Dad may have had the same idea," he told himself, "and it was Joyce's own aunt who sank him."

He ended the argument by calling on mechanics and mathematics—that is to say, he took out his watch and stared at the dial.

"A quarter to seven," he thought. "Time I started for the Lanterne or I'll be late."

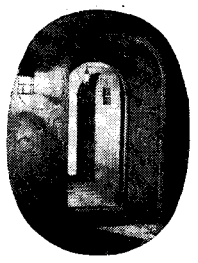
He wondered, his frown growing, if he would see Mitzi there again.

"And I wonder if Joyce knows that Mitzi's in Paris," he continued. "I doubt it, because she didn't say anything."

But Delavan hadn't said anything to Joyce about Mitzi, he remembered.

"Mitzi never tried to hide it—that she was pro-German. I don't know what Joyce would think if she saw her here now, running around with an English major. Perhaps I ought to tell Mitzi—to put her on her guard."

(*Continued on page 48*)



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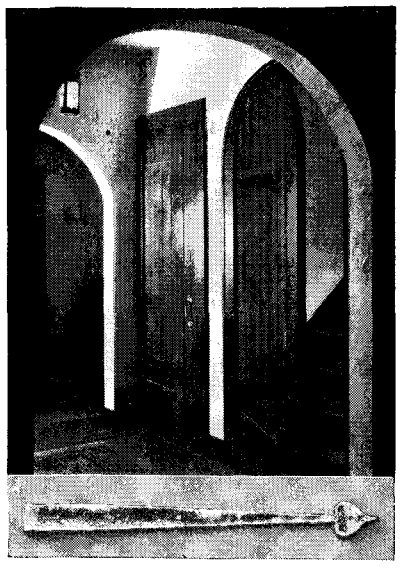

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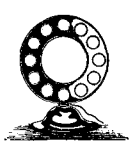

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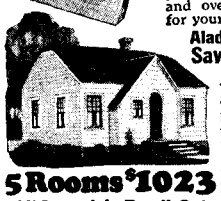
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(Continued from page 47)

He found a seat at the same table where he had dined the night before—a seat from which he could watch the other diners and the door as well. But no matter how hard he watched, no dark, piquant little figure was presently giving him a charming wink of recognition; no graceful, jeweled hand was writing a note on cigarette paper and sending it to him mysteriously by a waiter.

From time to time the manager strode among the tables, keeping his eye on the business, ready to act at a moment's notice if anyone wished to complain of the service or buy a picture. On one of his brisk jaunts about the room he stopped and spoke confidentially into Dell's ear:

"You are a friend, I believe, of M. Goya, who lives next door? . . . Ah, yes; he said I would not mistake you. He wishes to see you as soon as dinner is over. *Pas du tout*, M'sieur. . . ."

And descending into English to demonstrate his cosmopolitanism, he concluded, "Halways please' to o-blig' "

DELAVAN finished his coffee and a few minutes later was ringing the bell next door. The concierge was still at her embroidery, for all the world like some old sister of the Fates. Dell climbed the stairs till he came to M. Goya's name; and after knocking with no result he opened the door and entered.

The outer office was empty. No camouflaging clerks were at the card-index cabinets—no human addressographs were compiling lists of names. But from down the corridor of the suite Delavan heard two voices. Both were speaking in Spanish; but Dell hadn't been there long, wondering whether he ought to slam a door or announce his presence with a cough, when he became convinced that one of those voices belonged to M. Goya—and the other to Mitzi herself.

"It's like an Italian opera," he thought uneasily. "I can't understand a word they're saying, but I can catch the drift of it."

And the drift of it went both backward and forward as far as the human race. As Antony felt toward Cleopatra, so M. Goya felt toward the Baroness Von Seidler of the piquant figure and provoking eyes. But instead of appreciating his attentions apparently the only emotion which they aroused in Mitzi was amusement.

M. Goya grew more and more eloquent—more and more insistent, until Mitzi laughed and said something—a short, clear something—which for a moment seemed to end the party.

"She probably told him how funny he looks," thought Dell, smiling in spite of himself.

M. Goya spoke again—with purpose, more than passion, this time in his voice.

"'Funny or not, I'll have a kiss!' " roughly translated Dell; and just as Mitzi came running down the hall, M. Goya in pursuit, Delavan managed to open the door and shut it with a bang—his cap on the back of his head, whistling Over There, as though he had just arrived.

"WHY, Mill!" laughed Mitzi, almost running into his arms. "Please do not think us childish, but little 'Fonso here is getting fat, and the only way I can persuade him to reduce is to run races with him up and down the hall. After a while, when he is more presentable, we shall run up and down the Bois."

"So you two know each other," interrupted M. Goya, evidently none too pleased either with Mitzi's banter or Delavan's appearance.

There was hidden significance in the smile which Mitzi gave to Dell from underneath her eyelashes.

"Know each other?" she repeated. "Do two people ever know each other—when they are engaged to marry?" she gently asked.

Searching his memory, Dell wondered if he had not read something like this.

To escape unwelcome attentions, a girl pretends an engagement. Obviously it was up to the man to play the game for her—and not a difficult thing to do, he thought, still responding to the smile from beneath Mitzi's eyelashes.

And whether or not she had said it, Goya *did* look funny—a fat little fool who insisted on being taken seriously. Dell had not forgotten his first welcome at No. 37. It would be a pleasure to help deflate such importance.

"I'm not sure, Mitzi," he said, "that I approve of these races with M. Goya. The cause, I must confess, is a good one, but if I did not know you so well—"

M. Goya's dislike of the young American almost seemed to leap from a smolder to a sudden flash of flame.

"You think I sent for you to play the fool like this?" he asked. "Then let me remind you that here, from these headquarters, we are dealing with a war—not a comedy. So you two know each other as well as that, do you?" he continued with a challenging ring in his voice. "Good! Then I will put you both on the same job tomorrow night and in that way you will not be separated."

He bowed them in satiric direction along the corridor which led to his private office.

"For one thing," he continued, seating himself at his desk, "I am sick of the complaints which I am continually receiving from headquarters. 'Why have you no news?' 'Why didn't you tell us about the French drive at Soissons?' 'You are sending us nothing but commonplace gossip which would be uninteresting even if true.' And all the time they are urging me to make a bold stroke—reminding me that wars are not always won on the battlefields—that there is plenty of room for effort behind the lines."

"THAT'S one of the penalties of being Chief—receiving letters like that," said Mitzi with a graceful wave of her hand.

"Penalty or not," said M. Goya, "I am tired of it! They want a bold stroke? They shall have it! They shall have it without delay!"

"Sounds as though you have something good in mind," said Mitzi, who was beginning to listen more attentively.

"You shall judge for yourself," said the other, lowering his voice. "Among the other commonplace gossip which I acquired today is the fact that the British Premier arrives in Paris at four-thirty tomorrow afternoon. He dines with Clemenceau that evening, and later they call together to see Poincaré.

"What of that?" he echoed. "I will tell you! In crossing the Channel tomorrow he will have the protection of steel nets against our submarines, but in Paris there are no steel nets! In crossing the sidewalk, for instance, to Poincaré's door, there is nothing to protect him from being sunk if one of our human submarines is waiting there with a miniature torpedo!"

"You mean you would have him assassinated?" demanded Mitzi, her look of attention deepening.

"Why frighten yourself at a word?" retorted Goya. "Let us say that I will have him removed. And let us say that I will have him removed in such a way that the world will believe that an American has done it! Ah! Now you see the boldness of my stroke?" Not only will a dangerous enemy be out of the way but the Allies will be split beyond repair."

"How do you mean—the world will believe that an American has done it?" asked Delavan, seeing in this some prophetic distortion of himself.

"I do not know whether I can penetrate your perceptions by a simple statement," said the other, "but as the Premier falls you shout in a loud voice, 'With love from your friends in America—' "

"Fantastic!" muttered Mitzi.

"But I tell you it is not fantastic!" protested Goya. "It is simplicity itself. Always before, in these confidential visits, the Premier's car has been followed by one other machine from the *Sûreté Général*. Now!"

HE TURNED to the map of Paris on the wall.

"After leaving Clemenceau's, the two cars will drive toward the rue St. Honoré, the Premier's car ahead, the *Sûreté* car behind. But as the latter car starts, it will be struck from the rear by one of our boys in a taxi. You two will be in a fourth car, just behind the taxi, and, carefully avoiding the collision, you swing around and follow the Premier's car, as though you were now his guard of honor. When he stops at the Élysée, our clever young American here jumps out as though to assist him, but instead of that he will shoot the most famous shot of the war. Then shouting loudly, 'With love from your friends in America!' he will run back to his own waiting car—where you, Baroness, will be awaiting him, though holding yourself concealed—and there you are, less than a minute later, on the Champs Élysées, and the war is virtually over within the next twenty-four hours."

Yes—at least Dell could see that. If the British could be made to believe that their dynamic Prime Minister had been shot by an American, there wouldn't be much coöperation left between the two nations—and still less between the two armies. A queer twist of Fate: if a war which had been kindled by one assassination should be extinguished by another!

"But what shall I do?" thought Dell. "Refuse, and have somebody else try it? Or say I'll do it and then have 'engine trouble'?"

Meanwhile Mitzi was saying in a low voice, "You are joking, Alfonso."

"Joking?" said Goya, his eyes shining. "What? You think I would joke when Heaven has given me an inspiration like this?"

"'Heaven!' " she mocked.

"Heaven, or the god of battles—whatever you will," he blithely answered. "Joking? Not I! And let me tell you this, my little racing friend! If I write to headquarters of my plan, and add that you refused to help me—and so great an opportunity to win the war was lost, perhaps forever—it will not be a joking matter for you, either."

"BUT to shoot a man in cold blood—without giving him a chance."

"Why not?" demanded Goya. "All war nowadays is carried on in cold blood. They teach a man to fire a high explosive shell at an invisible target. What does he care who is killed—or whether his victims have a chance or not? This visitor who comes to Paris tomorrow: he tells of the millions of high explosive shells which he has had made and shipped to the front. So how can he object now at just one little cartridge being shipped to his own private front—with love from his friends in America?"

"You are crazy," said Mitzi.

"I may be crazy now," exulted Goya,

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"but I shall be a great man the day after tomorrow."

"The British Premier is guarded in every possible way," protested Mitzi. "What you are proposing is simple suicide for those who attempt it!"

"Not if you are clever."

"What I can't understand is this," said Delavan, who had just arrived at his decision. "Why should the Baroness be in the taxi—especially if she's to hide herself?"

"What you can't understand is more than that," said Goya contemptuously. "But please try and grasp this much—if nature permits. After the Premier falls, you escape in a car which is apparently empty. But as soon as you leave the scene and turn the first corner, the Baroness raises herself from the floor where she has been concealed, and you are a young officer escorting a charming young lady across the city and not a lonely figure who has just made history. In other words, the presence of the Baroness permits you to escape. Now do you understand why she is to be in the car?"

"But suppose I don't escape?" persisted Dell. "Suppose one of his bodyguard gets me? Then what becomes of the Baroness?"

AGAIN Goya's smoldering spirit suddenly seemed to break into an open flame.

"Who do you think is the Chief around here?" he snapped. "What do you want? Something safe, like playing marbles? Do you think this war is being fought with rosebuds?"

He arose from his desk and strode to the wall on which was hung a picture of a bull-fight—a lithe Castilian dealing death to a clumsy, hulking bull from the north. Beneath this picture were two crossed swords; and snatching up one of these, he made a feint at Dell.

"War is a battle of men—not roses," he said. "It is not for the chicken-hearted. It is not—as you say in your United States—it is not for the tame rooster!"

Warmer than ever from his own heat, he feinted again—probably expecting Delavan to draw back—or even to make for the door which led to the stairs. But instead of this his visitor sat as quietly as before. Goya's blade, expecting to find nothing, found an unresisting mark instead.

The edge of his sword drew a sudden red line across Delavan's cheek.

The door unexpectedly opened and two men looked in—one of whom Dell had seen in the outside office on his first visit to No. 37.

"Did anyone call?" asked this one.

"Yes," said Mitzi. "I think I screamed. Goya is beside himself. Do something to stop him, can't you?"

BUT Dell was attending to that. Feeling the hot flash on his face, he had sprung to the rack and had snatched the other sword from the pegs. "If we're to fence," he said, "let us start even," and with a darting thrust, he lightly touched his blade to Goya's neck, giving, if anything, a little more than he had received.

"Be careful," said Mitzi, speaking in a guarded voice to Dell. "It isn't the first time he has done this. He studied at Heidelberg."

"He should have come to Staten Island," said Delavan, and the next moment was parrying a vengeful attack. The two men had entered and had shut the door. It soon became apparent that neither bore any love for Goya—they neither looked hopeful when he attacked nor sorry when he failed—but there was something in their expressions—something which was at once attentive and slightly sour—by which it was apparent that they expected him to gain the victory.

And indeed Goya seemed to be in his element, posturing and flinging about with all the classic grace of the fencing master—left arm bent out and upward like a figure in an Egyptian bas-relief—right foot advanced and almost tapping out the rhythm of one of those dances of death.

A prickle went up and down Delavan's back, as Sterne's line flashed through his mind: "To be alone with your sword; to live or to die depending on your knowledge of twisting your wrist."

He caught a glimpse of the two men—watching as though for the inevitable—and then, swinging around, he saw that Mitzi, too, would hardly have served as model for a monument of Hope. To encourage her, the next time he parried Goya's attack he added a disconcerting thrust of his own—a thrust which made Mitzi catch her breath as though she could hardly believe what she had seen.

"Alfonso," she said to Goya then, speaking slowly and distinctly so that everyone in the room could hear it, "I want you to stop this—please. You started it yourself, and if anything happens, you have only yourself to blame."

Goya, beginning to breathe hard, answered, "I started it, yes. And I'll stop it soon enough!"

Bit by bit, the fencing match had become a fight. The pretty gestures of the left arms were forgotten; and so were the rhythmic "Tap-tap-tap" of the dancing feet. The swords were no longer fencing foils; they were thirsty tongues of steel—click-clicking with impatience whenever they met each other instead of what they sought.

It was, in its way, symbolic of the larger warfare to the north.

GOYA probably wished, with all his heart, that he had never snatched his sword from the wall; but having started, it was more dangerous to stop than to continue. If he lowered his sword, Dell's point might find his throat before he could speak. Whereas if he continued, one lucky stroke might win the victory. If, for instance, by crouching low, he could get beneath his opponent's guard. . . .

Lower and still lower he crouched; craftily, imperceptibly, not to put the other on his guard. But fractions of an inch, however invisible one by one, became apparent to the eye when added together often enough; and seeing his antagonist, so to speak, descending the *ascenseur*, Dell recalled a pithy line from Dumas: "The fencer who plays low has that advantage; but he lays himself open from above."

Goya, lunging upward and forward, might have been reminded of the line when he felt Dell's blade across the side of his neck.

"Don't be a fool, Goya," said Dell as he saw the other wince. "You started it. Now stop it."

Goya's reply was a vicious swing of his sword—an attack which in a boxing match is generally described as a gas-house swing—devoid of either reason or art. Dell sprang out of reach and Goya dashed in, swinging at him again. And then, as abruptly as this, the fight was over. Goya, rushing forward, had impaled himself on Delavan's protecting point—impaled himself like a moth on a pin. . . .

A few minutes later Mitzi said, "I will make out a report to be sent to headquarters. You must all sign it as witnesses." And later still, going down the stairs alone with Delavan, she stopped and whispered, "Confess, now. You know it as well as I do. You killed him because he tried to kiss me!"

(To be continued next week)

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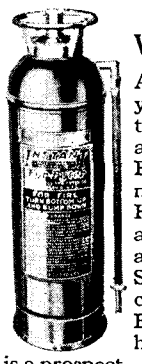

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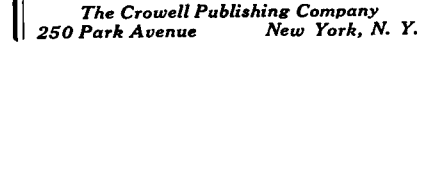

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Side Trips Included

Continued from page 13

ship goes on from Singapore to Penang. We can go up to Kuala Lumpor by train or motor, spend a day there, proceed to Penang and rejoin the ship. It will also enable me to escape from my tour party for three or four days, thank Heaven."

"Harold," I said, "you have a genuine idea. We shall go to Kuala Lumpor."

I immediately borrowed a map and found the magic city midway between the two ports of call, but it was an English map and there is no way to compute mileage if you are looking at a British map. People who lay out English maps have a notion that it is silly to want to know the exact distance from one spot to another, so they discourage investigation. True, they insert a scale of miles at the bottom, but it is not the American system of so many miles to the inch. Kuala Lumpor looked to me like a town that would be about two hundred miles down the road. We began inquiring of tourists, stray Englishmen, or traveled Americans. Harold asked people on the port deck and I took the opposite side of the ship. The result was surprising when we next met.

It became a game. Harold and I, at first only lukewarm, now seethed with eagerness to reach Kuala Lumpor and when the Hillary Castle finally pulled into Singapore, we dashed ashore and asked natives if they had ever been to the mystic city, how they went there and how much it cost. Everyone agreed that a man who traveled to the Malay Peninsula and missed Kuala Lumpor ought to have his head examined. Harold neglected his tour party and I spent my time with owners of motor cars, and for three days the enterprise hung in mid-air.

Fate Was Against Us

Nobody knew where Kuala Lumpor was or how to get there. Old-time drivers who had been over the road once could not remember whether it was paved or mud. When it came to prices, the highest figure asked for what would be a brief motor trip in America was five hundred dollars. There was no lowest price. Garages and private owners wanted to know "what will I do with my car after I get to Kuala Lumpor?" It never occurred to anyone that he could drive his car back to Singapore and quietly resume former habits of life. As for taking a train, we were informed it was out of the question. The coaches were not intended for white men, they told us. Mosquitoes came out of their swamps and devoured strangers. Evil reptiles and poisonous insects crawled along the right of way, stinging everyone.

We tried hard to get to this garden-spot city, hidden away in the central valley of the Malay Peninsula, but it was not to be. Fate was against us and Harold mourned and was abrupt with his tourists. He became gloomy and refused to look at any of the interesting sights in Singapore.

There are three hundred thousand Chinamen in Singapore, thirty thousand white men and women and a sprinkling of Malays, Arabs, Hindus, Japs and others, and when there is a fire alarm, all try to attend in person. Street cars put aside business when the fire-engine clangs and the motorman, who has no rails to guide him, goes as far as possible, while his passengers lean out the windows and cheer the brave fire laddies.

The reason for this undue excitement over a conflagration is that life is pretty dull in Singapore, say what you will. The main attraction is food and the main occupation is eating and the Chinese have no meals or meal hours. Breakfast means nothing to a Chink, especially a Singapore Chink, and he never heard of lunch or dinner.

His notion is to eat all the time and he does fairly well. His only hours for not eating are those devoted to slumber and he likes to sit down in the middle of a busy street, surrounded by rushing traffic and five hundred others and consume food. He is assisted in his gastronomic adventures by ambulant Chinese food-sellers, who carry edibles in boxes and distribute them from morning till night. Chinese women do not eat at all, which is a good system, and in our country would permit many ardent young males to get married, instead of waiting two years. Further, I doubt if there are any Chinese women, and though there must be a few around, one never sees them. Harold boasted of having seen several carrying small barrels, but so many Chinese men look like women that the chances are Harold was mistaken.

We knocked about Singapore for several days, talked hopelessly of Kuala Lumpor and sailed away to Penang, which is where the tin comes from—not ordinary tin, like the roof of a country garage, but silvery looking blocks, two feet long and a foot thick, and called either pigs or pickles.

Mrs. Southard, the ship's soprano, approached Harold again with soft words concerning the concert, the big, official concert, which was to provide unique entertainment for all on board and provide a fund for the boiler-room crew.

By and large, there had been a deal of dissension over this concert, dissension that started far back in the Pacific, when the entertainment committee fell into a squabble and almost came to blows. It seems that every ship should have a concert at some time during the voyage, and that the principal purpose of a ship's concert is to demonstrate that the average human animal is not a talented creature at all but a blithering idiot, especially when he stands up to amuse, entertain and instruct.

There are various ways to raise money for the boys down in the boiler-room. The official concert is one of them, and the fancy dress ball is another. The marine fancy dress ball is still popular on some ships and on some oceans, but there are no longer masquerade balls on the Hillary Castle. There will never be a mask ball or a fancy dress soirée on any ship commanded by Captain Carter Oakes, and it was astonishing to learn why this was so. After seven voyages the captain commenced to say "no" to eager ladies and of course they dispatched letters to the Line, asking that he be discharged.

Captain Oakes discovered that if he permitted such balls to be held, the male passengers went too far. That is the way he put it.

"They go too far," he said to me. "Sailormen certainly learn about people."

There is, perhaps, no object in existence quite as repellent as an elderly, obese male clad in his wife's clothing, and Captain Oakes suffered intensely for six trips and passed a new rule—no more fancy costume balls on his steamboat.

"I'm as liberal as anybody," he stated, "but there are limits. I wish you could have seen some of the things I've seen."

The fancy ball being elided, there remained only the official concert, and before she finished with him Mrs. Southard persuaded the good-natured Harold to take charge, act as master of ceremonies, arrange the program and settle disputes.

To begin with, a formal ship's concert and vaudeville show is probably the world's saddest form of entertainment, and if it occurred ashore, everyone would leave the room. You cannot escape aboard ship. Once you sit down, you are fixed for the evening and if you leave your seat you insult not only the performer of the instant, but her father and mother, who are sitting beside you. You are marked thereafter as a vicious character and everyone avoids you until you leave the ship in disgrace.

A Banker Turns Indian

Mr. Demuth took command in a masterly way, printed a program, summoned his entertainers on a calm evening at sea, and started off. Harold was excellent and the jolly way he introduced people was a caution. By mere luck I fell heir to a seat near an exit and was able to come and go quietly. Soon after eight the passengers filed into the ship's lounge, upon each face a look of smiling expectation, and the ceremonies started at full speed.

"The first number," Harold declared, gazing at a sheet of paper, "is Mr. Jasper Clarke in an Indian tribal song."

I had known Mr. Clarke since the beginning of our voyage: a tall, heavy, somber man, who said very little to the passengers, and was described as vice president of an American trust company. He was dignified, as becomes a banker, and when in discourse his conversation dribbled with heavy facts. To my intense surprise, Mr. Clarke suddenly bounded into the lounge, before a mixed audience, painted a violent red, wearing a blanket and carrying a spear.

Never intended to sing, he began singing, howling in what he probably regarded as the Indian manner, dancing with the creaky awkwardness of middle age, and thrusting his spear at the smiling faces before him. He had painted his chest, head, legs and arms, and wore black beads, which he had borrowed from Mrs. Lewis. After screeching desperately for several moments, he suddenly subsided, folded his blanket and slid out a side door, and I wondered what his board of directors would have said about it. In the corridor I met him on his way to remove the atrocious costume. He had already become a banker again. His mad spell was ended; and later in the evening many of the spectators said Mr. Clarke was excellent in his Indian specialty, although nobody knew what it was.

Mrs. Southard sang a high-toned piece from the classics and everyone said it was as good as grand opera. Harold announced that as a special bit Mr. Crawford would play on his steel guitar, which the young man proceeded to do without further delay.

There was a certain shyness about him, for he appeared by magic from nowhere, sat on the floor among the legs of the four-piece orchestra and in a highly embarrassed manner began to play on his steel guitar before the band could catch up with him, or discover what he was doing, or what tune he was playing.

Our audience held its breath during the Crawford selection and mothers hushed their children, but it was in vain. You could not tell remotely what

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Mr. Crawford was doing, down there on the floor. He might have been shelling peas, for he was not producing noise of any kind. It had been my previous notion that a steel guitar is a fairly noisy machine and can be heard afar, yet here was Mr. Crawford, crouched over his instrument, apparently playing to himself. When he concluded, he rose blushingly to his feet and the audience thereby knew his turn was over. He was politely applauded, not to the extent of an encore, and faded from the room as silently as he had come. Mrs. Southard dashed back to sing another trifle from grand opera, which she had apparently forgotten, and Harold introduced a child dancer, who kicked feebly for ten minutes amidst the admiring comment of the mothers present and wound up trying vainly to do the split.

Pictures of Life in India

Followed special motion pictures of life in India, by Mr. John N. Buell, who was a shark with a movie camera. Mr. Buell was a small, gray, excitable man with a red face, a veteran globe trotter, raconteur and an authority on Asia. He joined our ship in China and was immediately recognized as the amateur motion-picture expert. What he didn't know about hand cameras, nobody knew. There were thirty photography fiends in our original company and they all bowed before Mr. Buell, recognizing the master. We had been hearing of his India pictures for days and days.

"I may show them," he said modestly, soon after he became a passenger.

"Oh, do, Mr. Buell," everyone pleaded, for we were all warmly interested in India, and it was Mrs. Southard who advised chucking the moving-picture specialty into the concert. After she had concluded the entertainment with a rare little gem from another opera, everyone had to move, so that Mr. Buell could set up and project.

Four or five passengers helped him in the early stages and later eight or nine others joined in, carrying chairs, tables, pieces of cloth, pieces of wire, boards, nails, mosquito netting, electric globes and virtually everything needed for a showing of amateur pictures of life in India. A small screen was erected in a corner of the lounge by the simple process of nailing a tablecloth against a marine seascape and partly destroying that section of the ship and while the prospective spectators flattened themselves against walls Mr. Buell hurried here and there, blowing out ship's fuses and stepping on old ladies who were too weary to stand aside. He placed his projecting machine in position in one hour and twenty minutes, and thirty minutes later the first bit of life in India flashed upon the screen. Owing to minor defects in the ship's lighting system, Mr. Buell explained, he was working with the wrong wires and the projection was imperfect.

The screen contained large wrinkles and so produced distortion and for the first reel nothing could be noticed except a small pig climbing out of a ditch. It was an Indian pig, but it looked like practically any pig. Mr. Buell acted as his own announcer and identified each sequence as it passed, and that was a good idea. The pig returned endlessly and continued to climb out of the same ditch, and I doubt if one hundred or more interested passengers ever saw a shoat climb from a ditch so persistently. The rest of the picture was a muddy blur, punctuated by lightning flashes and total breakdown of the machinery. Promptly on the stroke of twelve I decided I had seen enough potential pork chops in the act of leaving a ditch and I retired. Esther had long since deserted the concert. The next day I heard that Mr. Buell had spent the night in the deserted lounge putting his machine together. His enthusiasm was undimmed, for I saw him on deck in the morning sun, taking movies of a flock of gulls four miles away.

The official ship's orchestra of the Hillary Castle had always saddened me because its members were so young and lacking in judgment. They were, first of all, poor boys wishful to see the world, playing their way across the seven seas, and I always felt blue when I looked at those four boys: Joe, Henry, Arthur and Gabrielle. Never did I find fault with their playing, for they tried their best and were tireless. Joe played the piano, Henry beat several drums and a triangle, Arthur was a saxophone addict and Gabrielle would be a violinist if he lived.

They signed up in New York and faced a number of definite and discouraging prospects. Their home was the after part of the ship, the lower deck, where the coolie hands played mah jong and fan tan. They were not permitted to associate with the paying guests, or to promenade the walking deck, eat with the passengers, play games with the lads their own age, or flirt with the girls. It was a dismal life, with nothing in it to promote a superiority complex.

Yet the youngsters maintained a jolly air, played their tunes indefatigably, retired to their lowly cabins, ate their solitary meals and looked forward to seeing the great wide world. Being young they fell into trouble not of their own making but due to the conviviality of passengers. Eleven o'clock was shutting-down hour on the Hillary Castle for music. Long before that the elders were in bed. Dancing came to a stop one hour before midnight, yet there was an occasional "party" in the lounge or elsewhere and gay passengers, jolly with wine, invited the four boys to continue the music; not only invited them but handed them small sums of money and wet their youthful beaks in the juice of the grape, so that people like Mrs. Harris had reason to complain and did complain that gangs of hoodlums made the night fearful.

Too Much Water

These parties usually happened just before the Hillary Castle was due in Japan, China, Manila, the Malay Straits, India, or elsewhere, and the four youthful globe-trotters were in hard luck, for upon breaking the ship's rule by harmonizing for insistent passengers they were disciplined and the punishment was always the same—cancellation of shore leave.

When laughing, excited throngs left the ship at our first Japanese port, I looked back and beheld four sorrowful boys sitting on a hatch cover. They had been forbidden to go ashore for flagrantly playing their instruments into the middle of a certain night at sea. Down in China they again surveyed a foreign land through the circular face of a porthole, and in Java they sat glumly on deck when the tourists departed. We got almost to India before the quartette kicked their shoes against dry land, and their world tour was largely a failure.

"Why don't you boys behave yourselves?" I inquired of Joe.

"Mister," he said, "you can't have no fun on a boat. We're going back to Seattle and get a job in a movie theater."

"What about seeing the world?"

"Land is what I like," said he sadly. "There's too much water in the world."

And so on to Naples, the Land of Romance or something. In next week's Collier's.

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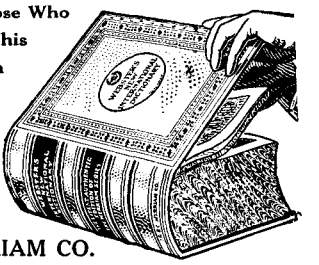

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Don't bother about Drafts

Continued from page 19

physical handicap has a congenitally poor capillary circulation, or circulation of the small blood vessels situated in the extremities. Such people have to be very careful in severe weather for fear of chilblains, but they often overdo the warming process. The wearing of light-weight wool on the hands and feet, especially at night, is better than subjecting the small vessels to extremes of heat, however good it may feel at the time.

The person who has acquired the habit of cold hands and feet should take active measures to break it, rather than attempt to coddle it. Mechanical stimulants to the circulation are infinitely better than thermal stimulants. The person whose vessels are normal (and it is fairly easy to determine this because the hands and feet, while cold, are not blanched in color) but who still "feels the cold" unduly *needs exercise*. He has grown lazy, and he should be ashamed to ask a hot-water bottle or a hot bath to do his physiological work for him. The slowing up of the capillary circulation is merely an indication of a slowing up of the whole circulation. The heart will not do all the work alone. It expects help from the muscles, and if the muscles get lazy the heart follows suit. The brain worker and the office worker and the inactive idler make up the class of persons who feel the cold unduly. While I haven't any statistics on the subject I believe it would be hard to find a manual worker or day laborer who suffers from cold, working or idle.

The Bath in Winter

One of the worst effects of fear of the cold is its influence on our attitude toward baths in cold weather. Naturally, the bath changes its function when we are no longer perspiring freely, and when we do not need its help to keep cool. Moreover, from the standpoint of cleanliness baths are not as necessary in the winter as they are in the summer. But the bath is no more dangerous in the wintertime than it is in hot weather, *if* it is not overheated to make up for the temperature outside. A bath at any time of year is best taken not too hot and for not too long a time, and in winter this is particularly true. The feeling of warmth that follows a very hot bath is transitory at best, and in the average person is followed by chilling, because it dilates all the skin capillaries and subjects them to the cooling of the air. Therefore the person who takes a hot bath in winter to warm himself up is fooling himself. He does not really absorb any of the heat of the water.

For the person whose circulation is sluggish anyway this hot-water treatment is a poor idea unless he follows it immediately with cold splashing, which he practically never does.

Cold air alone is enough of a stimulus for most people in winter. There is no particular virtue in being Spartan about the morning shower. Half of its virtue anyway is psychological, and if you don't enjoy it you are making a martyr of yourself unnecessarily. All that is needed is the first gasp of surprise and shock, which expands the lungs to their capacity and then completely empties them, and such a gasp follows a simple splashing of the chest with cold water. It is not necessary to undergo the ordeal of leaping into and out of an ice-cold tub. However, when people say, "I can't take a cold bath: I don't get any reaction," they are seldom quite honest. What they really mean is, "I haven't the nerve to get into a cold bath," which is nothing to be ashamed of.

Discretion may be the better part of valor, but discretion in matters of self-care in winter is apt to degenerate into self-coddling.

Although they say we are living longer in these days, I can't see that we gain anything by getting soft. Certainly the cold in the head is becoming more of a problem every year. We carry discretion to such extremes that some of us are afraid to change to lighter-weight clothes during the day when the temperature goes up, and some women continue to wear their fur coats during a hot spell in the winter because they are afraid to leave them off. Children suffer dreadfully from such coddling. Mother puts on a heavy shirt on a cold autumn day, and won't take it off when the temperature goes up to summer heat.

Winter, certainly, should not be treated as an enemy, something to be feared and dreaded; but rather as a friend, whose good points we appreciate and to whose faults we adapt ourselves, to our advantage.

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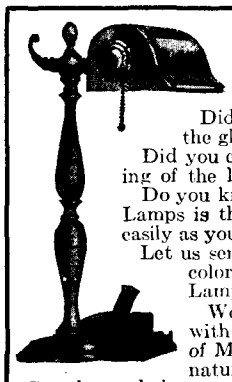

3 Pointed Questions
with interesting answers which you can supply

Did you ever experience the inconvenience of replacing a bulb within the glass shade of a portable electric lamp?
Did you ever break a shade and experience the total dismantling and rewiring of the lamp?
Do you know that the patented slotted-back shade on Faries VERDELITE Lamps is the only shade that will lift out of position as easily as you would remove a key from a lock?
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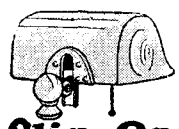

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Consult your dealer or write us about VERDELITES, "The Lamps of Service."
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All our Life like that!

Continued from page 23

Bare! No green curtains, no chintz covers, no Ruth! Oh, God, had he lost her?

He flung himself up the stairs to Mrs. Murphy's.

"Mrs. Murphy, where's Ruth?"

"Hello, Jim."

"Where's Ruth?"

"She moved away a month ago."

"Where?"

"Let's see, she left an address."

Drawers, papers, envelopes, eternity.

"Here it is—156 East 157th."

He turned and raced down the stairs. For weeks he had dreamed of this return, pictured her sitting in the cozy little room waiting—hug, kiss, ecstasy. Instead she was gone. Suppose—suppose she didn't want him! Suppose she was happier without him. Suppose she wouldn't take him back!

He threw open the street door. Coming up the steps was a girl. It was—

"Ruth!"

A little gasp, a little cry—

"Jim!"

THEY melted together. The snow fell on their faces. A taxi driver honked a derisive horn as he passed.

"Oh, Baby!"

"Jim, dear, have you really come back?"

"For keeps, Baby. Do you want me?"

"Do I want you!"

Kiss, kiss.

"Why did you move away?"

"I couldn't stand it, Jim, without you. I used to cry every time I looked at your chair. And I used to come around sometimes—like tonight—and pretend that you were here."

"Baby!"

They found themselves laughing and crying and feeling absurdly happy.

"I'm going back in a garage, Ruth."

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"And I'm quitting my job in the morning."

Laughter, tears, kisses.

"Weren't we the silly fools, though?"

"Weren't we!"

"Let's take the old flat back again and fix it up just as it was."

"Let's!"

"It will be just like starting all over."

"Tonight you can come down to my room. I got a little room down on 157th Street. I couldn't stand the flat alone."

"Let's go—I want to get you alone, Baby."

ROOM on 157th Street. Canned peaches, bologna sandwiches. Ruth on the edge of the table. Jim smiling up.

Murphy bed. Lights out. Another street lamp square on the wall. Ruth's head on Jim's shoulder.

"Happy, Jim?"

"Happy, Baby."

"Jim, it's great having you back!"

"It's great to be back, Baby."

Silence. Eyes smiling in the dark.

"Jim, dear, don't you think it will be cold with the window up so far?"

"No. It's all right."

"It'll be cold by morning."

"No, it won't."

"It will, Jim."

"Oh, all right then. I'll close it."

Jim climbing out of bed. Jim grumbling. Jim closing window.

"Jim, I didn't mean to shut it all the way."

"You wanted it closed."

"Not all the way. And you didn't have to slam it like that."

"All right."

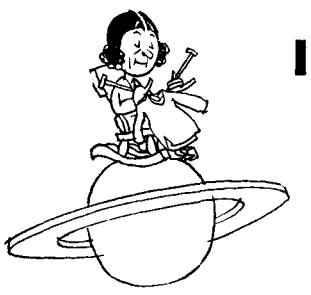
Jim opening window part way. Jim climbing back into bed. Ruth's head on Jim's shoulder.

"Oh, Jim, wasn't it sweet the way we met tonight?"

"It sure was, Baby."

"All our life's going to be like that, Jim."

"All our life, Baby."



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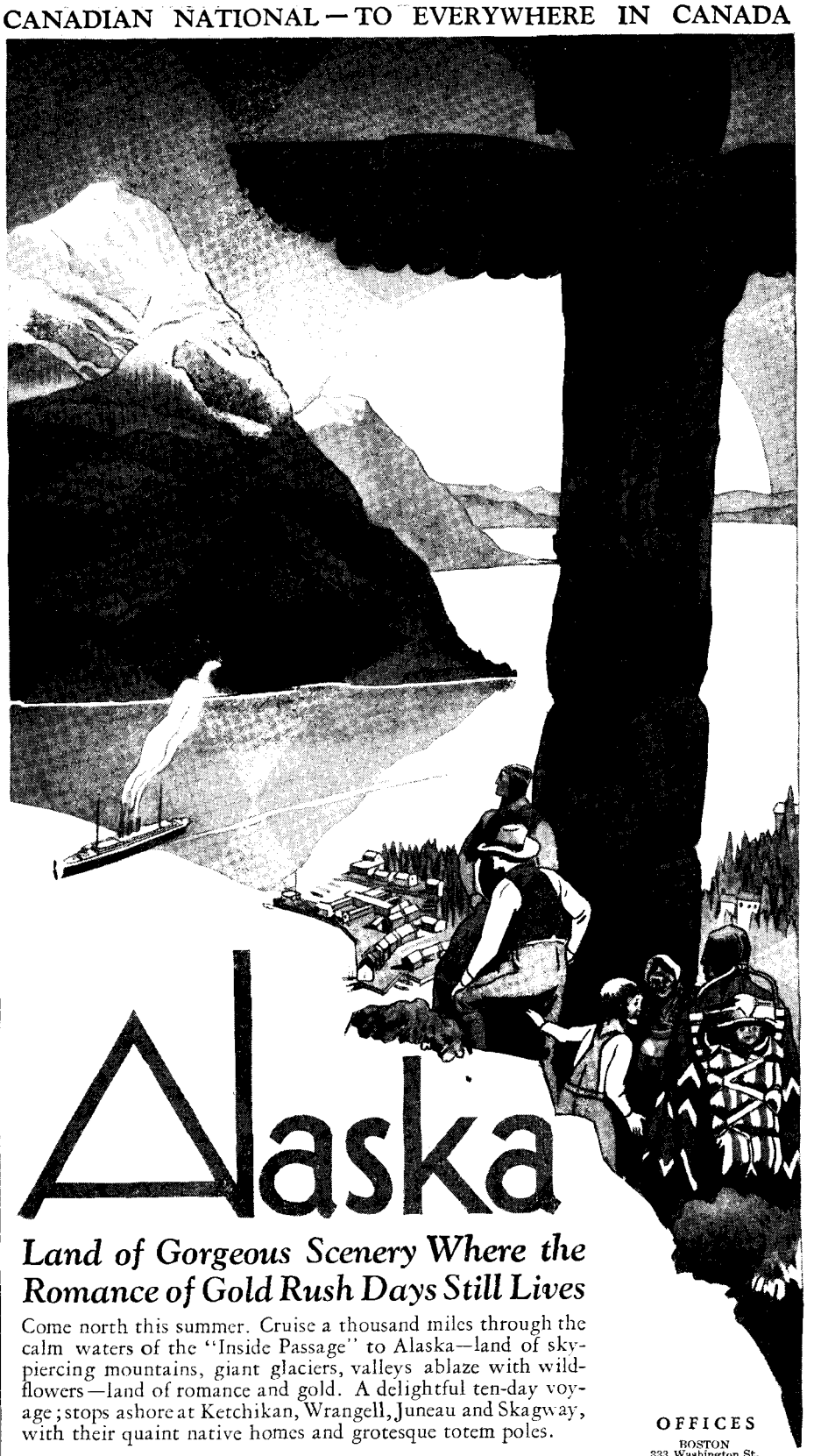

Alaska

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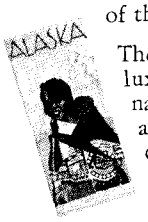

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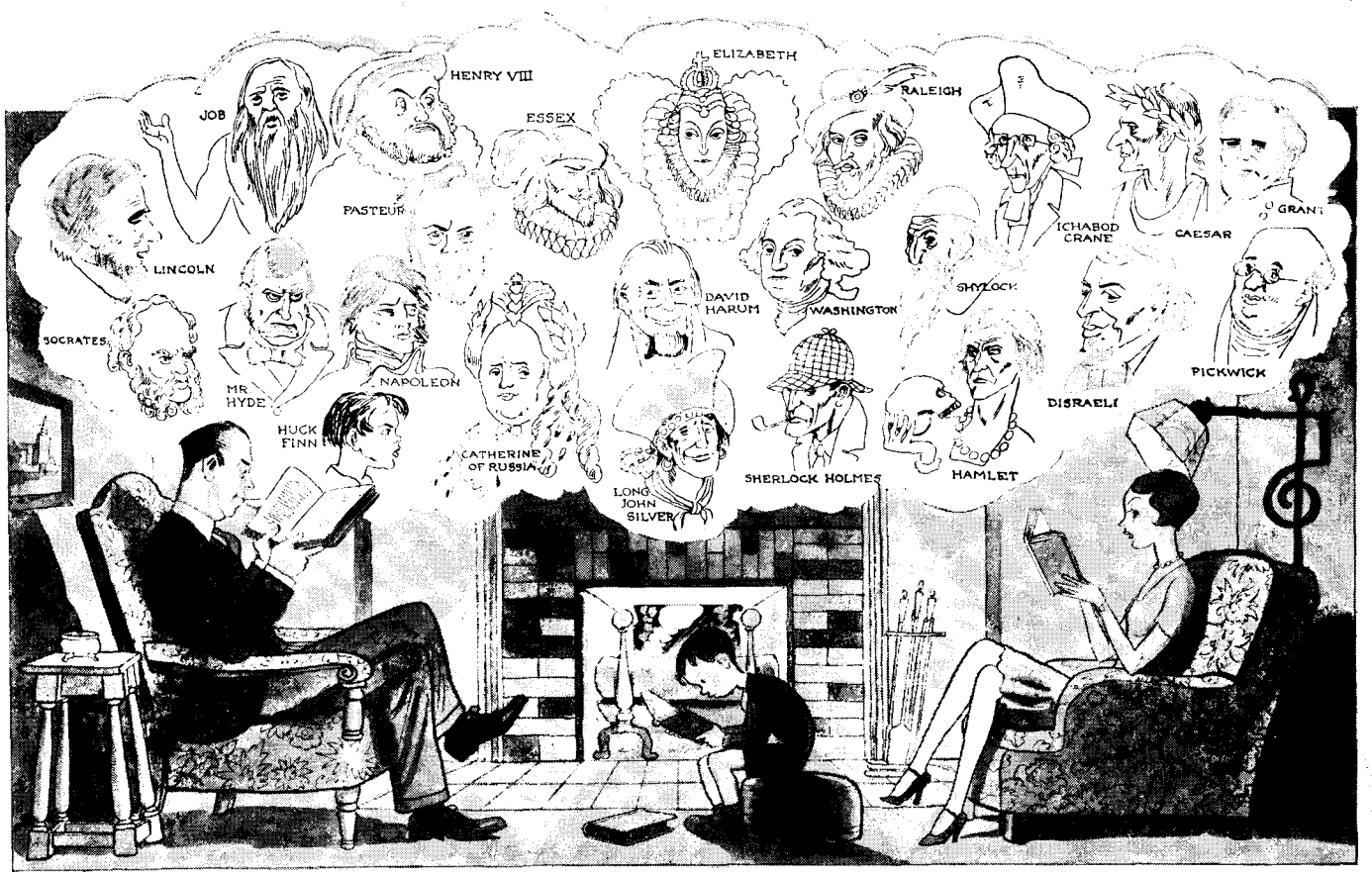

HERB ROTH

We're Reading more than ever

IN SPITE of every distraction we continue to read books in increasing numbers.

Contrary to the fears expressed, reading has not been lessened by the new tools and toys which consume so much of our time.

We have found recreation in the automobile, the radio, the phonograph and the moving picture. We give more and more time to games and sports. Bridge and golf alone consume many of our waking hours.

Not even the enormous growth of magazines and newspapers diminishes the time and attention we devote to books. Curiously, each new resource we obtain seems to add to the value and the enjoyment of the old.

This past year a larger number of books of all classes was published. Fiction grows but the great development is in biography and science. Serious efforts to portray the life of a spectacular man or to interpret the meaning of some great scientific advance are welcomed by thousands and even hundreds of thousands of readers.

During the 1925 census year more than 200,000,000 copies of books were printed in this country. This takes no account of pamphlets, newspapers and magazines, the total of which for any year now runs into the billions. More than a hundred million separate copies of Collier's will, for example, be printed this year.

Between 7,000 and 8,000 new books are published in this country every year.

You can't predict what author will be the favorite of a particular year. A university professor, a theatrical press agent, a laboratory research man may be the season's success. But whoever it is, the public is waiting and eager for the new and interesting story or message.

Many of the most interesting books are published first in the magazines. Six of the articles and stories which you are reading in this issue of Collier's will subsequently reappear in books. Often newspapers will again print what has appeared as a book. The motion picture directors may then make a film drama of what you first saw in a magazine. So the modern author may have four or five separate avenues of expression. From a financial standpoint this is the golden age of the popular author.

The explanation is simple enough. In no other way can a story be told so faithfully as it can in writing. If you have something important or interesting to say, write it. It may live long after you.

If you are interested in the world you live in, read more. There is time enough.

Electric light and shorter working periods have given us priceless leisure. Despite all competing diversions there is still time for reading.

This is fortunate since our lives are in reality ruled by books.

Your religion comes through books. The laws by which you are governed are preserved in books. The medicine by which your bodily ills are treated is learned from books. Your work, whatever your trade, business or profession, is made possible by books. Everything you do is controlled by what someone has written and everything your grandchildren attempt will depend upon what will be written.

If you want to enrich your life pick out a few books for thoughtful reading. However busy you are, this is practicable.

While many books are useless, in other books are the records of the very best that men and women have hoped, felt and thought. When we read these we enjoy the companionship of the finest of mankind.

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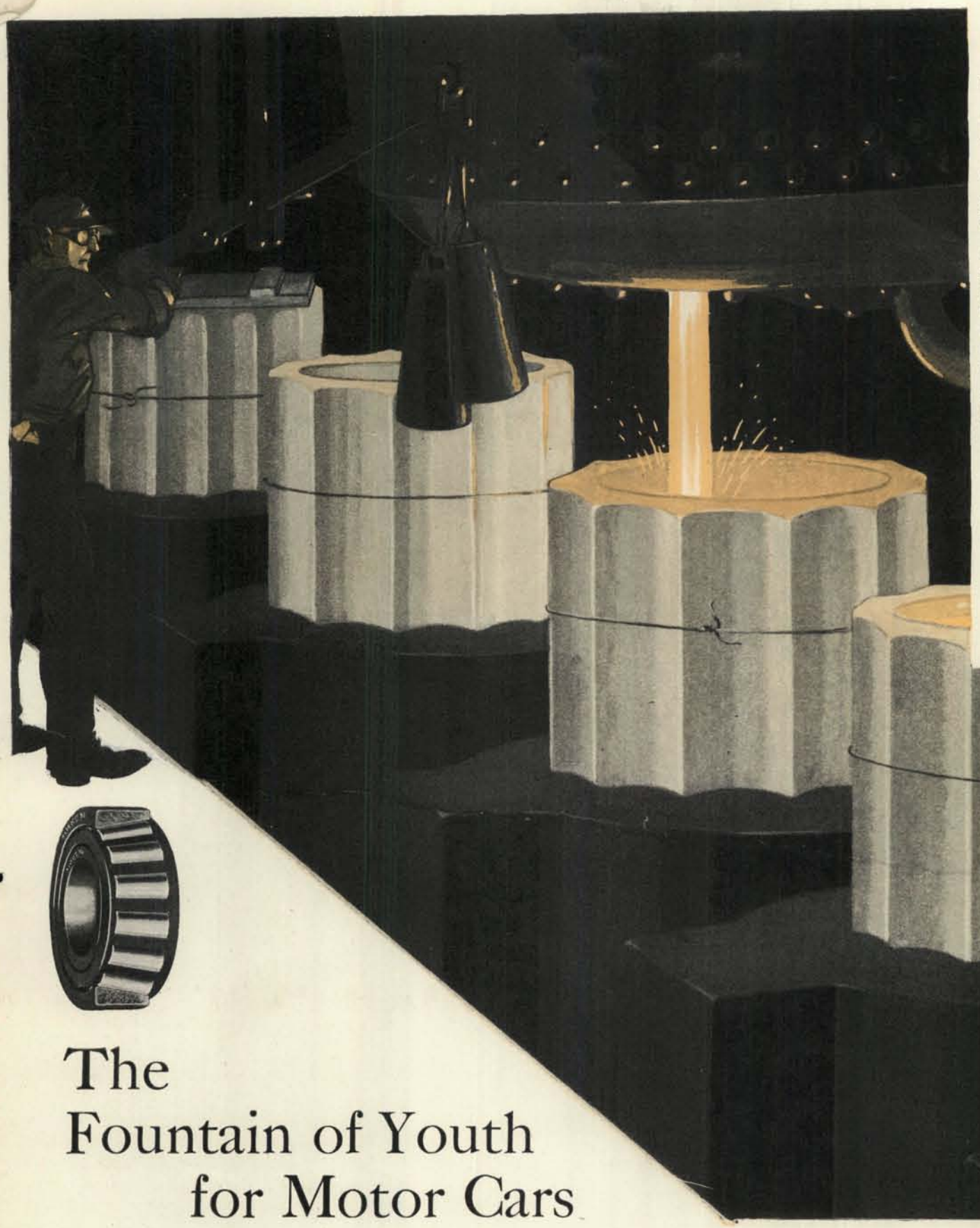

Cars That Stay Young

Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	x	x	x		x
Cadillac	All	x	x		x	x
Chandler	65 & Royal 75	x	x	x		x
	New Big 6 & Royal 85	x		x		x
Chrysler	De Soto	x	x	x		x
	Plymouth	x	x	x		x
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
	80	x				x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
Dodge	All	x	x			x
Durant	M4 and D60	x	x	x		
	D70 & D80	x	x	x		x
	6-70	x				x
Elcar	8-78, 8-82	x	x			x
	8-91, 8-92	x	x			x
Ford	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige	612	x	x	x	x	x
	615	x	x			x
	621, 827, 837	x	x		x	x
Hudson and Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	Century 6	x	x	x	x	x
	Century 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x	x	x
Kissel	All	x	x	x		x
Kleiber		x	x	x		x
LaSalle	All					x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	All	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78		x			x
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	Std 6	x	x	x		x
———	All	x				x
Peerless	8-69	x	x			x
	6-91,6-60 and 6-80	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	81	x	x	x		x
	36	x	x			
Reo Flying Cloud	The Master	x	x		x	x
	The Mate	x	x			x
Roamer		x				
Stearns-Knight	All	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker and Erskine	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Willys-Overland	Whippet 4	x	x	x	x	x
	Whippet 6	x	x	x	x	x
	56	x	x	x	x	x
	66-A	x			x	x
	70-A	x		x	x	x

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Out of a great ladle—into the ingot molds—pours a stream of steel.

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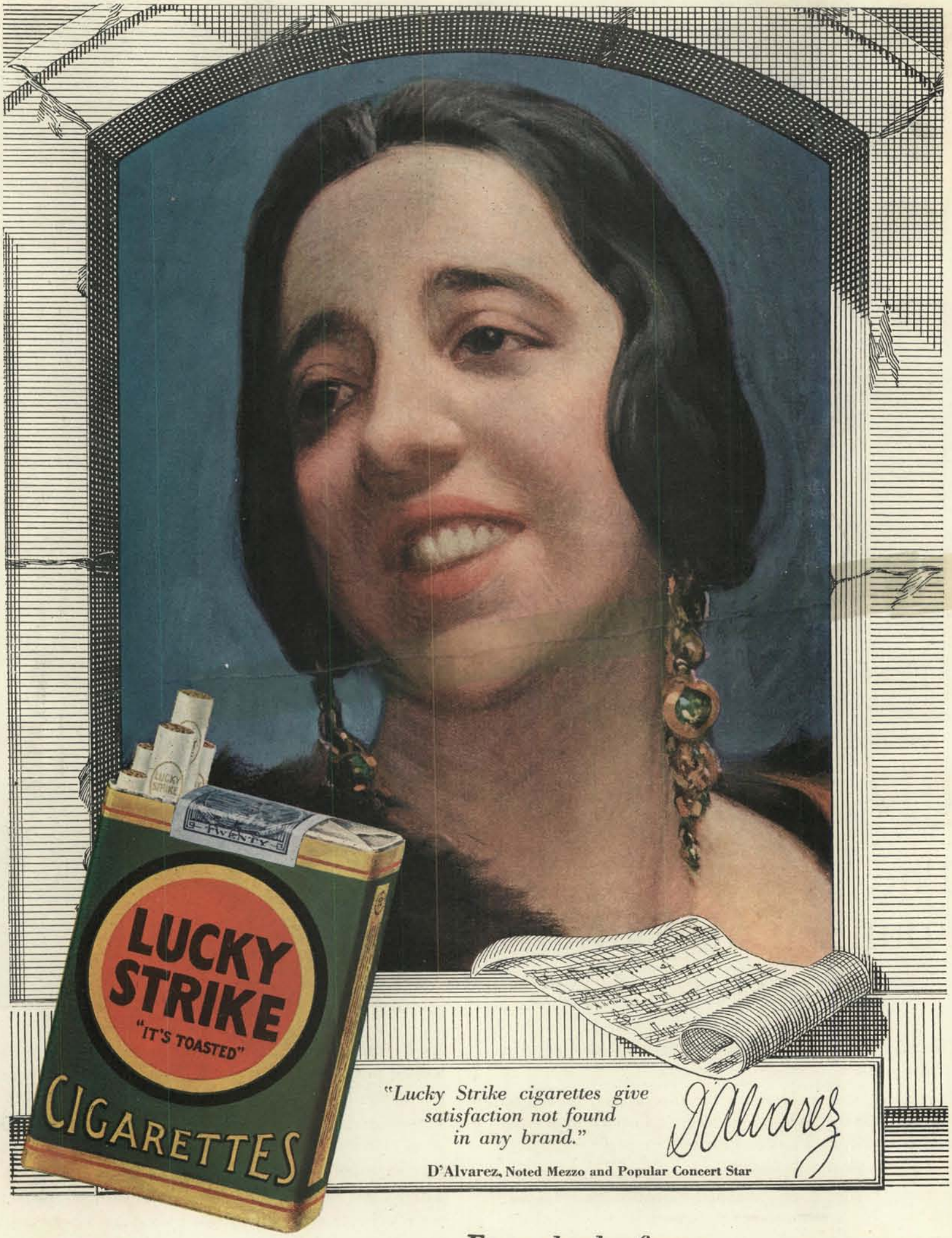

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"Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet"

"It's toasted"

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